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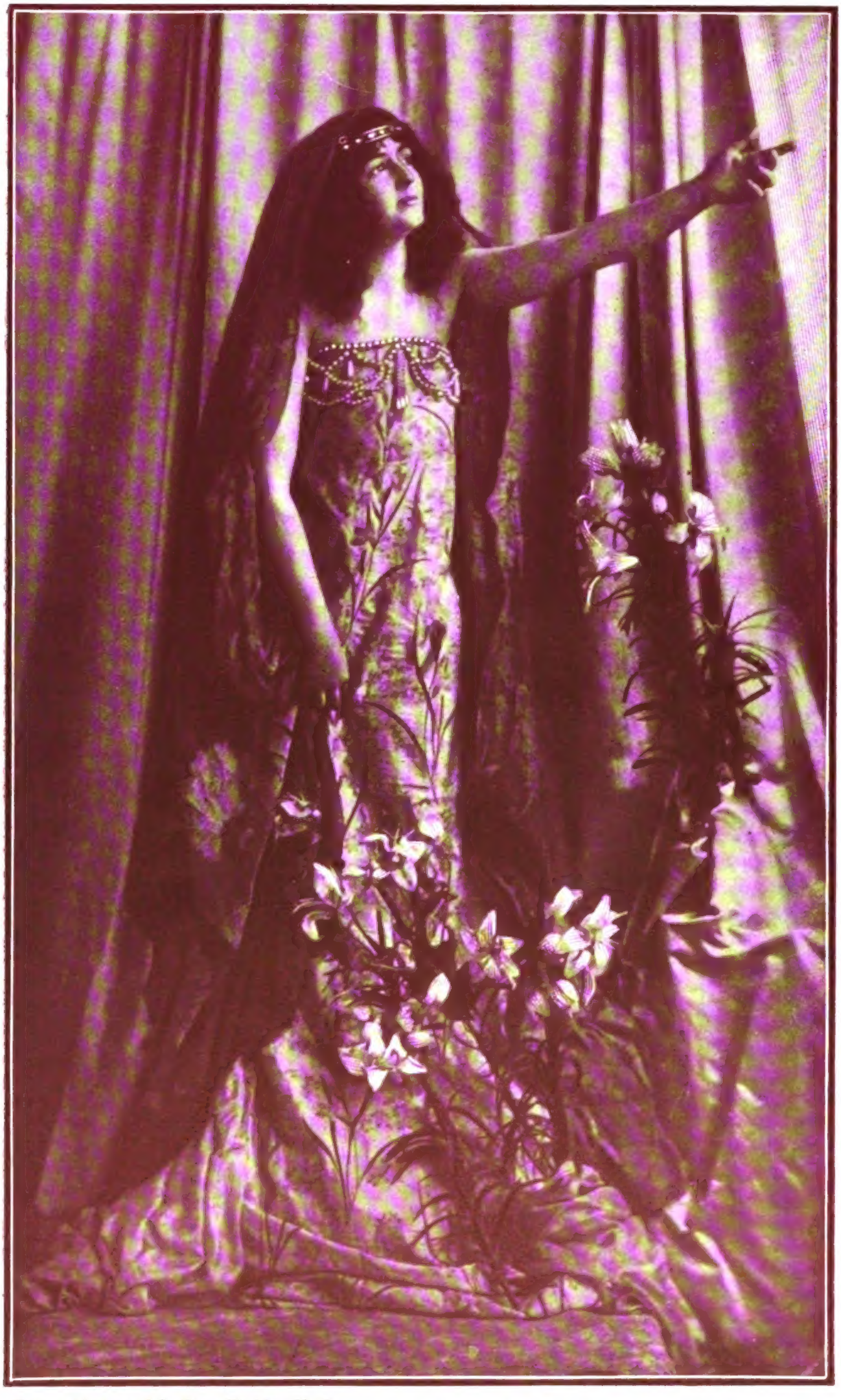

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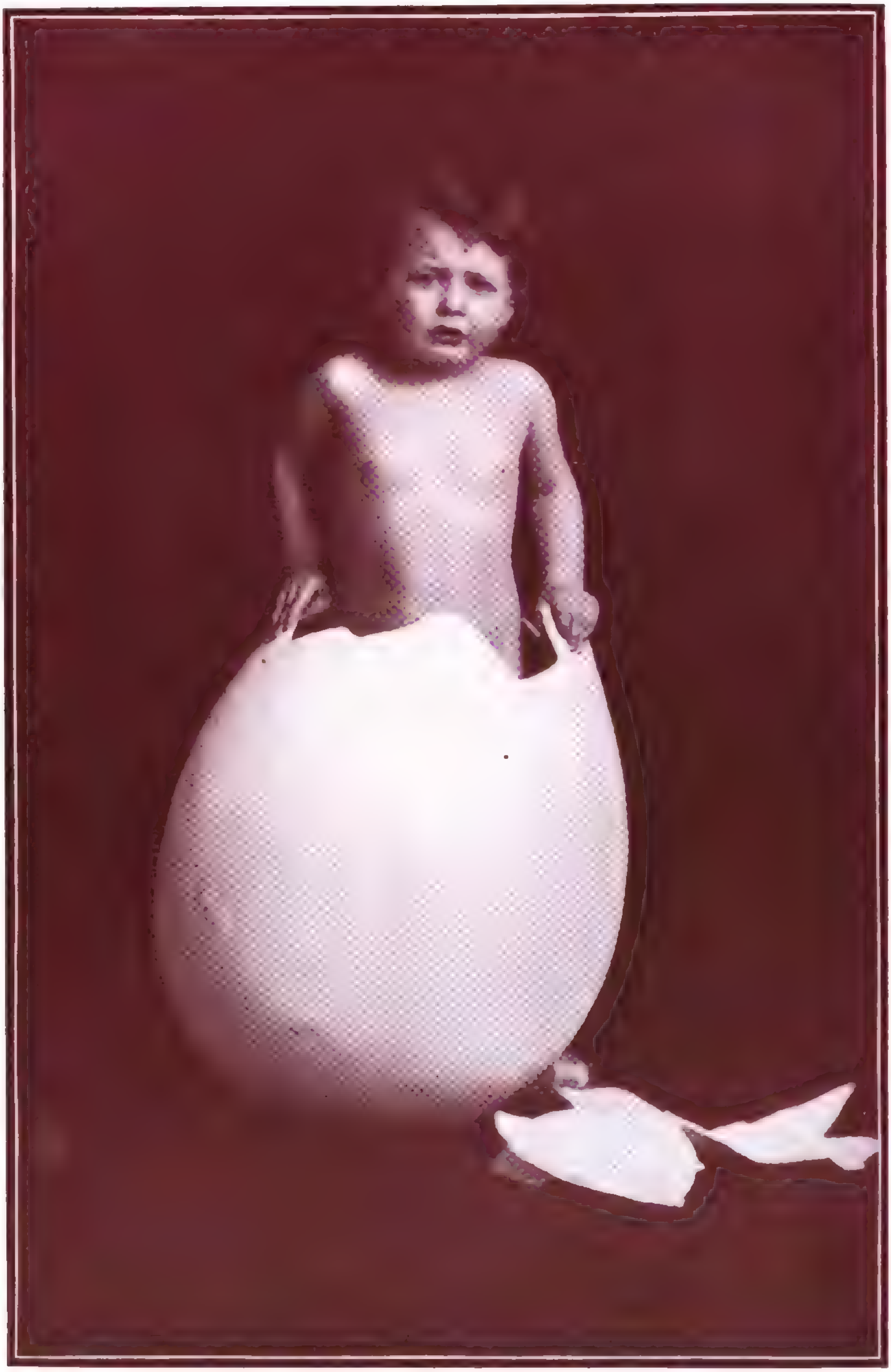

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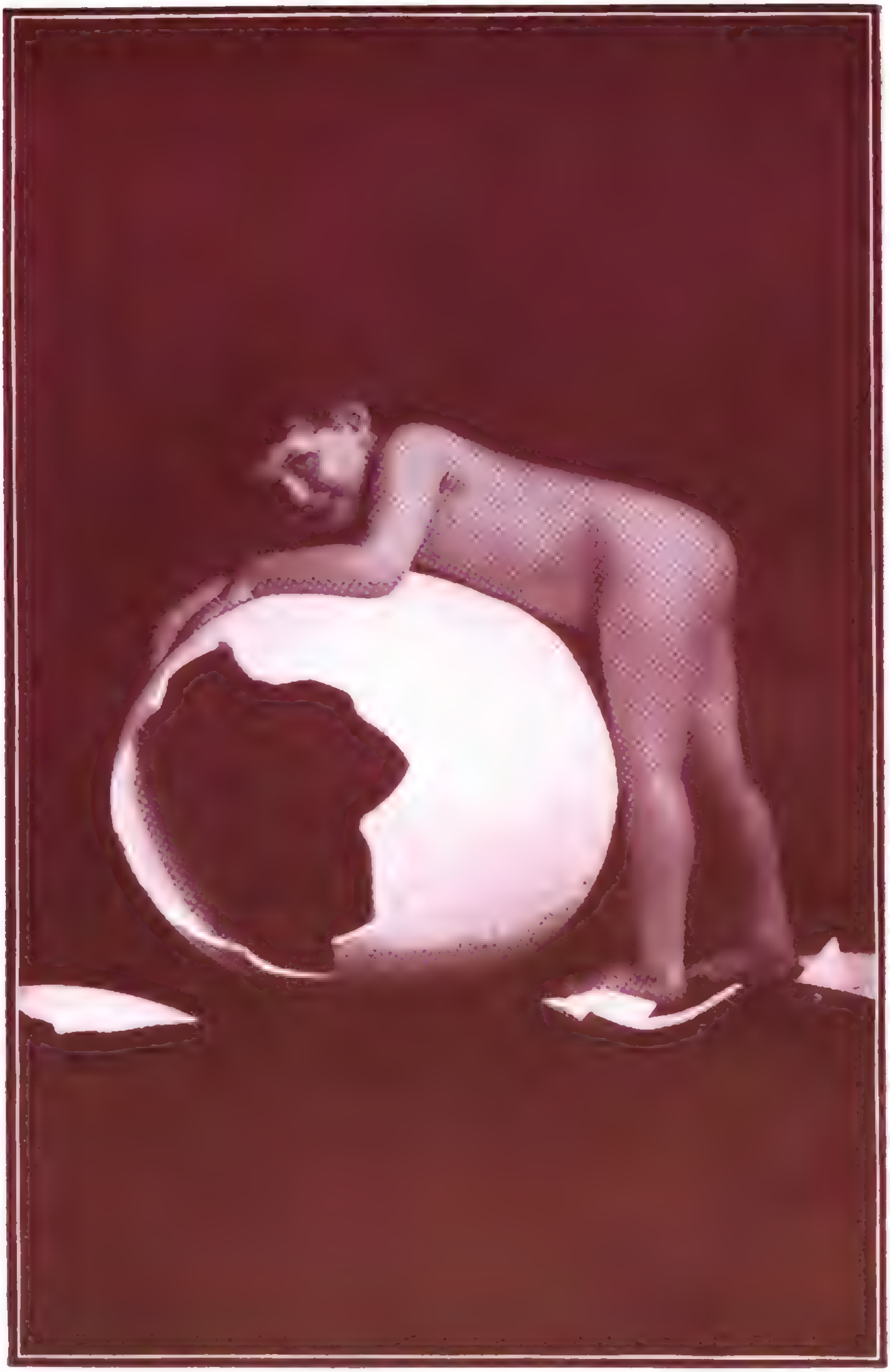

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"COGITATION"

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL, 1904

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER—STUDY FROM LIFE. *In Color.*

"EASTER STUDIES" AND "AN EASTER-EGG BABY." *Color Insert.*

"LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE RICH," by ALICE BAILEY KENT 11

"AROUND THE CLOCK WITH A SOCIETY WOMAN." ADELAIDE KINGDON WHITLEY 15

"OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, A TYPICAL BROADWAYITE," by ADELAIDE LOUISE SAMSON 19

"THE HEADS OF FAMOUS WOMEN," by BRUNO DALGREN 21

"A HALF MILE OF FIFTH AVENUE," by JAMES SINGLETON. *With ten photos* 24

"MUNZIG—PAINTER OF LOVELY WOMEN," by GEORGE D. CROSS. *With three portraits* 29

"WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE IN NEW YORK," by JAMES D. CARSON 32

"THE WELL-DRESSED NEW YORKER," By JAMES BARTON GAINES. *With five special poses* 35

"AT FAIR COLUMBIA," by STEPHEN PREVOST, JR. *With ten special illustrations* 39

"OUR NOVELETTE:—'STOLEN: $11,000,000,'" by C. F. BARSTOW 45

"TO-MORROW WILL BE A PLEASANT DAY," by F. B. WRIGHT. *Fiction* 50

"PRISCILLA AS CHRISTY SEES HER," by HECTOR WISE. *With six special illustrations* 53

"IN THE PUBLIC EYE. *With nine portraits* 59

"THE STAGE OF THE MONTH," by ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY 63

"BROADWAY MAGAZINE STORIETTES" 73

"NEXT SEASON—WHAT?" by GEORGE R. WHITE 89

"THE LATE SENATOR HANNA IN REAL LIFE" 92

"WHERE THE CRITIQUES COME FROM," by SYDNEY JAMESON, JR 94

"LOVE AND THE LARIAT." *Fiction* 96

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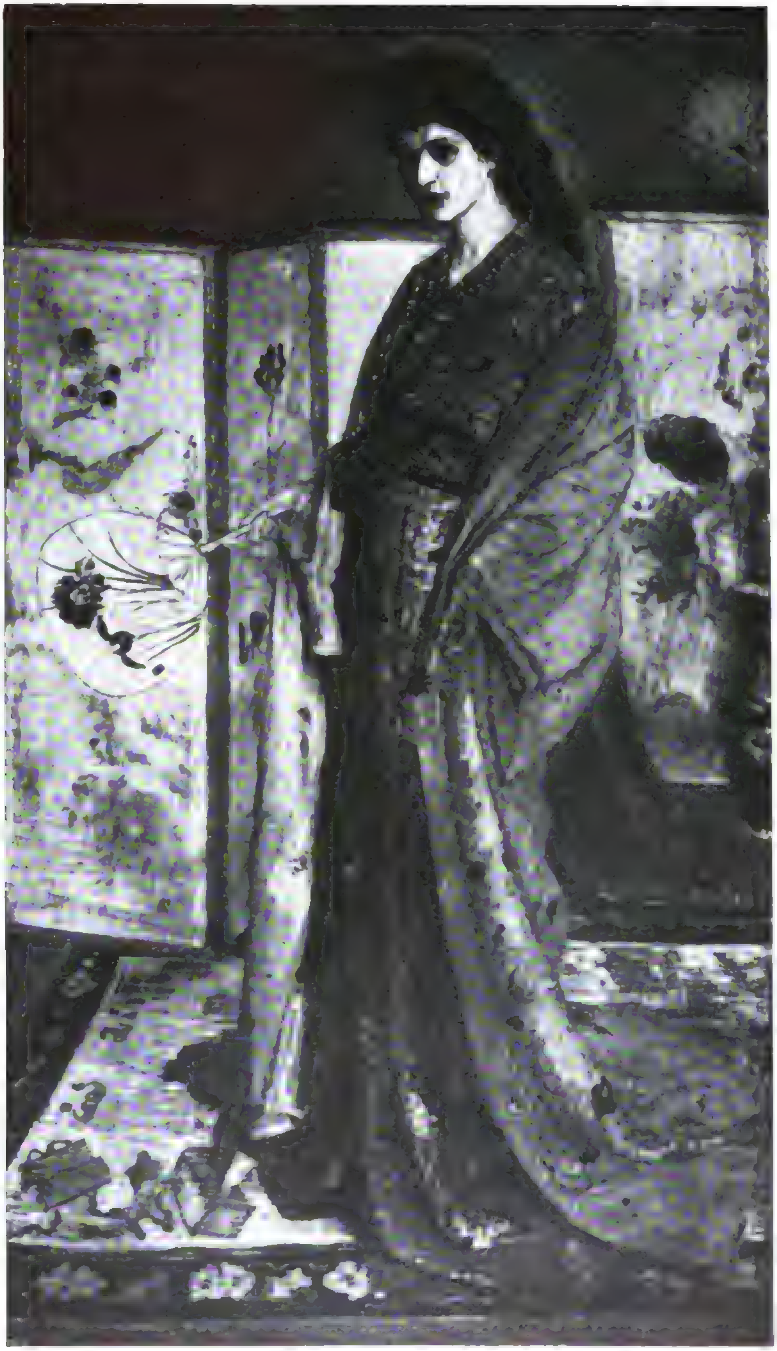


Photograph by Mansell & Co., London

THE LATE J. McNIEL WHISTLER'S "JAPANESE SYMPHONY"

One of the most artistic creations of the erratic master of the brush, and now owned by private persons in London, where, though an American, Mr. Whistler spent so many years, and distinguished himself as etcher, painter, wit, recluse, and disputant. The masterpiece is said to be in some respects a portrait

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII APRIL, 1904 No. 1

Two beautiful children of society

LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE RICH

By Alice Bailey Kent

THE children of the rich are brought up with the simplicity of royalty. This is a sort of paradox. It is a statement which contradicts itself, for while our young American heirs and heiresses are deprived of many of those indulgences which are looked upon as right by the waifs of the tenement, it costs a fortune to maintain and environ these young scions of wealth with the Spartan simplicity of their daily routine.

Little Vincent Astor, who during his babyhood was a puny, ailing infant, has for years been the centre of a coterie of physicians, tutors and attendants under the watchful eye of an adoring mother and father. A yacht was built for his sole benefit. His education was conducted as he cruised around the world in his tiny ship. His meals were served by a diet *chef*, and there is no doubt that the little chap would forego his fortune for the exquisite pleasure of dog's liberty and a few pennies' worth of candy eaten without the knowledge of his watchful medical surveillant. This lad, now in his eighth year, is being prepared to inherit one of the largest estates and bank rolls in America. He is already being instructed as a young prince in the proper management of his vast estates. He has become, by dint of extraordinary care, a sturdy lad, and now that he has escaped the pitfalls that surround the first seven years of a child's life, kindly fate has presented him another gift in the person of a baby sister.

Margaret Carnegie was presented with a palatial home in the heart of New York, surrounded by a beautiful flower garden, when she reached her seventh birthday. She is what is called in Scotland a "canny lass," flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, frail and wiry, given to strange questions and answers. She was discovered one day looking through the big bronze gates that enclose her flower garden playground. It had cost her father exactly two millions of dollars to procure this breathing space for the little heiress. "What troubles you, Margaret?" asked the ever-watchful head governess, noticing the wistful expression on the young face. "I want to play tag on the sidewalk without a hat," was the astounding reply. Then she added, "I'm tired of fences." Therein was contained the pent-up grievance of a lifetime. She was tired of the fences, the rules, the regulations, the routine that hemmed in her life with impassable barriers.

These children of the rich long for freedom if their minds are at all active. But freedom, the privilege of the street waif, is debarred to them, and indeed, in some cases they know nothing of the community life of the child of moderate means who goes to school and becomes a member of a large classroom with its social ethics.

Young Hermann Oelrichs, Jr., and the Runkel lad are only children. Both these boys had a private kindergarten and kindergartner in their own home. The pathos of the solitary pupil and the solitary teacher is indescribable. The Froebel world is one of laughter, merriment and little people, real and imaginary, but not even Froebel, with his genius for little humanity, could transform the atmosphere of an heir's nursery into the romping ground he created for the child world he so loved.

The Rockefeller grandchild is now doomed to loneliness since little Jack's death. The two brothers were inseparable and the little boy bereft of his companion continually inquires for the return of "Jackie."

Another pathetic incident concerning these children of the rich was the gift of a million dollars promised by Senator Clarke of Montana to the first grandson born to the family. In due time the beautiful young wife of his eldest son presented her husband with a boy. The million-dollar check came by the next mail, but the young mother was dead. Senator Clarke's daughter, Mrs. Culver, has a little daughter, whose arrival was the occasion of so much rejoicing that she is called "Joy."

These infants born with the proverbial gold spoon in their mouths are as carefully guarded as princes and princesses of royal blood. As a sort of safeguard they are never permitted to take their airings on the Avenue unless accompanied by two nurses, one of whom is generally an old and trusted servant of the family. Occasionally, the pair are followed by a private detective who saunters with apparent indifference as a casual promenader, but whose duty is to give protection to the important morsel of humanity in case it should be waylaid by a would-be kidnapper.

The Gould children—when one speaks of the Gould children one always refers to the model family of George Gould—lead an ideal life the year round at their beautiful home at Lakewood, "Georgian Court." Without conscious imitation, the daily routine of these fortunate young is the simple, healthy, happy one of the English country home. The two boys have their

A Rockwood camera portrait of a pretty New York child

tutor—a university man with a degree—and he is preparing them for college. Between lessons they are engaged in out-of-door sports. Indeed, both of the Gould lads have made records in their polo games. The little girls follow the old rule of playing hard and studying hard; they are given much more liberty than is accorded children of their unlimited wealth, but so simple is their attitude, and they are so well known in Lakewood, that the very familiarity of the townspeople with the "Gould Children" guards them from all possible danger.

Photograph by Rockwood, New York

Complacency

Photograph by Rockwood, New York

Her Morning Mail

Little Lolita Armour is one of the greatest of American heiresses. This child is an example of the power of wealth over adverse circumstances. The first months of her feeble life were passed in an incubator, and after a crippled childhood, the services of an eminent Austrian specialist were secured at a fabulous sum in order to secure the straight and free limbs—the possession of any of the poorest in her father's factory. This cripple child has lived a little queen whose slightest word was law in a court of devoted attendants.

Photograph by Rockwood, New York

A Study

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has two wonderfully beautiful children, a little girl, Grace, whose head is a mass of bobbing curls, and a sturdy chap, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who greatly resents being looked after by his French nurse. These children, for some reason or other, are real New Yorkers, and outside of the usual summer spent at their parents' country place, rarely leave the city. Fifth Avenue is their playground, and to judge by their rosy cheeks they seem to thrive upon their native air.

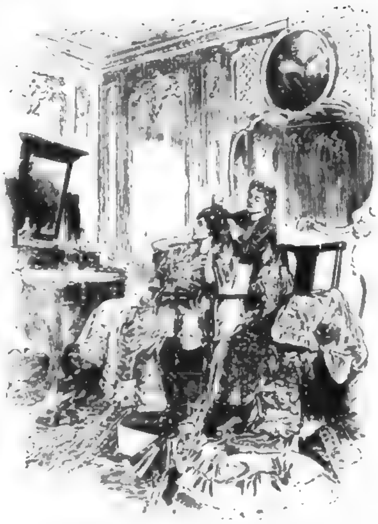
Another Vanderbilt baby is the daughter of Mrs. William Vanderbilt, Jr., who has recently come into possession of a new sister as yet too young for a name. Both Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt, who were the Fair girls, have decided principles in the bringing up of their families. Mrs. Oelrichs, when her little son was born, is said to have remarked, "He shall never be spoiled by indulgence." Her own two brothers, boys of splendid promise, had been ruined by overkindness; so the little Hermann from his babyhood has walked the straight and narrow path and is considered a model boy for his age.

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH A SOCIETY WOMAN

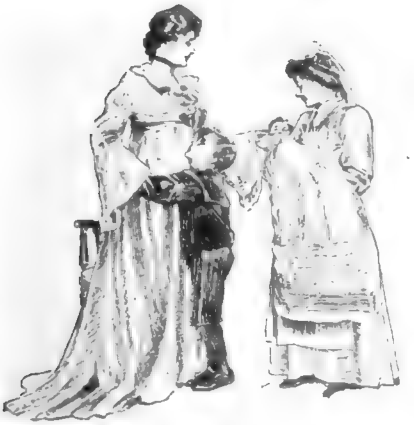
By Adelaide Kingdon Whitley

THE New York society woman is the perfection of modernity. The routine of her daily life is evolved from her social duties. In fact, the young woman of wealth, fashion and position, who fulfils with dignity and certainty the requisite standard of her set, is not only charming and elegant, but intelligent and highly disciplined. There is no work more arduous than the nerve-racking pace of the social whirl. It fades the bloom from rosy cheeks, it dims the light from sparkling eyes, it saps the strength of the débutante, and brings premature wrinkles on the brow of the young matron.

The polite world is strictly superficial. It is a world of manners and smiles. It ignores sorrow and ugliness. It loves gaiety and beauty. It despises the pedantry of learning, and cultivates the sparkle of repartee and conversation. Its code pertains to the surface of things.



After rising, an hour in the hair-dresser's hands is invigorating



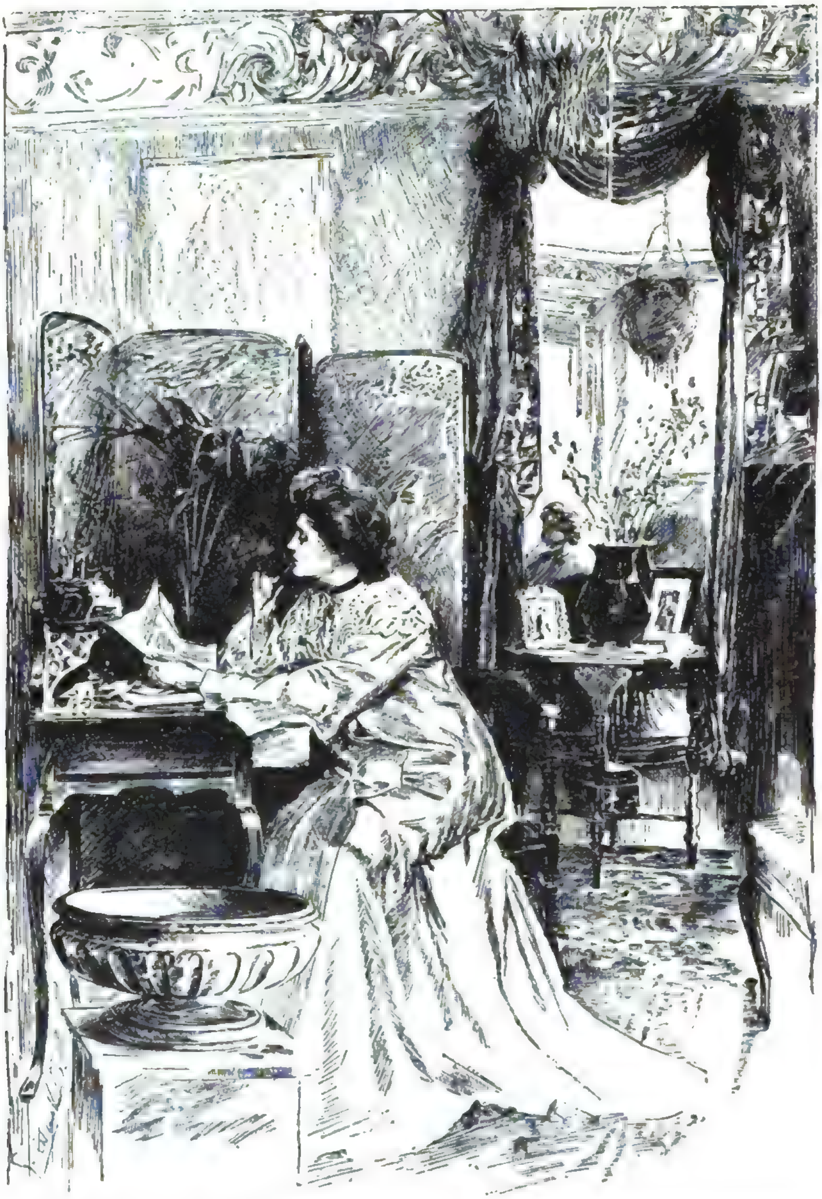
The children's hour is one of the delights of the society woman's life, notwithstanding the carping of the captious

The true society woman is a member of a class—the leisure class it is called—and her training is such from her childhood, that from the hour of her début she is perfectly competent to map out her day with clock-like regularity, and that with a nonchalance and air of distinction compatible with the station of life to which she is called.

She must pay and receive calls. She must read the latest novels, have some knowledge of scientific happenings, and be able to chat of the new operas and opera singers with musical glibness. She must speak French fluently, and if she sings, must dash off Italian arias and dip into German *lieder*. To skim the surface of things presupposes a sounding of their depths.

The society woman, moreover, must be seen at certain hours on the Avenue either afoot or in her carriage. She must appear at a fashionable modiste's in becoming raiment, and after a morning lecture or concert, she must be in evidence at Sherry's or Delmonico's.

At five o'clock she sips her Russian tea and gossips at the right house with the right people. Then comes the formal dinner, the opera perhaps, a ball afterward, and a well-earned rest in the wee small hours of the morning.

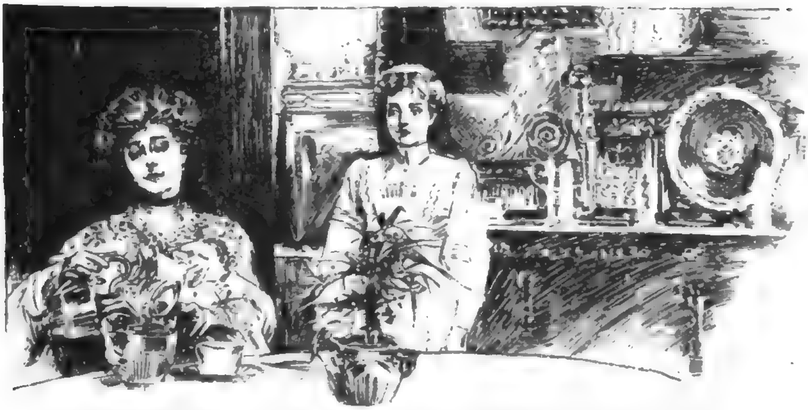


The morning mail brings many perplexing problems, which must be settled decisively and at once

It is little wonder that many women of fashion have fallen victims to nervous prostration; but nervous prostration is no longer good form, and the society girl is now trained to keep account of her strength and vitality. She has reduced the pleasure and duties of her station to a science.

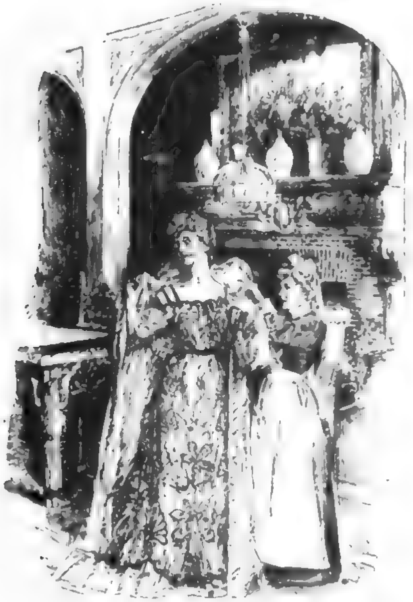
The American society woman comes of an heredity that has worked for and accumulated the millions she spends. In spite of all her efforts, she has not yet attained the indolence and nonchalance of the true apostle of leisure. The Parisian woman of fashion, for instance, reads her mail and sips her chocolate in bed, and appears in morning toilette at the second breakfast ready for the business of the day.

The American wife and daughter make



The making of the breakfast tea is a fine art, only second to the pouring thereof

a habit of breakfasting with the father and husband. In fact, it is not unusual for the young girl, if she be of an athletic turn of mind, to have walked her mile before breakfast for the sake of her complexion. But if she has attended some late function the night before, she renounces her morning constitutional and dons an elegant and becoming negligée. The father and daughter rarely see each other during the course of the day's routine. The breakfast hour might well be devoted to closer acquaintanceships; but as a general thing, outside of signing a check for some extra demand upon his exchequer, there is little effort at conversation. Paterfamilias reads his newspapers, and his young daughter and wife are occupied with the morning mail.



A competent maid is a jewel of great price in helping one to dress for dinner and the opera

The morning's mail is necessarily important. It includes the invitations and functions of the coming week, and in a way, the day is never mapped out until the arrival of the postman.

The hours following the morning repast are devoted to the masseuse, the manicurist and a chat with the housekeeper. The young matron makes a point of having the children brought to her while the manicurist is polishing her pretty nails to a proper pitch of pinkness. The children are generally accompanied by their *bonne* and are garbed for their airing in the park or on the Avenue; the fashionable mamma, the truth must be admitted, kisses them rather hurriedly, and if they look well and happy is not loth to dismiss them.

She has letters innumerable to dictate to her private secretary, and after her two pretty hands are released in perfect condition, she seats herself at her escritoire and indites those notes that the usages of good form decree shall appear in her own chirography—the latter, by the way, to be quite up to the modern style, is large, scrawly and illegible, while the seal is especially neat andelegant. Inconsistency, thy name is Fashion!

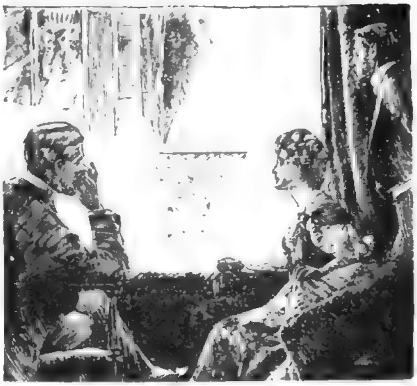
The memorandum book is also consulted and previous engagements are noted. By this time the trusted and confidential maid appears on the scene. She generally announces the hairdresser; but a competent maid, the rare treasure of a maid if she be all that she should, is hairdresser, masseuse, manicurist and even private secretary combined. She is also a Parisian born and bred, listens to her mistress' doubtful French with smiling equanimity, and criticises the accent of her mistress' intimates with delightful hypocrisy. This jewel of a maid and companion commands and demands a high salary; but she is a luxury as indispensable as a parure of diamonds or an automobile.

At eleven o'clock the woman of fashion dresses for the first function of the day. Her day begins at this hour. There are a variety of possible engagements or plans, each one demanding a separate costume. There is perhaps a horseback ride in the park, an hour at the gymnasium, a morning concert or lecture, or a visit to a Fifth Avenue tailor or modiste.

The latter is considered one of the most important of engagements, and is generally arranged two or three weeks in advance. At these fashionable establishments a patron is given, at the beginning of each new season, a consultation with the designer that lasts two or three hours. The wardrobe of the coming campaign is gone over. Costumes and combinations of color are created. If the confab lasts beyond a certain hour, an elegant luncheon is served, or, be it whispered, a strengthening potion is imbibed in *thè à la Russe.*

If a concert or lecture is *en regle,* the real fashionable, if not invited to a luncheon, or if she is not playing hostess in her own house, repairs to one of the expensive restaurants. She is one of a merry circle at Sherry's, at Delmonico's, in the palm room of the Waldorf-Astoria, or the Belleclaire, or if she happens to be in the shopping districts, she munches club sandwiches and sips chocolate over the counter at Pursell's.

She reaches home, a bit wearied, it is true, quite ready for a *siesta,* but her indefatigable maid lies in waiting; Madame or Mademoiselle has barely time to dress for her day at home, or an afternoon round of visits. If the former function is scheduled, she must go through a light massage, she is *re-coiffèe,* and she appears fresh and smiling in a handsome gown, ready to receive guests from three until five. At five o'clock she is permitted a little breathing spell; the hour of formal calls is over. It is the hour of tea. A few intimate friends drop in for social gossip, while the hostess brews a cup that both cheers and exhilarates. The making of tea is a fine art, only secondary to the pouring thereof.



A bit of gossip in the box between the acts is delicious

On the other hand, if the woman of society decides upon paying the debts on her visiting list, the elegant little coupé or automobile carries her on her rounds in the fashionable district. At four o'clock, if she feel so inclined, she drives for an hour in the Park, bows to all her world of the same mind, and at five o'clock she is found a guest at the tea table of a chosen friend.

There is an hour's well-earned rest, when exhausted nature seeks to recuperate between afternoon tea and garbing oneself for the formal dinner (if invited out) at eight, which generally includes appearing at the opera about half-past nine, with a wind-up at a ball or dance at midnight.

In the small hours of the morning the woman of fashion returns home in a some what exhausted and listless condition. But the treasure of a maid awaits her with a cup of beef tea and a rub down of alcohol. She falls asleep, too tired to dream. The hands of the clock have made their round, and a new day is already breaking as she finishes.

Taking it all in all, the life of the fashionable woman of to-day is quite as strenuous in her sphere as that of her gold-hunting husband in his.

Mr. Hammerstein as he appears to-day

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, TYPICAL BROADWAYITE

By Adelaide Louise Samson

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN is a dreamer and also a practical man of affairs; an inventor and a builder of theatres. He is a man who beholds visions and establishes them in brick and mortar. Long Acre Square was a blot on the city. As new and fine buildings encroached upon its hideous confines, even the most-hopeful of speculators lost courage and fled from it with averted eyes and closed purses until they reached the green freshness of Central Park.

Not so with Oscar Hammerstein. He saw the vision of a new Long Acre Square, and at once set to work upon the foundations of a palace theatre, the New York—and although it has passed out of his hands, it is still called "Hammerstein's."

The beautiful building seemed to act as a sort of inspiration to the once desolate thoroughfare. The magnificent possibilities of the site became apparent. When Hammerstein lost his theatre, it was almost a kindly misfortune, for his indomitable spirit at once conceived and carried to completion another and another structure; and now from his office he looks not only upon a Long Acre Square transformed, but upon the outlines of the "Drury Lane" in Seventh Avenue.

"The day I left Hammerstein's," remarks this theatre magnate as he settles himself for a chat in his modest office, "was infinitely sad. I was sick in body and mind. Now that I am well and strong, I see how I could have made use of a thousand resources to have tided over the event. I went home that evening to my fine home, and called the children around me. I told them we couldn't afford the old luxurious way to which they had been accustomed, and asked them if they were willing to put up with a modest apartment and one servant.

"Just what you can afford, father, is good enough for us all," they answered. You see, I was sure of the wife, but the children were pretty well spoiled.

"That was perhaps the most momentous crisis of my life, but there was no special poverty or sordid struggle about it. I had plenty of friends with plenty of money, who were only too ready to help me get on my feet again. I had something else, too, besides money. One of my old chorus girls met me one morning, when the foundations were being dug for the new Hammerstein's. 'Mr. Hammerstein,' she said, 'I haven't any money to give you, but every time I pass this corner and see the men piling up the bricks I say, "God bless every brick in Mr. Hammerstein's theatre!"' I thought a good deal of this poor girl's blessing.

"My hardest time? That was years and years ago. I was one of the hands in a tobacco factory. Well, my first baby had died that morning, and I remember I walked from the Battery to Harlem, a pretty desperate man, trying to figure out how I could raise the money to bury him. The poor are not able to make any preparation for sickness or death.

"Yes, I was always dreaming of new inventions then as now. No sooner did I reach home than I began to potter away at all sorts of contrivances more or less useful. The story of how I won the great tobacco prize of $300,000 is old history. There was an enormous loss in handling the fragile tobacco leaves with the hands, in fact, the amount reached the total of millions. For years there had been an open prize of $300,000 for an invention that would solve this problem. It was on my mind, of course, and as I worked over the leaves with my fingers my brain worked over the puzzle. One day I drew my breath in with a deep sigh and a leaf flew on to my lips and stuck there immovable from the suction. The solution of the problem came to me in a flash. I invented a suction apparatus and won the prize. I woke up wealthy, as they say nowadays. Then I gave up tobacco and went into theatrical work.

"No man works harder than I do, but I don't grow worn out because I work for the real love of it, and not for love of what I am making. I appreciate wealth and all its advantages, but love of money as a passion has no special hold on me. I have no horror of poverty, and I am not a slave of luxury. I love the struggle of life, and if I at times grow weary of it, why, I rest myself by thinking out a new invention. I have one just completed for cleaning beaver hats. It's not on the market yet, but it's a good thing. I know, because I have tried it. Do you see this silk hat of mine? As good as new, isn't it? Well, I've worn that hat more years than you can count on your fingers. I used that invention of mine on it—take another look at it—the proof of the pudding is in the eating—I don't believe, with that invention of mine, I'll ever have to buy a new hat," said Mr. Hammerstein, the dreamer and practical man, in conclusion.

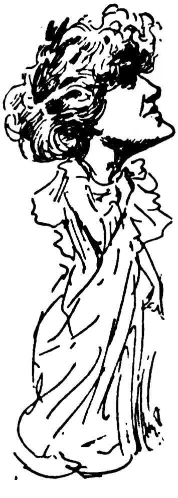
THE HEADS OF FAMOUS WOMEN

By Bruno Dalgren

SO many women have become celebrities by reason of their beauty alone, or the results due to the fascination of their eyes or some other feature, that it is imperative to define the limitations and scope of this article.

We are dealing with the personal appearance of women who are celebrated for some achievement of their own, or for their position in the world, and not merely remarkable for their personal appearance or the results on the minds of others.

Perhaps the "Poetess Queen," as "Carmen Sylva" is called, has, of all present-day celebrated women, the largest "brain pan" in proportion to the size of her head. It would be interesting to know the opinion of Lavater on this head; for it was Fraulein Lavater, a grandniece of the great physiognomist, who, as governess of "Carmen Sylva," first filled her head with literary imaginings. "Carmen Sylva's" prose works are many of them true poems in all but outward form, and her mastery over legendary lore and the use of allegory is unsurpassed.



Ellen Terry

If we wished to draw all the illustrations for this article from one profession alone, we need not wander from the stage; for there we find fitting models for all the features, and they are all more or less well known to the public.

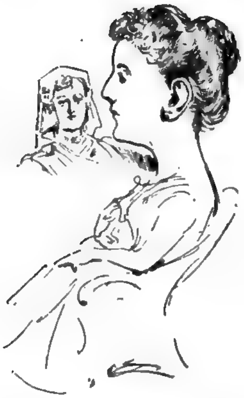
Mrs. Kendal, during her many triumphant tours through the United States, must have frequently heard the expression, "Dome of thought," used in reference to her brainy acting and her great natural gifts. For it is when subtlety of thought and expression is required for really great acting, even in small plays—such as the "Elder Miss Blossom"—that she is at her best. Mrs. Kendal's head is clear, and her impersonations are distinguished for their intellectual excellence; indeed, she is *par excellence* the greatest English actress.

Noses one expects to see *au naturel* on the stage, except in special *rôles*; but there is one well-known tenor singer, famous in oratorio and English opera, who never wears his own nose—or, rather, always covers it with one of greater size and less heavenly tendency—when on the stage or platform. All the actresses I know are, however, content with the noses that Nature gave them. The nose of the "divine Sarah" is the counterpart of that of Sir Henry Irving, and their profiles are singularly alike. It is the long, well-formed nose which is of incalculable value as an aid to stage expression. But the nose of sensitiveness and breadth is such a one as Marie Tempest possesses.

Miss Tempest has, it may at once be acknowledged, taken the heights of the profession by storm, both here and abroad; and since she gave up musical comedy for real comedy, she has proved herself to be a very clever actress. Her success is phenomenal, and she has only just begun. In a few years she will outdistance many of her compeers both on the American and the English stage.

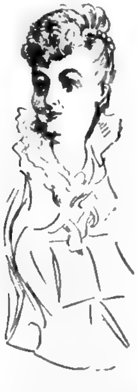
It was once said of a woman whose speech was the only thing about her that was ugly, that "she never opened her mouth without putting her foot into it." The mouths of actresses generally may not be large enough for them to perform this feat in the literal sense, but they are, as a rule, larger than those of women in other walks of life. Perhaps this comes from much use, both in speech and in the natural play of expression requiring great flexibility. This is particularly the case with comedy.

It is not only on the stage that celebrated women have large mouths. It is an unde-



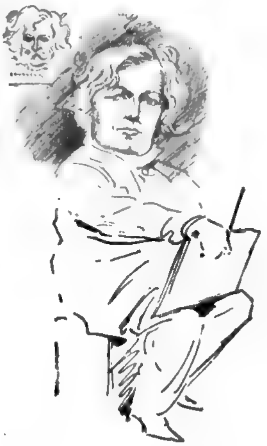
Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands

niable fact that, outside of the domain of fine art, all clever women have not only large, but in no wise beautiful mouths. I am not speaking of the superficially clever women of Society, who trade upon their position to obtain notoriety by means of press puffs and magazine articles. I refer to the really clever, brainy women who do not owe their position in the world to the mere chance of birth or to lucky marriage, but have, from childhood upward, fought to heights unattainable by men. No one would compare George Eliot and Patti. The writing of great music (not its vocal interpretation), like the writing of great literature, requires the woman with the ugly mouth. Writing an opera and singing it are two very different things. Had Patti been born a composer instead of a singer, she would not have had such a pretty mouth or such a handsome fortune.



Madame Patti (Baroness Cederstrom)

It will be found that the woman who goes in for anything technical has generally a strong face. Such women as George Eliot, Rosa Bonheur, Ouida, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and others are endowed with strong individuality, determination, and force of character. They may be handsome, or even pretty, if one regards their appearance as a whole. One often sees among them sympathetic, womanly eyes, Grecian features, perfect ears, and beautiful hair; but their mouths are the mouths of men of determination and force of character, and the jaws of men of strength and self-reliance. It would seem that no woman with a simpering or effeminate mouth can compete with men in the world of science, or in literature, or in the strenuous walks of life.



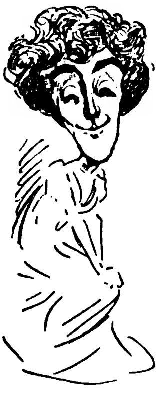
Rosa Bonheur

That great Frenchwoman, Rosa Bonheur, the Landseer of France, was, curiously enough, not unlike the English animal painter. One has only to give Rosa Bonheur a moustache and whiskers to make the likeness startling. Her appearance and the costume she affected led to her being called a "woman-man." She wore her hair cut quite short, discarded feminine attire, and dressed in a blouse and men's corduroy continuations.

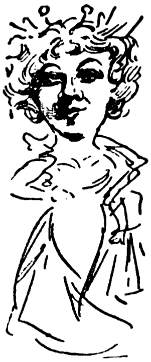
The writer remembers seeing her once in the eighties. He was roaming about in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, and came across her house by chance. While admiring the strange and beautiful animals in the paddock, the painter came out. She was looking like a jolly old gentleman dressed in peasant's attire. Even from the distance one could detect the square masculine jaw and firm chin, and the silvery hair. Whatever had been her costume, her face was certainly that of a "woman-man," full of masculine force and sustaining ambition.

These characteristics must have been developed when she was quite a girl; for the clever artist only became great after an arduous career of the most severe study, beginning in the *abattoirs*. Day after day, studying in the slaughter-house, Rosa Bonheur laid the foundations of artistic greatness—a frail young girl in the midst of rough and brutal men, who exposed the young student to the coarsest jests and insults.

Men have an advantage over women in the fact that they can generally hide an ugly mouth or a weak chin with moustache or beard. Women cannot do this; for even where Nature would make it possible, they have, as shown above, a rooted objection to hair on the face, and are only too thankful to anyone who will root it out. Women, however, have the compensating advantage of being able to hide a weak forehead or ugly ears in a way impossible to men, since the sterner sex adopted the fashion of close-cropped heads—a fashion for which, perhaps, we ought to be thankful. For it is indeed a delicate matter to criticise the peculiarities of women. Their ears we have not ventured to touch upon, but we will cite one solitary example.



Mrs. Tree



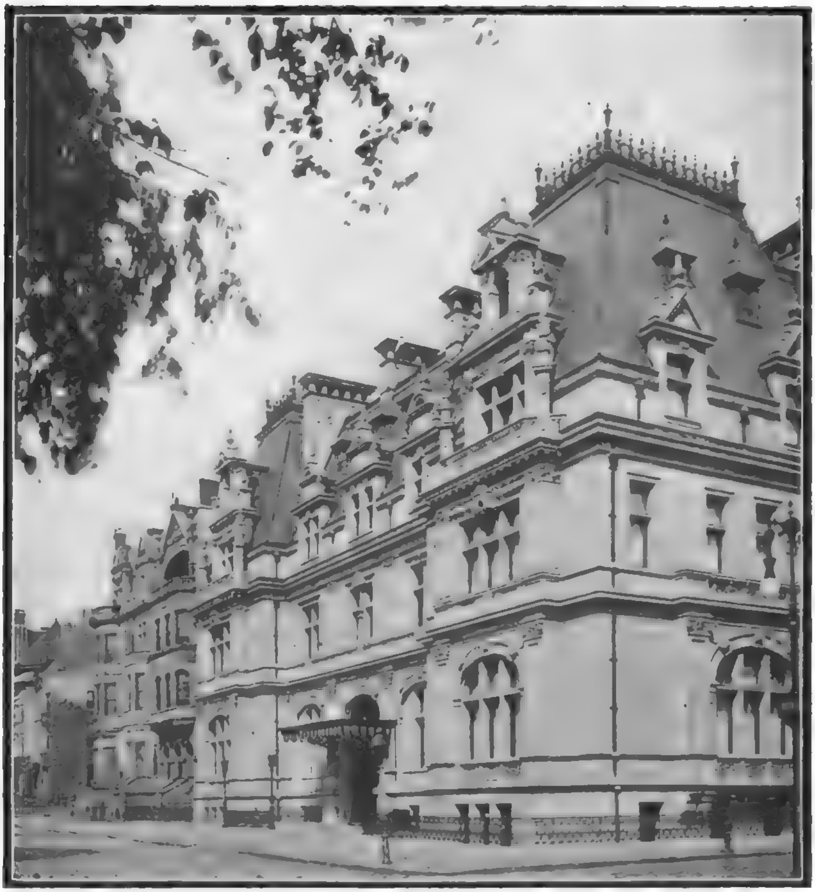
Marie Tempest

Queen Wilhelmina, the charming Queen of the Netherlands, has large ears, a peculiarity not inherited, for neither her mother nor the late King William had large ears. It is a curious fact that Her Majesty does not hide these features of what is otherwise a most charming presence. When, however, Queen Wilhelmina wears the national dress, her ears are not seen, for they are completely hidden by it—not the dress, but the headdress, which is part of the costume. Herein, again, women have an advantage over mere man; for while the changes he can make in his appearance by means of dress are strictly limited, women have almost infinite liberty in setting off their beauties and hiding their defects by modifications in their costume.

As for beauty in women, it was the Duchess of Orleans who confessed:

"All my life, even from my earliest years, I thought myself so ugly that I did not like to be looked at. I therefore cared little for dress, because jewels and decoration attract attention. As monsieur loved to be covered with diamonds, it was fortunate that I did not regard them, for otherwise we should have quarrelled about who was to wear them. On grand occasions he used formerly to make me dress in red; I did so, but much against my inclination, for I always hated whatever was inconvenient.

"I made the Countess of Soissons laugh very heartily once. She said to me, 'How is it, madame, that you never look in a mirror when you pass it, as everybody does?' I answered, 'Because I have too great a regard for myself to be fond of seeing myself look as ugly as I really am.'"



Residence of Frank Jay Gould, Fifth Avenue, corner of Sixty-fifth Street

A HALF MILE OF FIFTH AVENUE

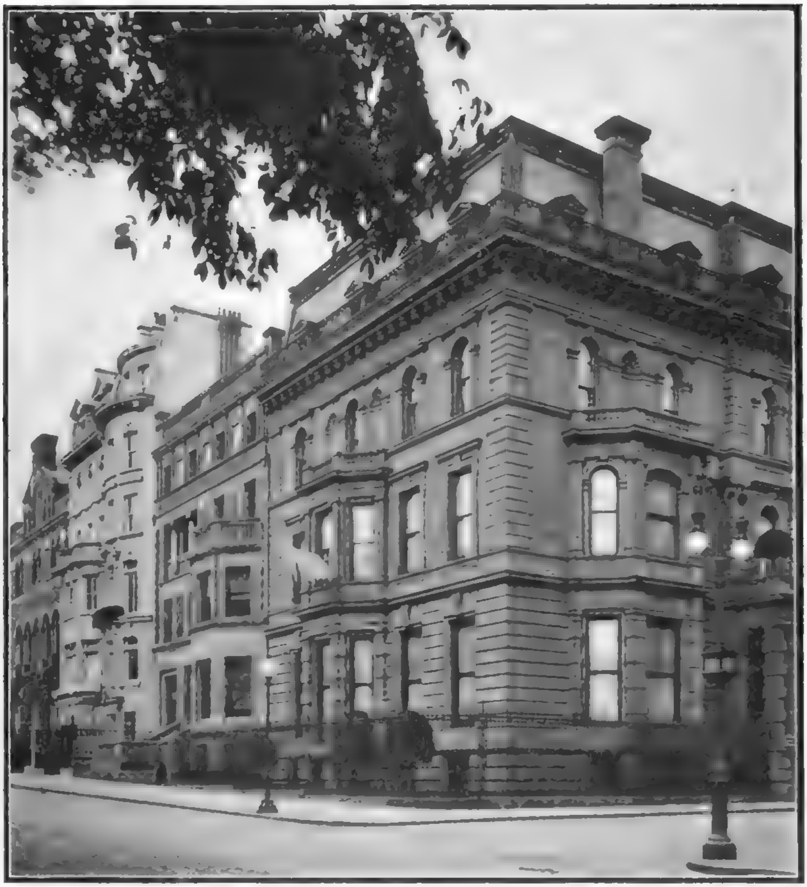
By James Singleton

NEW YORK is unfavorably placed as far as some advantages are concerned, most favorably as regards others. Bounded on both sides by river highways, with only two directions of territorial expansion—up toward the Bronx and up toward the stars—it finds itself in a position different from any other metropolis of the world.

In Paris, Berlin, London and St. Petersburg the region of social Belgravia is not confined to any one locality, except it be in the region of Unter den Linden in Berlin, the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and that large section known as West End, London.

New York, however, boasts of one street only, bisecting the city from Washington Square north, which numbers among its residents the flower of the land, the most exclusive coteries, the highest culture and by far the most stupendous wealth of any capital of the world.

A half mile of Fifth Avenue only faintly illustrates what the whole street presents in the way of architecture, dignity and that legendary glory which accrues to those



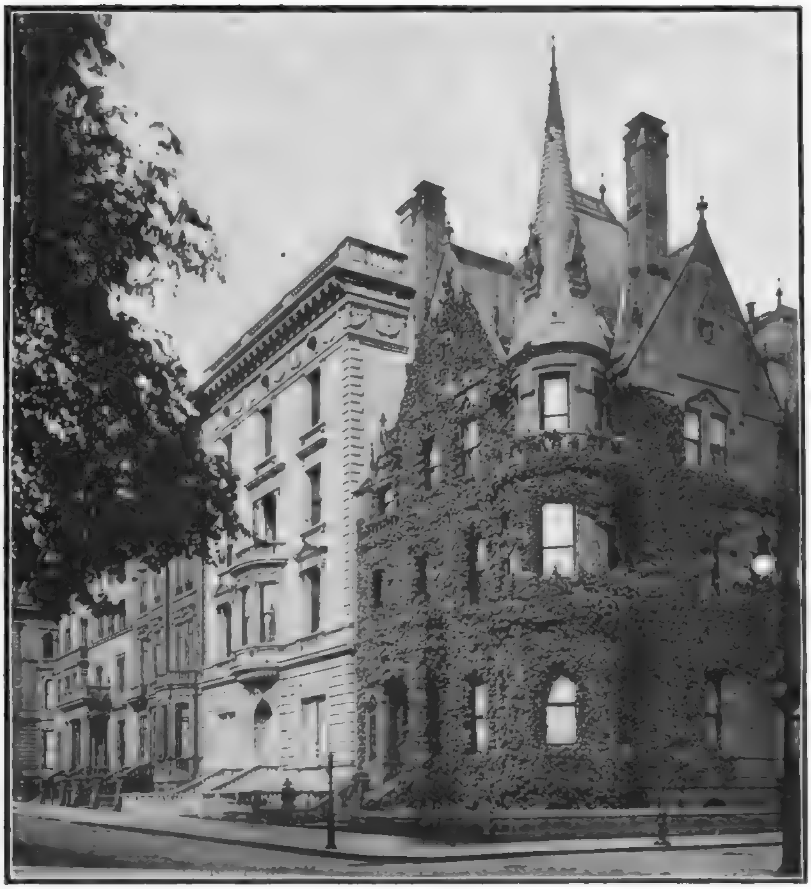
Residence of the late William C. Whitney, Fifth Avenue, corner of Sixty-eighth Street

centres of refinement and wealth famed the world over.

In reality, Fifth Avenue is an institution first and a thoroughfare afterward. It is as much a fixed thing in the imaginations of millions as that intangible yet beautiful region known as Mayfair. It stands for all that is luxurious, stable, conservative, and above all, rich. Whether it be a private home, like that, for instance, of the late William C. Whitney, or a club, like the Metropolitan—otherwise known as "The Millionaires' Club," since it counts among its members some of the greatest magnates of the world, and it has been said, perhaps erroneously, that none other than a multi-millionaire is welcome into its ranks—or an institution like the Lenox Library (now consolidated into the great New York Public Library), there is something distinctive, dignified, and of the nature of caste distinction—an inherent aristocracy which is impossible of counterfeiting.

Other cities of the Western Hemisphere

Residence of George J. Gould, Fifth Avenue, corner of Sixty-sixth Street

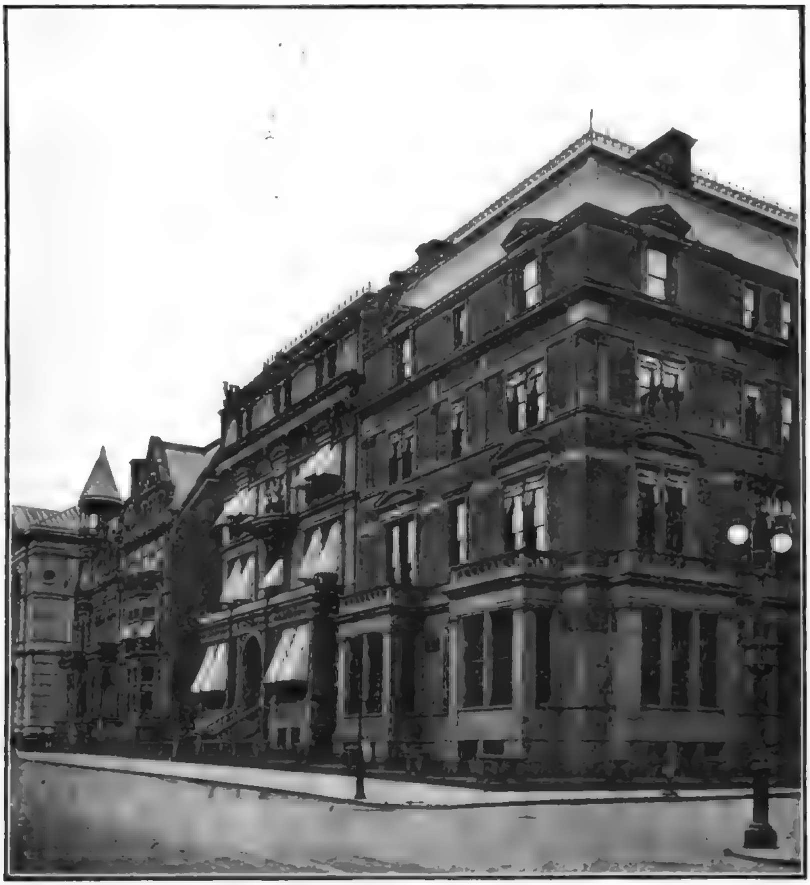


Palatial residences, looking northward from Sixty-seventh Street on Fifth Avenue

offer to the observer characteristics that are distinctive and which command attention, but Fifth Avenue is something apart. The great streets of Boston, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco, for instance, possess characteristics that make them peculiar to their location, but Fifth Avenue partakes of them all. There is the culture and the artistic spirit of Boston; the virility and push of Chicago; the wealth of Denver, and the beauty of the metropolis of the Pacific coast. Besides these, one appreciates the dignity, repose and solidity of the great capitals of Europe. In points of finish New York leads the country, and Fifth Avenue is typical of New York.

The millions that are represented in this half mile of mansions is scarcely calculable. There are art treasures here too that challenge the globe. Everything that can contribute to the joy of living is brought from the four quarters of the earth—rare rugs from India, teakwood carvings from

Lenox Library, one of the magnificent institutions now consolidated with the New York Public Library

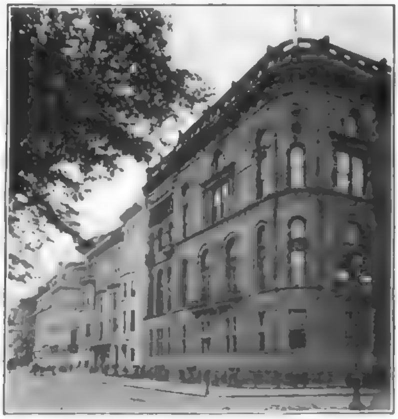


Residence of Ogden Mills, looking north from Sixty-ninth Street on Fifth Avenue

China, vases from Japan, tapestries from Italy, paintings from France, sculptures from Spain, books from London and antiques from them all.

In the home of the late Mr. Whitney alone there are treasures of art that challenge the private collections of the great connoisseurs of the continent of Europe, and the home of Mr. Gould and others along the broad thoroughfare are likewise stored with the valuables of many climes and nations.

The clubs on Fifth Avenue are perhaps the most exclusive in the world, recruited from the ranks of the men of wealth, genius and affairs. They have one and all a remarkable waiting-list, in some cases numbering a thousand persons or more, the membership limited to a comparatively small list, and these desirous of preserving the integrity of the charter and the initial project which had in view the most conservative policy. These clubs are also luxurious institutions considered merely as



The former Progress Club, Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third Street homes for the bachelor element of society and for the society benedicts who have clung to their clubs through married life, and who meet here to discuss affairs.

Even the homes of the millionaires are less proof against the insidious interloper than are the great clubs along the avenue. Here is found the exclusiveness and the repose which men of wealth, weary with the turmoil of the world, regard as their due—moments of completest abandon to the confidences of their fellows and the charm of impregnable exclusiveness.

In the homes of the rich along this thoroughfare there are held periodically some of the most gorgeous entertainments that gather under one roof representative people from all parts of the world. The late Mr. Whitney, for instance, gave frequent receptions, and during the season he brought to his home many celebrated personages in every department of activity —painters, inventors, grand opera stars, virtuosi and hundreds who are recognized leaders in the world of progress. This was one of the delights of the Whitney home. Mr. George J. Gould also takes great pride in the entertainments which he gives periodically, when are gathered many of the leading people in the various walks of cultured life.

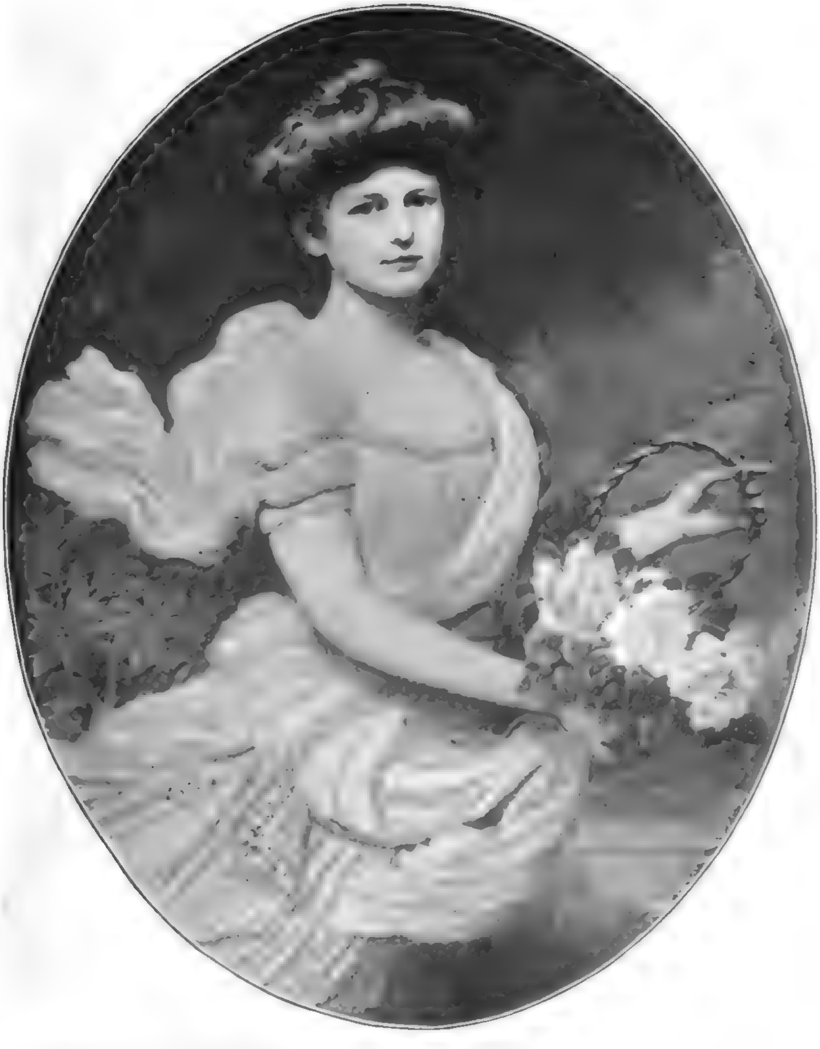
Residence of W. W. Brokaw and buildings in course of erection in vicinity of Seventy-third Street on Fifth Avenue

Taking it in its entirety, this half mile of millionaires, as it may be advisedly termed, furnishes food for the sociologist and the historian no less than the statistician. From every State of the Union have they come—men of vast wealth, who long to be the nearest possible to the social pinnacle, realizing that it is necessary to live on or near Fifth Avenue in order to come into the compass of the modern Valhalla of the social deities.

Looking north from Seventy-first Street, showing plots of ground worth many millions

The miner who has made his mint in the fields of the Yukon or the peaks of the Rockies; the coal promoter and the oil magnate who have hoarded vast fortunes in a merger of Pennsylvania resources; the Southern planter and the Chicago speculator; the Brazilian diamond-digger and the Canadian railroad king: all these sooner or later gravitate to the metropolis, set up their gorgeous Lares and Penates, and instruct their children in the ways of the grand monde.

Palatial apartments in the vicinity of Seventy-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue



Reproduced from an oil painting by George C. Munzig, New York

Miss Bessie A. Farrel

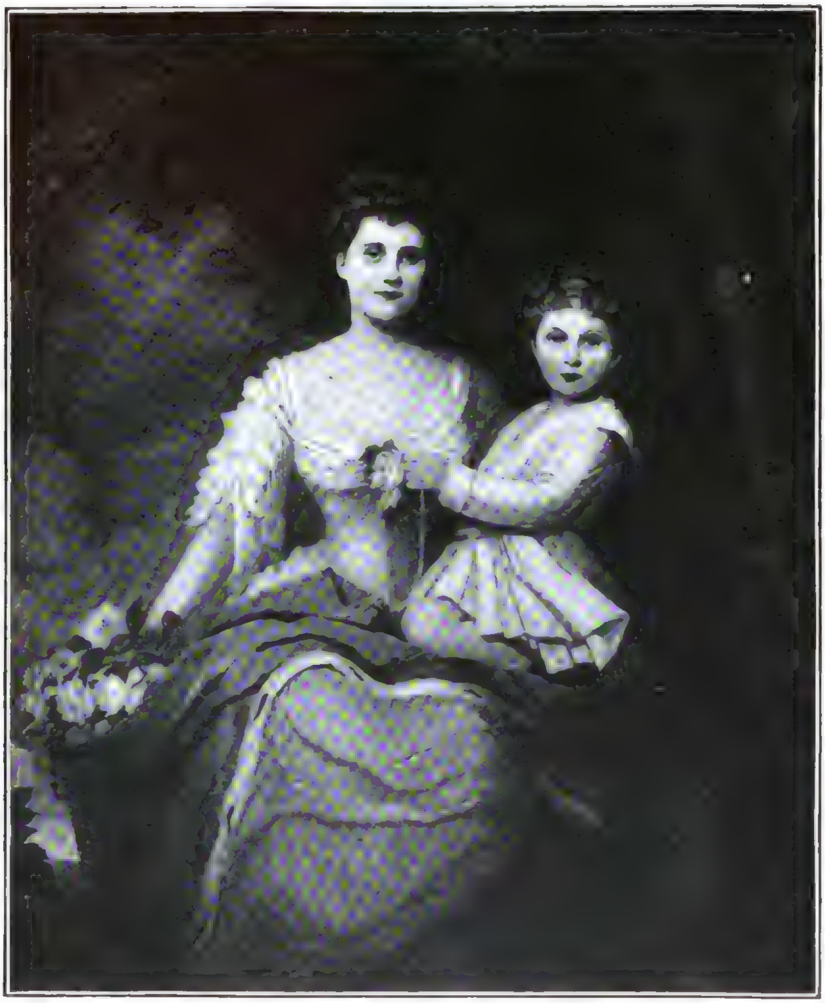
Of Palm Beach, Florida

MUNZIG—PAINTER OF LOVELY WOMEN

By George D. Cross

CHARMING femininity had never a stronger interpreter, at least so far as American art is concerned, than George C. Munzig, portrait painter, traveler and student. Mr. Munzig is a man of skill and training in his art, for years a student abroad, studying under the best masters of Paris, Berlin, and Munich, perhaps taking from the latter art-centre the leading spirit of his genius and interpreting feminine beauty with a slight Teutonic flavor.

Mr. Munzig has painted perhaps as many of our wealthy and influential women



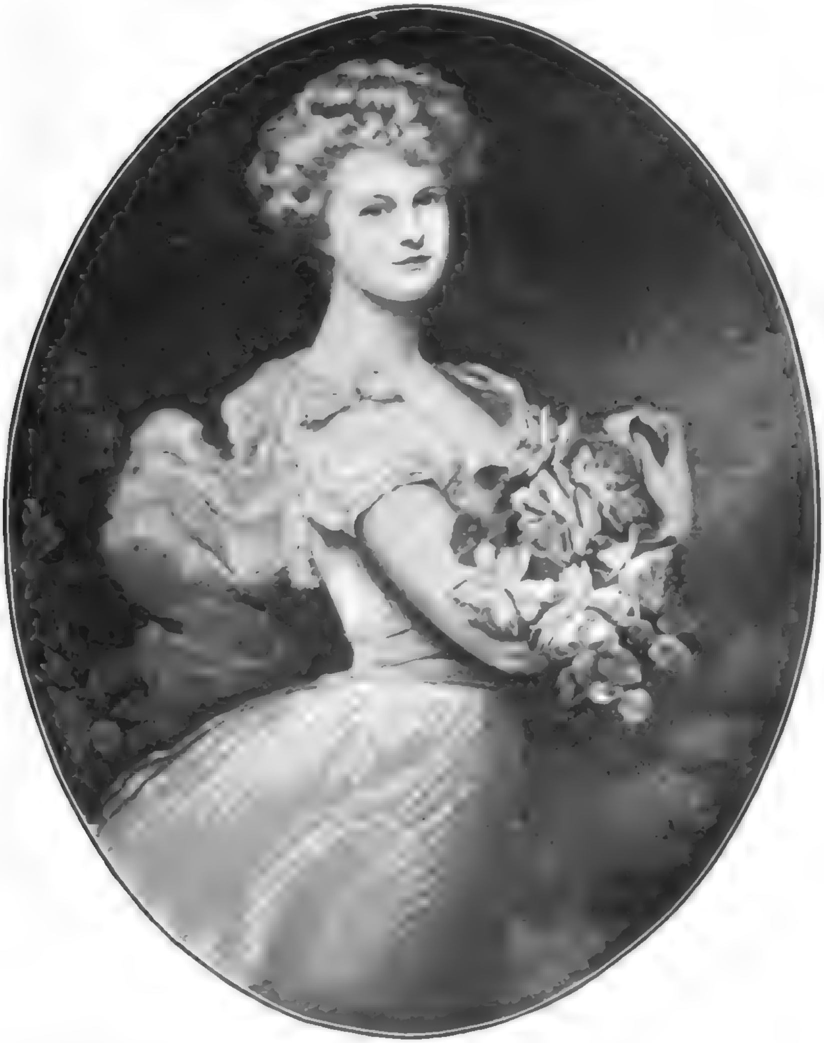
Reproduced from an oil painting by George C. Munzig, New York

Mrs. Oliver G. Jennings and Son
New York

as any other artist in the land, so popular have been his portraits for their fidelity to life as well as their artistic value. The examples here shown display the enthusiasm with which the painter enters into the task of reproducing the "human countenance divine;" and what a grace he imparts to every sweep of the brush!

There are some artists who will give an artistic tone to whatever they undertake—infusing into the very medium a subtle something that amounts to prophetism. It is this that marks the master, just as personal magnetism is an essential virtue in an orator or preacher. It is the gift of imparting between the written lines, the spoken phrase or a sweep of color, that indefinable charm which we liken to inspiration and which holds the attention and commands respect. This particular quality Mr. Munzig has in a large degree. His portraits live and move and have their being in the region of romance and light, of refinement and culture, yet not so ethereal as to seem of another world than that of flesh and blood reality.

Mr. Munzig's studio in New York is one of the finest in the country, furnished in



Reproduced from an oil painting by George C. Munzig, New York

Miss Elise L. Farrel
A Connecticut Beauty

luxurious style with the rare finds of many countries. He is, like all artists, a lover of what is rare and beautiful, whether it be a work of oriental art, a piece of old tapestry, a book or a bit of furniture. His artistic appreciation extends beyond the mere realm of paint and canvas, and he is a connoisseur in many fields of artistic endeavor.

Portraiture in America may now be said to have reached its highest plane, not only in technical excellence, but also in the enthusiasm created in the minds of persons of wealth and culture who desire to perpetuate their personal charms and adorn their homes with the products of the masters' skill. Mr. Munzig's work challenges comparison with the best of any country, and that his portraits are popular with persons of keen taste and refined appreciation, is a tribute to the conscientious workmanship of his paintings, their inherent beauty and their masterful likenesses. He is a painter of whom America may well be proud.

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE IN NEW YORK

By James D. Carson

IT was William Dean Howells who, when asked what he regarded the most important, and from a novelist's standpoint interesting, feature of metropolitan life, replied that it was the sad struggle for existence on the part of the million hand-to-mouth battlers for daily bread, encountered everywhere throughout the great aggregation.

Above all other questions in a great capital and industrial centre like New York is the question of the actual cost of daily necessities. Here where we have the poor always, as well as the richest representatives of a money aristocracy; one comes in daily contact with the most flagrant exhibitions of reckless extravagance on the one hand, and on the other the most biting poverty, under stress that is cruel and amid surroundings that are banal and crushing, even to that ambition for self-help which the meanest creatures have in some wise the right to cultivate.

In New York one can live for less money than in any place of the country, as well as dispense millions in hospitality on the most extravagant bounties that the great world affords. When the former statement is made, it must be taken with certain reservations, as when the celebrated American painter affirmed that one of his profession could live for less in Italy than anywhere else in the world—providing that one were willing to live as the Italians do: meaning a diet of polenta (corn bread), cheap wine, an egg in a cup of coffee for a breakfast, a slice of salami (hard sausage) for luncheon, and fresh meat twice a week. The born and bred Italian seems to survive in comparative content on this diet, but the American is a man of refined tastes and a copious table, so that when he attempts to live in Rome as Americans do, he finds that it costs quite as much if not more than living in New York.

Then, too, the prices of foods vary in various parts of the city proper. The meats, which cost an astonishingly low sum on the lower East Side, for instance, cannot be duplicated on the upper West Side for fifty per cent more. This is not on account of the inferiority of the former, for a look at any of the markets of the lower quarters of the city convinces the observer that, whereas the finer grades may be wanting, as well as perhaps the more expensive cuts, nevertheless, the general quality is up to a good standard. This is a Board of Health requirement, as well as in the interest of the individual dealer. Of course with vegetables, and particularly with fruit, the case is a little different. The cheapness in these two cases, sometimes astonishing, is accounted for on the grounds of the exceedingly perishable nature of the commodities and the necessity for quick sales.

Taking California fruit as an instance: Upon the arrival of a carload, if there has been ever so slight a delay in the transportation, there is a consequent loss, for in this case delays are serious, even a matter of hours counting against it, where, in the case of vegetables, a few days even of overtime on the road does not materially lessen the value. When the carload is unpacked and sorted, the best grades go to the uptown markets, where it commands a high price as compared with that which is sent to the lower markets and sold at auction — the lowest grade of all going to the corner fruit stands and the little baskets and pushcarts of the itinerant tradesmen. In this manner a trainload of fruit from California is dispensed to the million in a very short space of time.

The economical statistics are very misleading, for the reason that no allowance is made for the third term of the equation, as it were—the unknown quantity which is a large term in metropolitan life—for instance, by way of illustration, a prolonged stress of severe weather when transportation is perilous and expensive, or during a period of strikes when matters industrial are at a standstill, for the body demands food and raiment none the less even though wages be cut off. It is then that food products rise in price, even as the earning power of the individual grows less for the reason of an overcrowded labor market. It is during these times that all signs fail and statistics are as naught, just as when the bottom drops out of Wall Street markets, and there is no judging the situation on the principles of precedent. When all things are comparatively normal, it is easy to formulate a series of statistics covering all natural wants of men, but during abnormal periods, such as, for instance, during a winter as that passed, the severest in eighteen years according to the meteorological reports, when suffering increases and labor is hard to find, although the price of food products remains stationary, or even increases in price, comparative statistics fail.

In the main, however, it may be stated as something approximate, as a celebrated wit recently observed, that "life in New York for a person of taste, education, and normal desires is impossible on less than five thousand dollars a year." This may seem absurd to the many who raise families of five in a Greenwich village flat on a clerk's salary of twelve dollars, and it also excites the contemptuous pity of the imported millionaire who spends a hundred thousand yearly in his uptown mansion, merely feeding and clothing his family and retainers, and doing "a little quiet entertaining." One thing is certain: the tremendous stress and pressure of metropolitan daily life is due not to an inherent desire to excel so much as sheer necessity—the necessity of meeting extortionate rentals and high-priced necessities, and the awful dread of poverty such as is seen everywhere in the lower quarters. In the country, where there are many poor, there are nowhere such scenes of actual squalor presented to the average observer, and the lesson of social contrasts is not brought home with such force. There they may not have many rich, but they certainly have fewer of the really poor—the hopeless, helpless, crushed and herding poor which are seen here in whole colonies, and whose existence is a problem beyond the ken of preacher and sociologist. The individual has much to do with the situation also, for many a man with a saving wife will accomplish on twenty dollars a week what another finds impossible on forty, and another will make forty do the work of a hundred. This requires a special talent, however, and that is rare. On the whole, the cost of living in New York is higher than elsewhere in the country, if not the world, although, by reducing economy to a fine art, much can be done to mitigate the rigors of a laborious life on a minimum wage. It takes ten years of metropolitan life to learn how to live the second ten, and even then there are a million who never have learned and never will learn it.

Statistics only approximate, but nevertheless there is a certain lesson to be derived from the comparative prices. Every one knows that within the last ten years the cost of living in New York and other large cities has risen at least fifteen per cent all along the line, rents increasing in proportion. The northward march of progress, as far as Manhattan Island is concerned, has turned thousands of fine old dwellings into business places and compelled a movement toward Harlem. As a residential section, below Washington Square is now practically hopeless for persons of refinement and taste, and the tenement classes, who always pay the highest rentals of all, paradoxical as it may seem, predominate. Apartments containing three or four rooms bring a rental of fifteen to thirty dollars, monthly, and as this represents more than half the earning capacity of the head of the household, oftentimes, it becomes necessary to take in "roomers" or perhaps boarders to help out with the expenses. Thus it happens that, in some five-room flats in the tenement district, every room is turned into a bedroom by night, and a workshop by day, where two to five people in one room eat, sleep and do their daily toil.

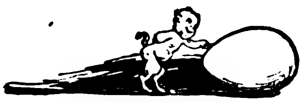
The price of apartments uptown ranges from fifteen dollars a month to any exorbitant rental, even to fifteen thousand dollars a year. Respectability can scarcely be properly housed for less than fifteen dollars a month, and even that sum vouchsafes only the most meager conveniences. Thirty-five dollars is perhaps the average of the upper East Side, and five more the average of the upper West. The latter is considered the more desirable part of the city, and everything is consequently higher in price. For instance, a cut of meat that costs seventeen cents a pound below Houston Street, reaches twenty-two cents in the region of Twenty-third Street, and twenty-six in the region west of Central Park. Everything is quite in proportion. The markets and the shops in the district of Grand Street, which may be called the Broadway of the great East Side, supply necessities at least ten per cent cheaper than those in the neighborhoodof Madison Square, and from fifteen to twenty-five per cent cheaper than those beyond Fifty-ninth. The problem, then, for the individual who desires to live comfortably in a respectable neighborhood, proceeds in a corresponding ratio as he moves uptown.

For all that, life in New York is delightful in certain portions of the year; advantages, educational and recreative, are many, and the one reason why it costs one-third more to live here than elsewhere is because there will always be found people who are willing to pay the price. The reason that rents seem exorbitant in comparison with those of other cities of the East is that there is in New York a greater opportunity for the extraordinary man to make money and to command a higher price for his labor than elsewhere, even if the opportunities to save are reduced to the minimum. The cost of living, as was said before, has advanced fifteen per cent within the last decade, while wages have not correspondingly appreciated. However, for skilled labor in all departments, there never was a time when there was such a demand as now, and no city of the world where such extraordinary talent commanded such a high price. It is only the mediocre and the commonplace talent that finds the price of living in New York beyond the limit of prudence. First-class ability in any department of metropolitan industry commands a wage which more than makes up for the one-third increase in the cost of living over other cities, and the fifteen per cent advance in the cost of food and housing in the upper sections of the city over the lower.

A reasonable appromixation of the cost of living in New York may be gathered from the following tables for a family of five:—

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF THE AVERAGE COST OF LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY

	Below 14th Street	East or West Centre	Upper Districts	1894	1884
Rent, per month	$16.00	$35.00	$40.00	15% less	20% less
Beef, per pound	.17	.23	.26	.16	.16
Flour, per bbl	4.80	5.00	5.25	$9.00	$9.00
Fuel and light, per month	8.50	12.50	15.00	8.00	7.00
Groceries, per month	24.00	36.00	42.00	18.00	16.00
Milk, per month	2.50	2.80	3.00	2.50	2.50
Tea, per pound	.50	.55	.60	.46	.57
Coffee	.28	.32	.36	.28	.26
Sugar, per lb	.06	.07	.08	.10	.11
Fresh pork	.10	.12	.15	.10	.10
Lard	.12	.14	.15	.14	.13
Potatoes, bushel	1.25	1.35	1.40	.90	1.10
Eggs, per doz	.28	.40	.45	.30	.27
Coal	6.50	6.75	7.00	6.00	7.00
Petroleum, per gal	.09	.11	.12	.06	.09
Clothing, per month	9.00	14.00	20.00	......	......



THE WELL DRESSED NEW YORKER

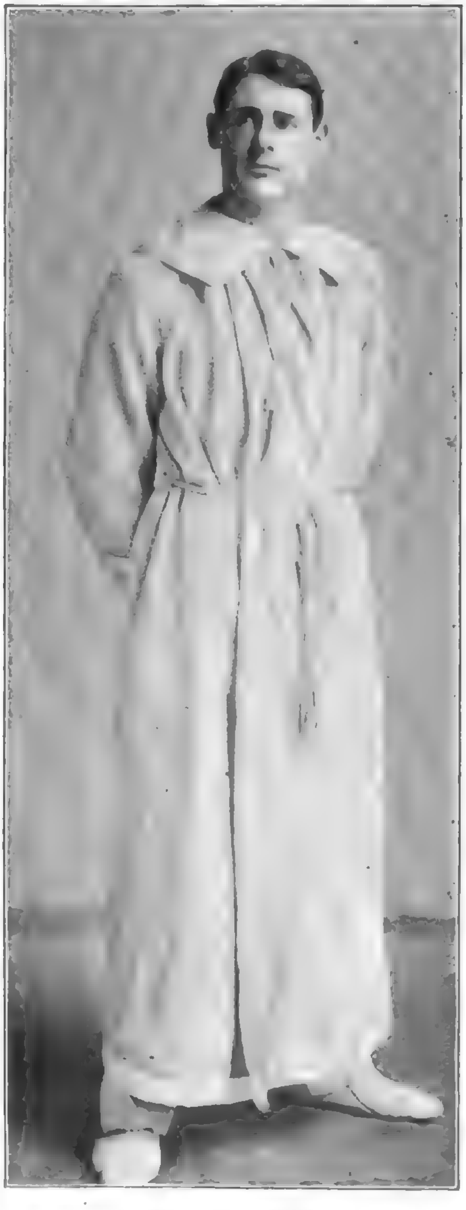
By James Barton Gaines

WITH SPECIAL POSES FOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE BY ROBERT LORRAINE

THE man of leisure is not essentially the American man. The former is the creator of fashions; he is the leader of new and ultra modes in coats and cravats. The latter is his pupil and disciple. Outside of the old conservative club members, who are a bit antiquated in their style, the average American is more at home in the manipulation of his stocks than in the subtle mannerism—if such a term may be permitted—of correct self-garbing. In fact, the male American rather prides himself on his indifference to the niceties of dress etiquette, but when the question arises as to the propriety of wearing a silk hat with a dinner coat, or a frock coat or Tuxedo at an afternoon wedding, he recognizes, with dismay, that, although his wardrobe is complete in quantity, he himself is lacking in that quality of education which befits a man to select the absolutely correct raiment for the certain occasion.

There is one fundamental guide in all questions concerning a man's manner of dressing in correct form. The coat makes the occasion, and one might add, the men of good fashion. It settles the question of a formal and informal function. It decides the problem of the silk high hat, the soft alpine, or the natty derby. It governs, also, the character of the waistcoat, the tournure of the tie, and the color of the glove.

There are few general rules which, if followed, will serve to safeguard the most indifferent of stock-absorbed business man from the pitfalls that attend the wearing of the wrong coat at the wrong time. First and foremost, the coat with tails—which includes the frock coat and the dress coat—is looked upon as strictly formal, and is worn always with the silk hat, gray or white gloves, and low, or, as they are called, "dress shoes." A high collar and white shirt are *de rigeur* with the formal suit. White striped trousers and a waistcoat of the same material as the coat is oftentimes

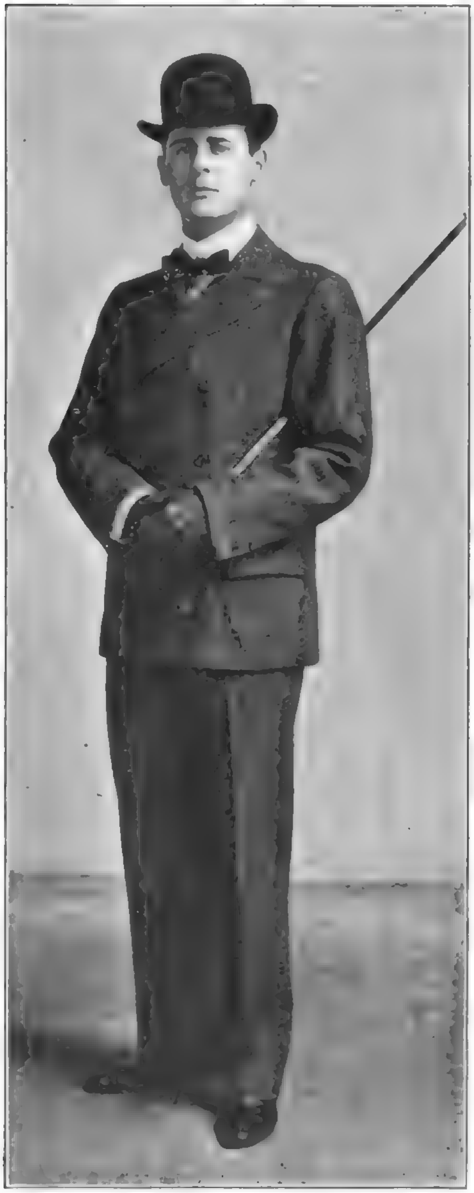


Ready for the morning dip

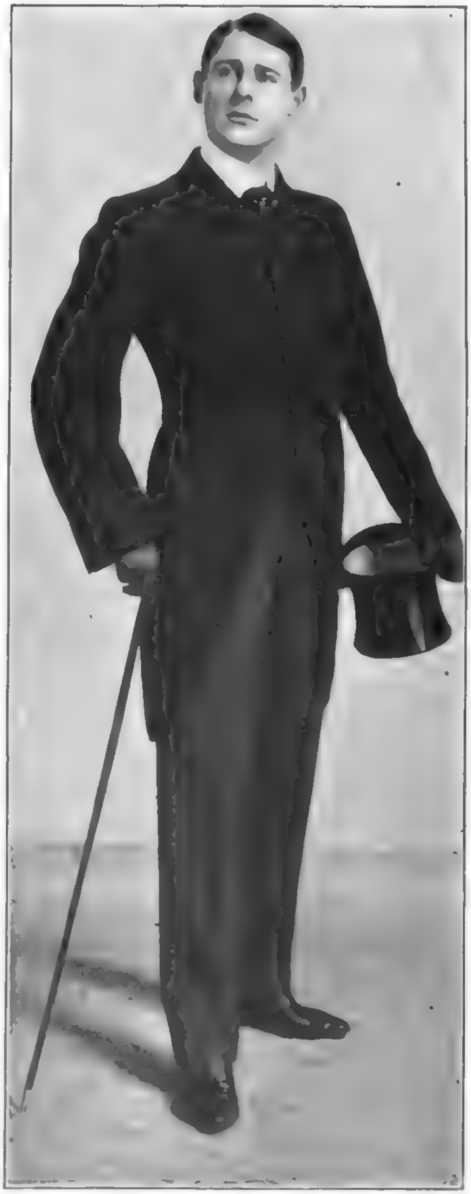
worn with the frock coat, instead of the white duck waistcoat; the latter should be always seen with evening dress, and is worn with the white lawn linen tie. A few elderly men, however, eschew the white duck waistcoat for the black; in that case, a small black tie is more in keeping than the white, although neither one nor the other is absolutely correct.

Regarding the frock coat: if worn with a dark waistcoat, a black or gray tone scarf is considered proper, but if a white duck is preferred, a black knotted four-in-hand or Ascot is selected.

"When in doubt, wear a frock coat," has become a sort of axiom with the none-too-careful business man. As a matter of fact, the frock coat is subject to well-defined



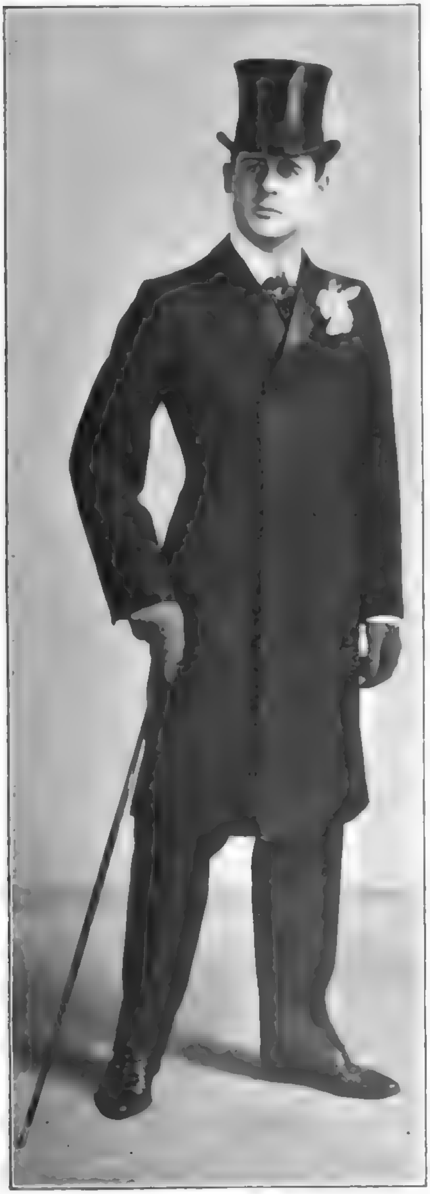
The morning business suit



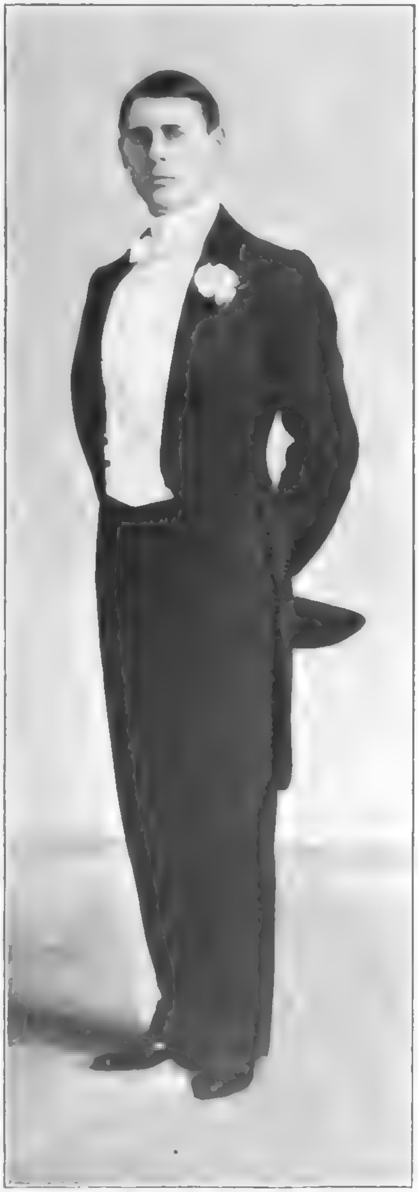
For early afternoon

rules. It is never worn at business or during the forenoon. It is, of course, always seen at the noon wedding, and is always worn by the man of correct taste on all afternoon occasions, whether it be the formal call, the informal afternoon tea, or even the reception, not to mention a stroll down the avenue.

A tired man occasionally drops in at a concert or a matinee when he has an afternoon off; this is a case where he is permitted to appear in his business suit—a single or double-breasted sack or English walking suit—even if he be accompanied by a lady; but if he wishes to prolong his afternoon's pleasures by a call or a cup of five o'clock tea, he must be willing to don the regulation frock coat.



For afternoon functions



Full evening dress

The duty of the Tuxedo or dinner coat, as it is now called, is limited. It is considered quite informal, and is never worn when ladies are present, unless these ladies are members of one's immediate family. It is the proper garb for the club, stag dinners, in fact, at any mens' gatherings. If, however, as it happens occasionally, ladies are admitted at these gatherings, even as spectators, the dress coat is considered necessary. An informal evening call may be made by a man in his dinner coat, but if the call savors in any way of the formal, that is to say, if it is a party or a dinner call, full dress is proper form.

The dinner coat is worn with informal accessories; that is to say, a black waistcoat, a wing or turndown collar with black tie, and, of course, in place of the formal silk hat, the soft hat or derby. The former is perhaps preferable. White gloves are worn on all formal occasions with the formal dress suit; they are never seen with the dinner coat. Gray suede gloves are considered correct, and, indeed, are worn in the street with the full dress suit.

Although not altogether correct, it is not unusual for a party of men, when attending the opera, to don a white duck waistcoat with a dinner coat. The latter is perfectly proper for the occasion, but the innovation of a formal waistcoat with an informal coat and hat is incongruous, to say the least.

There can be little doubt as to the proper occasion for the donning of the dress suit. It is never worn except under artificial light—which means it is used exclusively for all evening functions where ladies are present. These functions are the formal dinner, the reception, the theatre, opera, and the evening wedding. This suit, to be altogether correct, should be worn with the white waistcoat, high collar, and white linen tie. The high hat is an absolute necessity, as are also the low shoe and the light glove. A gray or pearl suede glove is a trifle less formal than the white; the difference in the occasion is a matter of carriage or street wear. White gloves should never be in evidence on the street.

Regarding jewelry: A watch chain is looked upon as a vulgar display when seen in the evening, and indeed a man of correct taste, when garbed in his best evening suit, should wear no jewelry save a set of pearl or plain gold studs and his gold cuff links. The four-in-hand or Ascot, which is permissible with the frock coat, gives the man of wealth an opportunity to give evidence of his taste in a rich and quiet scarf pin.

The ultimatum of a man's costume is first absolute correctness of the garb to the occasion. It is the question primarily of heart—which is the coat; of head—which is the hat; of foot—which is the occasion, and of hand, which tells him how to grasp it. In other terms, if the coat tails are long, the hat must be high; if the hat is high the coat must be low; tie and waistcoat conform to the formality or informality of the coat. The mightiest is the slave of his coat if he would be a man of fashion.

I DREAMED A DREAM

By Albert A. Berrian

THE bridesmaid was fair as the daintiest rose
She was graceful and slim as a willow;
She gave me a bit of the cake, and she said:
"You must dream with it under your pillow."

I placed the cake under my head, as she said,
But (alack for the fate of this ballad!),
I think, by the visions that came to my bed,
My dreams were inspired by the salad.

Where all the "sings" are held

On the marble steps of the Columbia Library, a favorite meeting place

AT FAIR COLUMBIA

By Stephen Prevost, Jr.

IT was Bishop Potter who once asked a young traveler if he were a college-bred man, and was told that the latter had entered a university but was never graduated. "I esteem it a great privilege for any young man to have known even a little of college life," the bishop volunteered—"to have imbibed the atmosphere, felt the influence of an Alma Mater, to have experienced the enthusiasms as well as appreciated the *esprit de corps* of a college career, even though he be denied the supreme triumph of graduation. It is a glimpse into a real and beautiful world, full of promise and seriousness, work and play, happiness and struggle, with the added incentive to excellence which comes, as Emerson says, 'with doing things in concert.' I regard that man fortunate who can look back through the years and recall even a single year of life at college or university."

And there is a deep meaning in the observation; for whether the institution be located in the heart of a great city or isolated in the depth of a primeval forest, it creates its own world, its own moral and

A little tussle on the campus

Interior of a Columbia fraternity house

A jolly evening with songs, readings and speeches

social codes, its own intellectual atmosphere.

College life may appear on the surface to be a prolonged playtime, with now and then a plodding interval, with much hurrah and very little work, a place where young men without influence or money may associate with their social superiors for the advantage which may accrue to them in after life, or a place where men of wealth may incarcerate their hopefuls in the solid faith that there at least they are beyond the reach of dissipation on the one hand, or, on the other, losing fortunes in

The trophy room of Columbia University

Suspended from the ceiling is the famous Henley Challenge Cup, won by the Columbia Crew in '74—the only American crew that ever won it

The editorial sanctum of "The Literary Monthly,
Known as "The Lit," with editorial and art staff convened

business in competition with the commercial jackals that lie in wait for young men with money who are willing to part with it for a modicum of experience.

But certain it is that no man can pass the threshold of such a splendid institution of learning as Columbia University without being instantly impressed with the glorious pertinence of it all—the solid, meaningful spirit of aggression over living problems of the times and of the seasons, and the completeness of every detail that contributes to the surest and speediest arrival at the grand conclusions of science, literature, art and the world's activities in general.

Interior of one of the more luxurious of the students' rooms

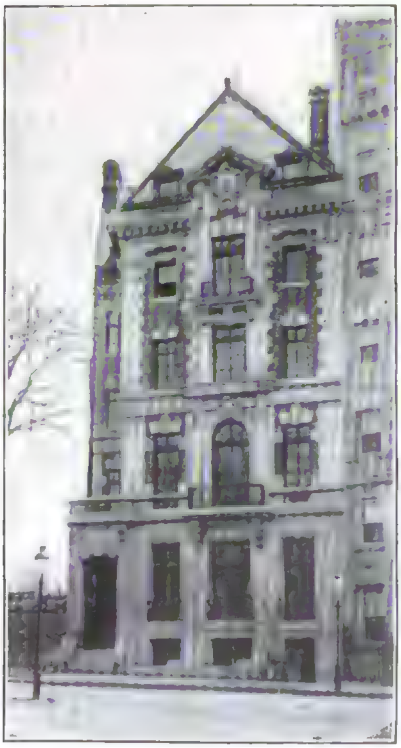
Hazing a Freshman on the college campus

On the campus, the field of sport or in the fraternity house, unbending after a season of toil solitary or in concert, college life may appear to be without definite aims, without exact system or unity. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the closet or the classroom, upon these

Photograph by Van der Weyde, New York

Columbia Library

One of the most stately and imposing structures in America, standing on an eminence of Morningside Heights, New York



Photograph by Van der Weyde, New York

The "Delta Psi" Clubhouse

West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York

same faces may later be seen depicted a spirit of resolution, of definite purpose, and of high ideals. Professors may set the standard, but it is the student aggregation that makes the college. It is the student who is at once the hardest worker and the severest critic. What the professor has "set in a notebook, conned by rote," in order to develop new talents and train those already possessed, the student approaches for the first time, as Balzac says, "entering upon it with much misgiving, relinquishing it with reluctance and even fear."

So concrete, then, is this college life that its mere location may be a matter of no vital concern. Like certain foreign colonies in a great city such as New York, which are so all in all to themselves that you might build a wall about them, shutting them apart from the metropolitan environment, with scarce their heeding, the college world is a realm apart—a kingdom isolated—a world remote. There may be certain advantages in a university such as Columbia enjoying establishment in the heart of a metropolis, but that it would thrive as well far removed from the rush and turmoil, no one will question. By the very nature of its concentration, its devotion to fixed principles and its adherence to established and unalterable standards, it is sufficient unto itself.

The total matriculation of Columbia University, including the extension at the Teachers' College, reaches the enormous total of nearly six thousand persons. It is therefore the largest of the American universities. The extension alone includes about twelve hundred students. Without this, the total of Columbia aggregates a number which makes it second only to Harvard, the largest institution of learning in the country.

The administration, including professors, instructors, demonstrators, lecturers, and tutors generally, numbers about five hundred. The buildings are of the most substantial order. There are laboratories for every branch of scientific research, whether for practical training or for abstract investigation. The School of Mines is known the country over as fully equipped and ranking in the foremost line, and the Department of Electrical Engineering, under the directorship of Prof. Michael Pupin, the inventor of ocean telephony, is second to none other in the country for practical training and for work in the abstract problems of electrical science.

A prank of the "Naughty 05's"

Painting their class number on the dizzy top of a chimney seventy-five feet from the ground

Many of the halls devoted to special branches have been built by millionaires who have had the interests of the great university at heart, for instance, Fairweather Hall, Schermerhorn Hall, Earl Hall, the latest of the great structures dedicated to learning, and the buildings erected by Vanderbilt, Havemeyer and others which do not bear their names, but which have endeared them to thousands of students for the advantages which are afforded there.

And this spirit of culture is what has made Columbia rank with the foremost of this or any country of the world. To give "the larger view," the wider scope to the student, and to unfold to him the glories of only partially discovered realms that offer to him the highest rewards for industry and intellect—this is the work which Columbia has in hand.

Photograph by Van der Weyde, New York

View of Castle William from the lower end of New York City

CASTLE WILLIAM, HISTORICAL WATERMARK OF NEW YORK BAY

By Albert A. Peakes

THE vicissitudes of old Castle William would make a volume in itself. It was built in the time when the shot from a frigate of an enemy would strike against it without accomplishing much damage; but as a fort designed to withstand the bombardment of a modern battleship or second-class cruiser, it would stand as much chance of survival as any one of the thousand warehouses that line the water's edge of Brooklyn.

However, this solid old reliquary, which is destined to remain a watermark as long as the tower of Newport has stood (providing in the meantime this glorious country withstands the onslaughts of an invading foe, and a modern ten-tonner should make it a target), has been useful as well as ornamental as a relic of the fighting force of the past. It is the federal prison where are confined for short terms, such deserters and offenders against martial rules and regulations as are captured in the vicinity of New York, in some cases numbering scores of prisoners.

It was here that Captain Carter, afterwards convicted of fraud against the government to the tune of some hundreds of thousands of dollars, was confined pending investigations and trial by court-martial, and it was from Castle William that he was taken to the federal prison in Leavenworth, Kansas, the Sargasso Sea of the American army, where are gathered the long-time offenders from the various outposts, stations and forts.

Castle William is surmounted with guns still, as in the older day, to give the appearance of formidable resistance; but in point of fact, its usefulness otherwise than as a temporary jail, is superceded, and it will undoubtedly sooner or later be turned over to the authorities of the state or the municipality as a playground, or possibly become one more post, like Ellis Island, dedicated to the transaction of government business. As a monument to the military spirit of the past, however, Castle William will long remain in somber isolation overlooking the Bay, the harbor and the busy city.

OUR NOVELETTE

STOLEN: $11,000,000

By C. F. Barstow

IT was the assistant cashier who was speaking. "Talk about the accidental way in which great crimes are discovered, why, I can give you an instance right in our own bank where a trifling discrepancy in an electric-light bill was the means of saving us eleven million dollars. To this day we call it 'Young Sampson's Grand Coup,' the leading personage being none other than the son of 'Old Sampson' (for forty years the guard of the safety deposit vaults below the main floor), a lad of fifteen and bright as any city block in all New York can boast."

The comrades about the Metropolitan Club table were all ears.

"Do you remember Griggs, for twenty years our president? Had the economy bug, and had it worse than any man I ever knew. Would squeeze a penny till the feathers in the Indian's scalp stuck in his palm, if thereby in fifty years he could save a feather-bed. However, that's one reason why the T——— National stock is worth seven times par, I suppose. At any rate, on this particular day, Griggs was seen moping among the little caged-off compartments, with a pained expression upon his countenance, and we knew there was an unnecessary leakage somewhere. Now and then he paused, scanning the ceiling and making little calculations on a tiny pad in his lank left hand. 'He's got it again,' whispered the third assistant bookkeeper to the note clerk, which observation the president seemed to catch by a sort of telepathy. 'I say, Field,' he called out to the cashier through the grating, 'I can't understand this thing at all. The electric-light bills of this institution seem to be getting larger every week, in spite of the fact that I have myself shut off many of the lamps which I thought unnecessary except on very dark days. Now, this must be remedied. It is ruinous—positively ruinous.'

"The cashier smiled. It did not seem to him that a bank which had dispersed half a million dollars dividends only a month before was in any danger of insolvency through extortionate bills for electricity. He was indulgent, however. 'I do not see how we can do with less light,' he said, scanning the bill which the president held up to the grating, 'although the amount does seem extortionate. There must be a leakage somewhere. It cannot be on this floor, nor in the executive offices above. It must be somewhere in the safety vaults below. I will go down there on a tour of inspection, if you wish.'

"'And I will accompany you,' answered the chief with firmness, being a man who never undertook a piece of work that he did not finish; and together these functionaries passed down the long stretch of maroon velvet carpeting, between burnished walls of plate glass, behind which a busy army bustled at the closing hour of day.

"Now, this safety deposit department was a very imposing affair. It was built of alternate layers of steel and soft iron, backboned with granite, with row on row of doors of various sizes, each with a separate combination lock, with levers and hinges shimmering bright, for a fleck of dust or rust was 'Old Sampson's' deadly abhorrence. At the further end of the solemn chamber were five small rooms, each solidly partitioned off from the other, and supplied with tables, chairs and separate electric fixtures. Here the customers who rented the several steel deposit safes could secrete themselves as occasion required, cutting coupons, recording stocks, or otherwise transacting their personal business far from prying eyes. When the doors closed, the two electric bulbs glowed, automatic-ally shutting off as the doors swung wide again.

"Through the double doors with their great bars and time-locks the chief executive and his general passed leisurely on a tour of inspection, 'Old Sampson' rising in awe-inspiring majesty of salutation, as was his wont. Beside him was his little son, with the same straight figure and clear eye, saluting these dignitaries likewise as they passed. A little later the latter returned and fell upon Sampson with regard to the electric-light bills, ordering him to call in an expert. This he did by despatching his son for Foxhall, the electrician, who soon came, burdened with tools and lamps, and having appointed 'Young Sampson' his helper, fell to work to discover the leakage, while the old custodian paced the floor as if the shortage were a reflection upon his own honor. An hour went by. Then the expert returned to the man in uniform. 'There is no use going further,' he said, 'there is no leakage here. I will try the upper floors, but I doubt even then if I will find what I am looking for. The current was used regularly. The blunder is one of figures, not leakage. I guess I ought to know, for didn't I wire this building myself?'

"'I ought to know, too,' retorted 'Old Sampson' savagely. 'Go on with your inspection on the floors above; then return to me and report.' The giant guard turned abruptly, for before the door leading to the street a carriage had stopped, and down the marble steps into the vault there came a sprightly little figure in mauve, lightly veiled and rustling with silken refinements, a pigskin handbag hanging at her side by a strap over her slender shoulder. 'Good morning, Miss Howison,' saluted the guard, with his usual military precision, tempered with gallantry.

"The newcomer scarcely heeded the pompous genuflexion, but, showing herself thoroughly accustomed to the place, advanced down the quadruple rows of steel doors, halting before 'No. 61.' There she drew her glove, worked the combination, threw wide the door, and from within the dark confines drew forth two green boxes whose lids were bound down with double padlocks. These she placed under her arm, closed and locked the safe again, then with her burdens proceeded down toward the private booths at the far end of the chamber, closing herself in the middle one there, as she had done daily these many months.

"An hour later the expert electrician returned, all perspiration and impatience, facing the uniformed guard. 'It is just as I thought, Sampson. There is not a leak in the whole building. If you don't believe me, get another expert. Good-day, sir!'

"The venerable guard stood staring into space, like a man impeached. After a severe moment he was aroused from his reverie by the lad at his side. 'Father,' said the boy, 'is that woman in the center booth yonder still?'

"'Yes, and what of it?' demanded the other testily.

"'She must be a very rich woman to come here every day at the same hour just to cut coupons.'

"'It's none of my business, nor yours, lad,' reproved the other. 'She has hired the safe for a year, with the privilege of coming as often as she wants to in order to inspect her property. Those little green boxes may contain twenty millions in stocks or diamonds, for all I know. As I said before, it's none of my business, nor yours.'

"The boy turned away just as his attention was attracted by the coming of a short, heavily built man of affairs, whose silk hat was pushed back upon the furthermost bump, at his heels an adjutant bearing a portfolio and a small cloth bag. 'Old Sampson' straightened taller than ever, saluting with great gravity, for he had acquired a whole repertory of genuflexions graded to match the wealth and social importance of each of the many customers of the vaults. As Mr. Astoroth's confidential agent represented some two hundred millions or more, Sampson's obeisance was unusually royal and flattering.

"Without noticing the guard's salute, the man of momentous business hurried down to his particular safe, worked the combination, drew from within three strong boxes, and in company with his clerk, passed in silence down to the first booth, where the pair locked themselves securely within. The lad who had witnessed all this in silence, too, approached his sire at length, venturing guardedly:

"'I say, father, isn't that the richest man in New York?' 'No,' replied the other.

'It is merely the confidential agent of one of the richest, that's all.' There was a long pause. 'Father, how much do you suppose there is in the steel safe he just opened —No. 62? A million dollars?' 'Forty or fifty, for all I know. But what of it, lad? It's that miserable electric-light bill that is troubling me more than anyone else's millions just now. I think I will go out and hunt for another expert electrician after hours.'

"The boy seemed illuminated. 'Father,' he said, 'did you notice that the two people who just came to inspect their valuables have safes side by side?'

"'Quite likely. But what of it?'

"'Nothing; only I don't think it is an expert electrician that you want.'

"'Well, what then?'

"'A detective.' With these words the lad strolled away.

"Half an hour later he returned. Noticing that the door of the center booth was open, he sauntered thither, and for a few moments was lost to view. When he emerged again and resumed his thoughtful way up the broad stair to the executive offices above, the father caught a glimpse of his fine young face, perceiving, to his surprise, that it was much paler than usual, and that something was clenched in his right hand so tightly that it trembled. A few minutes later, the boy stood before the door of the president's private office, arguing vainly with the obsequious attendant.

"'I wish to see the president,' he said frankly.

"'What is your business with him?' was the underling's demand.

"'It concerns him and him alone,' was the answer.

"The clerkling began closing the door in the visitor's face. 'I am here to attend to these matters,' he said icily, 'and if you do not wish to explain the object of your visit to me, go back below stairs and post your message by mail.'

"But fortunately, just as the door closed upon him, the president himself caught a glimpse of the anxious face through the chink. 'Come in, Young Sampson,' he called out cheerily, to the clerkling's discomfort. 'What can I do for you?'

"'Allow me to speak a word with you in private,' was the answer.

"The chief smiled indulgently. 'Be seated,' he said, closing the door upon all possible eavesdroppers.

"'Now, quick and to the point. What is it, young man?'

"'Simply this, sir; I think I have discovered the leakage which accounts for the increased electric-light bills.'

"The president grew suddenly interested. 'Very well,' he said, seating himself at the desk and facing his interesting visitor. 'Proceed.'

"It was fully twenty minutes before 'Young Sampson' emerged from the president's private office, but even the clerkling at the door perceived that the young man's face was flushed with a sort of triumph, and his eyes were burning bright. Glancing through the rift, the attendant saw the president fold something in a sheet of tissue and deposit it in the corner of his desk drawer. The chief's face was drawn and severe, and of that ashen hue which comes to men suddenly facing some great problem or danger. As soon as the office was vacated and there were no apprehenders about, the clerk's curiosity got the better of him. Stealing into the chamber, stealthily he drew out the little drawer of the president's private desk, taking therefrom the tiny package which had so excited his inquisitiveness. The object of his wonder only served to mystify him the more. The precious object was a diamond drill of most peculiar construction and the finest workmanship.

"For the next few days there were such mysterious doings in the great vaults below as to keep the elder Sampson in a state of mental turmoil. He remonstrated more than once with his son, who had suddenly assumed privileges never hitherto indulged him, but when the younger produced a written statement from the president that the boy should have free and full access to any part of the building, at any hour he chose, and to come and go at will, 'Old Sampson' was not the only one who stood 'spelling dumb' before this mild paradox.

"But daily conferences with the veteran banker continued, and 'Young Sampson' passed in and out at his pleasure, laying wires and bearing tools hither and thither, scarcely ever more than lifting his eyes in his reverie as he swept by the tall paternal figure at the vault's entrance, and the old man grew visibly worried. Little satisfaction his questions brought him, however, for the lad's only answer was that he was on oath of silence, and there the matter must rest till events brought about their own disclosure, or failure fell athwart his daring enterprise. It was noticed, however, that whenever the fair holder of safe 'No 61' came into the vault for her usual hour of coupon cutting and poring over her valuables, taking the central booth at the far end of the chamber, 'Young Sampson' quietly slipped into the one adjoining, remaining there for the full time of the customer's solitary meditations, and later proceeded to the president's private chamber, where he remained for a long time in secret conference.

"But the climax of affairs came much sooner than even the interested participants themselves could have expected, for, one afternoon while the note teller and myself were seated in council with the president in his private chamber, the conversation was interrupted by a violent buzzing of some electric instrument hidden in the rear of the chief's desk—a sound which brought that gentleman to his feet like a sudden call to arms. 'Dobson,' he cried out to me in a queer falsetto, his face deadly pale, 'the hour has come. Do you hear those four calls? They are private signals from 'Young Sampson' in the booth of the vaults below. Here, arm yourself!' And he handed me a ready revolver, seizing one himself from the side drawer. 'You, Kingsbury,' addressing the note teller, who stood dumbfounded and fairly thrilled with this sudden explosion of a man so usually calm and collected in every crisis, 'hurry to the Thirty-second Street station and tell Sergeant Pierce to hustle his men over here instantly. Even now they may be too late. Let me see.' To the window the president leaped, looked down into the street and turned his blazing eyes upon us again. 'No, the carriage is there still, and there are two men dimly visible through the plate glass. Hurry, hurry, Kingsbury! Tell the sergeant's men to make haste and come well armed, for there is trouble ahead. Come, Dobson! Follow me. You hold one exit and I will take a stand at the other, and let no man or woman pass. Do you understand? Calm, now! Don't let 'Old Sampson' suspect. He will be sure to spoil our game. This way! Don't forget. Shoot at the first sign of resistance. Are you ready?'

"Meanwhile, the buzzing calls had ceased, and with step trembling for all its stealth, I followed the president down the rear marble stair into the vaults. We were just in time. The fair customer had just deposited her green caskets back into the safekeeping of 'Safe 61,' and was advancing toward 'Old Sampson' to drop into his hand her usual tip, when the president stepped before the great door leading to the street, and turned about facing the woman, who sauntered nonchalantly on toward the daylight, the skin bag swinging jauntily at her side. As she drew near the door the woman raised her dark eyes through the veil and scanned the tall, straight form which barred her exit; then came to a halt quite close before him, as she heard the command, 'Madam, I shall have to ask you to remain here a few moments. We have some business of importance at hand.'

"The listener drew back with a gesture of assumed surprise and was about to utter some protest, but suddenly thought better of it, and made a quick dash up the three marble steps, where she ran her face full into the muzzle of the cocked and ready weapon in the hands of the bank's chief custodian and sponsor. Quick as a flash, however, with an agility that displayed long practice and great strength, the revolver was wrenched from the hands of the man who barred her way, and with a swinging blow of the skin bag, which contained weight enough to bring down an ox, the president reeled back and then fell unconscious down the three steps to the floor.

"The thing was done so quickly that I scarcely realized; but in another instant I was upon the infuriate stranger, pinning her for one instant to the stair. But like a monster python she writhed from my grasp and I felt the sharp sting of a knife in my left breast, falling back on the president's body. A film came over my eyes, but in another instant I rallied, and struggling to the street, saw the carriage whipping like mad down the thoroughfare toward the river, and at its very rear tires 'Young Sampson,' hatless and coatless, fleet as any pair with such a burden, racing madly to catch the bars of the swinging coach. Down toward the avenue they chased, crossing it as the rear hubs scraped the forward end of a trolley car with a frantic motorman tugging at the brake, then on and on till quite lost to view in the gathering crush of people. All at once there drew up right before me the huge red automobile in which the confidential agent of the Astoroth's made his daily visit to the vaults, that gentleman himself seated beside the chauffeur, his eyes bulging with wonder.

"'What has happened?' he put to me with no small alarm.

"'The bank has been robbed. Quick! Let us follow them. The scoundrels have fled toward the river in a coach. Make haste! Let out the 'Red Devil' for all it is worth. Fortunes and perhaps lives depend upon it. Quick!'

"The chauffeur needed no further instructions. The monster seemed to leap into the air and went roaring down the street like an Andalusian bull maddened with torture and pain. Across the avenue we sped, bellowing down through a column of wild-eyed citizens, till at the further corner we at last caught a glimpse of the fleeing coach far ahead, the faithful boy still clinging to the rear bars with the desperation of a storm-tossed sailor clinging to a spar. Suddenly out of the tiny rear window of the coach there shot a quick puff of smoke, and down dropped the lad upon the pavement, limp and silent, upon his face. 'My God!' shrieked out my companion above the roar of the flying steel monster, wrenching back a lever which brought us to a halt just a few feet behind the still, boyish figure, 'they have killed him, they have killed him!' But I heard no more, leaping from my seat to the pavement and taking the slender form in my arms, returning with it to the broad cushions of the French flyer. There was a quiver, then a sudden rally.

"'Have you got them?' queried the brave lad, straightening up and peering ahead. Then, before we could answer, 'There they are, there they are! On, after them! Quick, quick! They have the entire contents of the Astoroth safe from the T——— National's vaults——'

"The cry of the confidential agent was like the wail of a wounded wild beast. Seizing the lever himself, he jerked the valve to the full limit, and like a streak of meteoric fire, we dashed on in the trail of the coach, which led straight out upon the dock at the foot of the street, at the far end of which, in the gleaming waters, lay the black little craft that was to bear the scoundrels to safety, for thus was their daring enterprise well planned. As we gained upon the robbers, seeing capture inevitable, they took the one desperate chance. Out of the little rear window once more there belched two puffs of smoke, and the spat! spat! of lead against steel roused us to a sense of our danger. On we chased, however, when a curious turn of affairs brought the wild pursuit to a quick finish. Maddened with the possible loss of fortunes, terrorized by the thought of suffering ignominious death at the hands of these outlaws, the manager, who had now undertaken the office of chauffeur, lost all control of his nerves and of his steel steed, and before he could halt, fairly struck the coach amidships with the noise of a thundercrash, hurling carriage and horses along the very verge of the docks, where they seemed for an instant to rock and waver over the waters between the two eternities. Then with a wail and a snort from man and beast alike, over the coach toppled into the green waves with a mighty splash, and sank instantly and utterly from view. At the very verge the 'Red Devil' caught and clung like a human thing, quivering and groaning till its fury was spent and its occupants had leaped to safety.

"In an instant, as may be imagined, the dock was alive with every manner of vehicle, and all sorts and conditions of astounded humanity, with a cordon of police to keep back the press till 'Young Sampson' could be restored to consciousness (for he had fallen back limp and apparently lifeless at the crash), and his wound examined, which, fortunately, proved more painful than serious. It was fully an hour before the carriage and its mysterious occupants were dragged from the slimy waters, and the three outlaws were ranged side by side upon the heavy planks, defying all human skill to revive them.

"It was the sergeant himself who tore the veil from the face of the T——— National's mysterious customer. Then he said without surprise, 'Ah, Borch, so it was you, eh? I thought I discovered some of your handiwork in this thing. No man save one who had wormed his way out of four penitentiaries could have planned so diabolical an enterprise in such a clever disguise as that.'

"Thereupon we all returned by carriage to the vaults of the bank for further inspection, bearing triumphantly the little pigskin bag wherein reposed—drenched and visibly somewhat the worse for the tragedy, to be sure, but not a whit less valuable—stock and negotiable securities to the value of just eleven million dollars.

"The inspection of 'Safe No. 62' showed the perfection of every detail of the undertaking, for the steel partition between that and the adjoining one was completely removed, having been drilled silently day after day by the most ingenious device ever conceived by man—an electric drill containing five diamond points that worked simultaneously by means of a motor and a storage battery in two little green caskets, which latter were removed every day at the same hour and charged from the electric lamps in the center booth of the silent chamber below. Thus for twenty-four hours daily these silent little drills had been going on with their diabolical work, bringing the rascals nearer and nearer their prize, and had it not been for the trifling discrepancy in the electric-light bills, as well as the president's commendable mania for even such small economies, the T——— National Bank might have been called upon to restore stolen property to the extent of millions, crippling it for years and perhaps even bringing it to ruin.

"'Young Sampson,' restored to health and usual good temper, sits in the president's private office now to-day, his confidential secretary and adviser. But next month, when the annual election takes place, I fancy that there is a higher office in store for him. At any rate, with such wit and resource in emergency, coupled with courage that faces any crisis, 'Young Sampson' bids fair to become one of the foremost financiers of the country."

TO-MORROW WILL BE A PLEASANT DAY

By F. B. Wright

"AND that was three years ago, wasn't it?" Miss Travers said. "It doesn't seem like it."

"No," he replied, "it seems—thirty."

"Thanks! Have I really aged so much since then?"

"I mean until I saw you it seemed thirty," he explained.

"Three years—it goes very quickly. You haven't changed much."

"I? I haven't changed at all."

She regarded him critically. "No, you haven't—in looks."

"I haven't in any way," he replied earnestly, and with an undertone of intention in his voice. "And you—you are all I imagined."

"I imagined? Then I was not a reality three years ago. I was a mere figment of your brain. What do you mean?"

"I mean—why—that in all these years I have been imagining you—in all sorts of ways, you know."

"Oh! Sometimes as fair-haired, I suppose, and sometimes as dark-haired; sometimes with a hump and sometimes cross-eyed."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, it's what you said, 'all sorts of ways,' and yet—do you remember the silly speech you made me when you went away?"

"Of course—only it wasn't silly. It was the frozen truth."

"It didn't seem very frozen then, but perhaps it does now, however, at this distance. You haven't answered my question yet, though. What was it you said?"

"Why—that—what's the use of my telling you over again if your memory is so good?"

"It's your memory that's in question, not mine. Confess you don't remember."

"But I do, of course. It was that I wouldn't forget," he said triumphantly.

"I'll mark you fifty on that. You couldn't be expected to remember as I—as any girl would who thought—well, never mind what the girl thought, she knows better now."

Miss Travers dropped her eyes, raised them again for a brief, fluttering moment, and again dropped them with a pensive little smile.

"And you remember what it was I said to

you then?" he asked impressively, leaning nearer and looking down at the bent head.

"You said—of course, you were just saying it—but you said you would remember every word I had said to you, every look of my eyes, every tone of my voice. You were quite sentimental that night."

"It was meant, every word of it. No man could forget. I know it now."

"Now? Didn't you know it then? What do you mean? You talk as though you were not the same man you were. Aren't you?"

"Well, every man changes, you know, every seven years. Scientific fact, I believe."

"But it hasn't been seven—only three."

"Oh, of course, not really change. I was joking. What I meant was that knowing you, having your image before me these years, has made a changed man of me—changed the whole course of my life," he said earnestly.

"Ah! and you have that photograph of me yet?"

"Of course. As if I wouldn't! It has never been out of my keeping since I stole it from——"

"I thought I gave it to you myself," she said, with some surprise in her voice. "Have you forgotten how you begged it from me that night?"

"Of course I haven't forgotten," he replied heartily, "I know you gave it to me." But she was not listening. Her eyes were looking off into the distance beyond the dark glass of the conservatory.

"How beautiful the moonlight was on the water that night, and far off some boating party was singing! It was perfect!"

"Yes, perfect—at least to me."

"Do you remember when we glided into that stretcn of lily pads and I lifted them dripping from the water, each drop like a diamond, and you said——"

"And I said I wished they were real so that I could give them to you," he said boldly.

"Did you? I thought it was that the drops would spoil my gown—the gown you admired so much."

"I did admire it. I have always seen you in that gown—and your face luminous in half shadow, the glint of your hair and your arms gleaming in the moonlight as you trailed your fingers in the water and made silvery ripples over the polished black mirror of the er—river."

He drew a long breath when he finished, as one who felt relieved.

"And it was as we neared home, wasn't it, that you told me that you wanted my picture?"

"Yes."

The corners of her mouth twitched a little. "What a splendid memory you have," she said, "a marvelous memory I call it. I wish I had one like it, though it's not what I would call accurate—if that's a sample—because, you see, you didn't ask me for my photograph that night. It was Fall when you left, and it rained hard that afternoon, and we could not go out, but instead sat in the drawing-room by the fire. Except for these little details your recollection of what happened is wonderfully clear."

"But you said yourself——"

"Yes, I did. I just wanted to test you. Now, I commence to doubt that you really still have my picture."

"I can show it to you."

"Are you certain it's not some other girl that you've mistaken for me? One is liable to mistake one person for another—unless there's some special reason."

"No danger! There's not another girl in the world like you. I knew you the moment I saw you."

"Knew me?"

"Yes, across the ballroom."

"You had forgotten me, then?"

"I mean," he explained slowly, like one who picks his way, "that I knew you—for the one girl I cared about."

"Oh! But was it at a ball we first met? I remember your telling me that three years ago, but I didn't think it was at a ball that that knowledge came to you. We met first—let's see—where was it?"

"At—at—it's idiotic, but for the life of me I can't remember for the moment. You were the important matter—all else——"

"It's hardly to be expected you should recollect," she said, compassionating his confusion. "It was at the Thorntons."

"Of course, the Thorntons. I knew, but I couldn't think of the name. I remember Harry telling——"

"Harry? What Harry?"

"Er—why, Harry—Harry Thornton, of course."

"Oh—I never knew there was a brother. And he told you."

"That he wanted me to meet you. He said, 'Phil, there's a——' "

"Why, I thought your name was Harry, but possibly that's changed in three years, too. You used to be called Harry."

"A man may have two names, mayn't he?"

"It seems like it."

"I mean he may have more than one name. My name is Henry Philip Morton. All my old chums at college called me Phil."

"I might have understood—so stupid of me. So Mr. Thornton was a chum of yours at college?"

"Yes, great friends we were."

"And that's how you came to know his sisters? Charming girls, weren't they?"

"Very, very charming, only I don't want to talk about them now. It's such a waste!"

"Why, have you quarrelled?"

"No—not exactly."

"I thought perhaps you had, because Clara Thornton just passed and neither of you spoke. I thought it curious."

"Yes—of course, I saw her—but—it's rather a painful subject with me, and so if you don't mind, let's drop it."

She was bending over, her face buried in her hands. Like a flash it came over him what was the matter. She cared for him, and thought he cared for the Thornton girl.

"Margaret!" he said. "Margaret, dear! It was nothing of that kind. I've never cared for any other woman but you—honestly."

Suddenly she lifted her face. There were traces of tears in her eyes.

"Oh, you fraud!" she cried. "You utter fraud!"

"I tell you——"

"You imposter! And you fancied I believed you?"

She drew a letter from the folds of her gown, and found a place in it.

"Read that, Mr. Philip Morton, and then——"

Morton read the part she indicated:

" . . . . And now the greatest news! Of course—you sly puss—I know of your flirtation with Harry Morton three years ago and that you gave him your photograph. Well, my dear, it seems that Harry's twin brother, Phil, saw the picture and rescued it when Harry was burning his scalps just before his marriage. Phil's kept it on his mantel for three years. Now he is going West, and what do you think? He proposes to stop off at Glendale, and pretend he's Harry, stay at the Johnstons and pick up the ends of the affair with you, right where he dropped them. Isn't that impudence? He has made a bet with Harry that he can do this—and he should be taught a lesson. He is exactly like Harry—as good-looking—and nicer, and I'm afraid——"

"You needn't read the rest," Miss Travers interrupted. "It's nothing to do with you." She turned a severe countenance toward the culprit. "It is a very nice trick to try and play on a girl, isn't it? So gentlemanly!"

"I suppose it wasn't fair—but——"

"But what? I want to be just."

"Well, it wasn't a lie. The picture was all I said to me, and I have known ever since I met you that I cared for you—but I suppose you are awfully offended—and it's all over."

"It should be—shouldn't it?—as a punishment. There ought to be some punishment surely."

"I shall lose my bet. Isn't that enough—unless—you'll let me win it?"

"Why—how can I?"

"The threads, you know—let me pick 'em up where Harry dropped them. Then I'll win. You said you were going walking—weren't you, that day, and you couldn't because of the rain? I fancy to-morrow will be a fine day—the stars are very bright—look up through the palms there. Mayn't I come to-morrow for you?"

"You don't deserve it—and I won't promise, but—I shall be home at three and—— Your waltz, Mr. Ackerly? Yes, so it is. Too bad you had such a hunt for me. I was just going in."

Miss Travers's hand fumbled for a moment adjusting her roses—then she moved away to the ballroom, leaving behind her on the floor a bud just opening to the world.

Morton picked it up and put it in his buttonhole.

"I am quite sure to-morrow will be a pleasant day," said he.

Photograph by Van der Weyde, New York

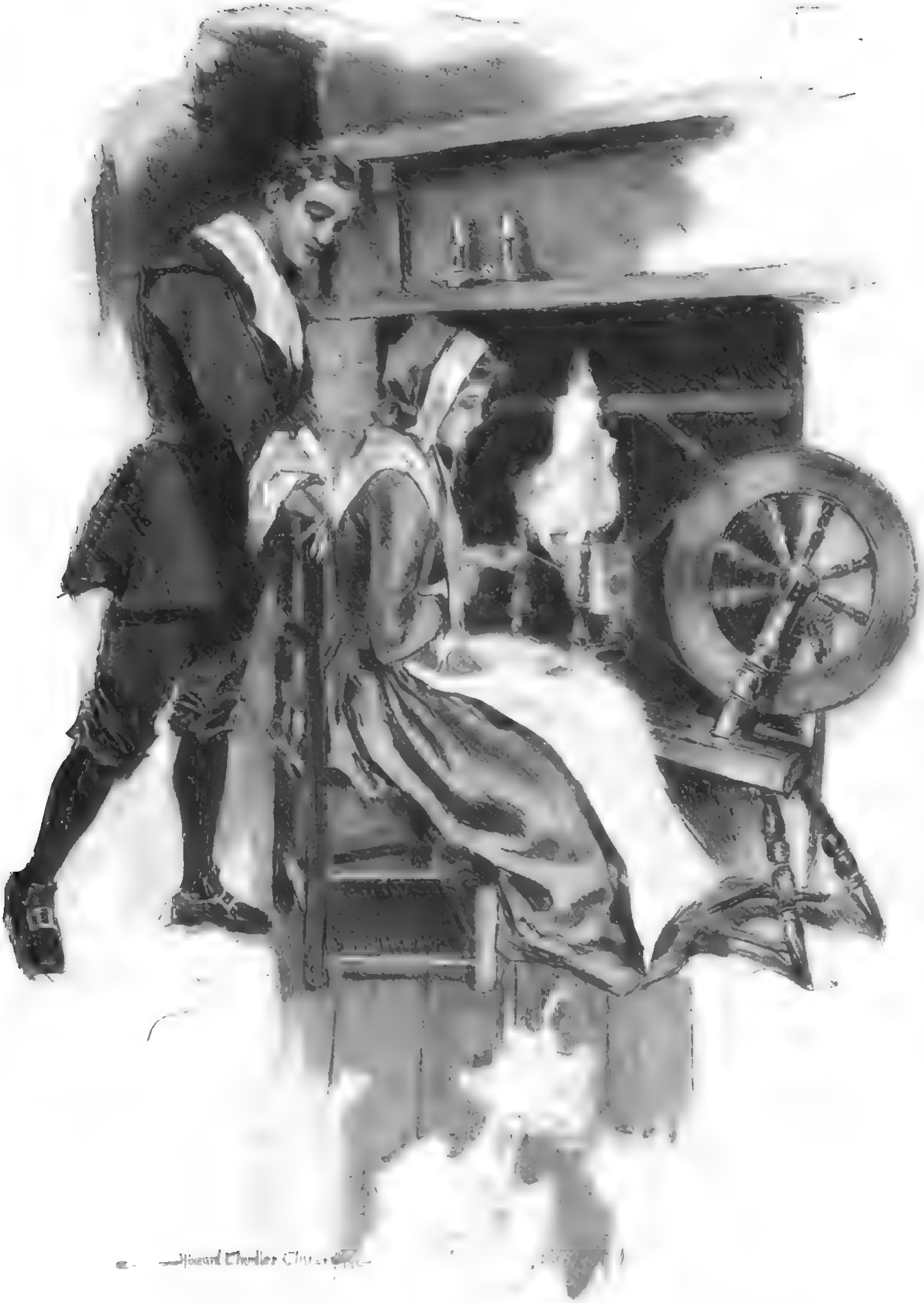
Howard Chandler Christy at work in his studio

PRISCILLA AS CHRISTY SEES HER

By Hector Wise

MANY are the artists who have held high conceptions of the dainty and demure New England type of beauty whom the poet Longfellow has immortalized in his popular classic, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which, as some English critic said at the time of its appearance, was regarded as "the most original poetical work that had yet been given to the world by any American." Time has justified the decree of the critic.

Few, however, have caught the delicate spirit and the fine flavor of old New England romance that Howard Chandler Christy has. Mr. Christy is an artist to his very finger-tips. He cannot draw a line that is unsightly and out of harmony with its surroundings, for he is a man who first of all feels a deep enthusiasm for the artistic value of things, and secondly, he has cultivated that sense to the highest, both here and abroad.



From a drawing by Howard Chandler Christy for "The Courtship of Miles Standish"

"YOU ARE NO LONGER PRISCILLA, BUT BERTHA, THE BEAUTIFUL SPINNER"

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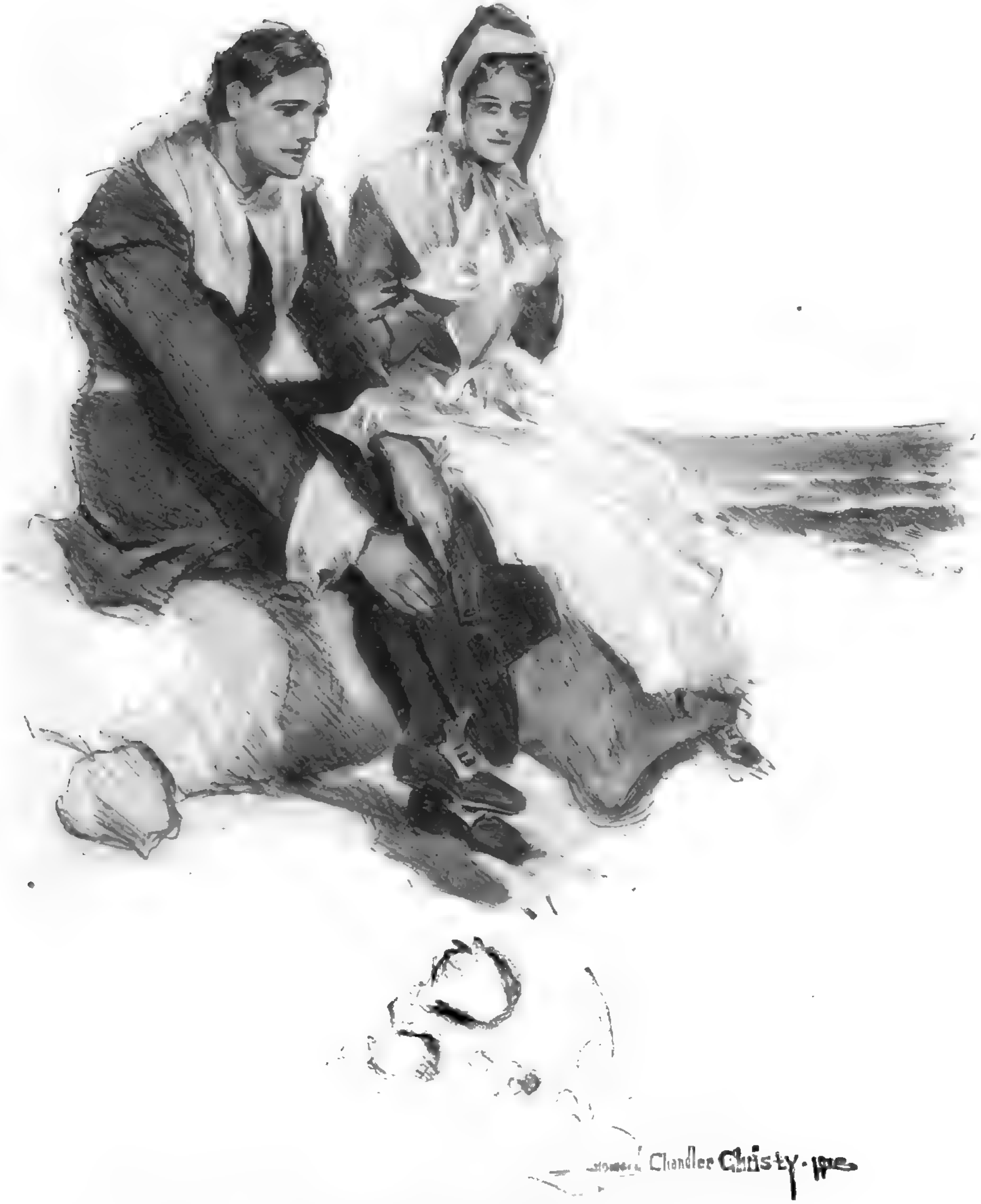

From a drawing by Howard Chandler Christy, for "The Courtship of Miles Standish"

"You will forgive me, I hope"

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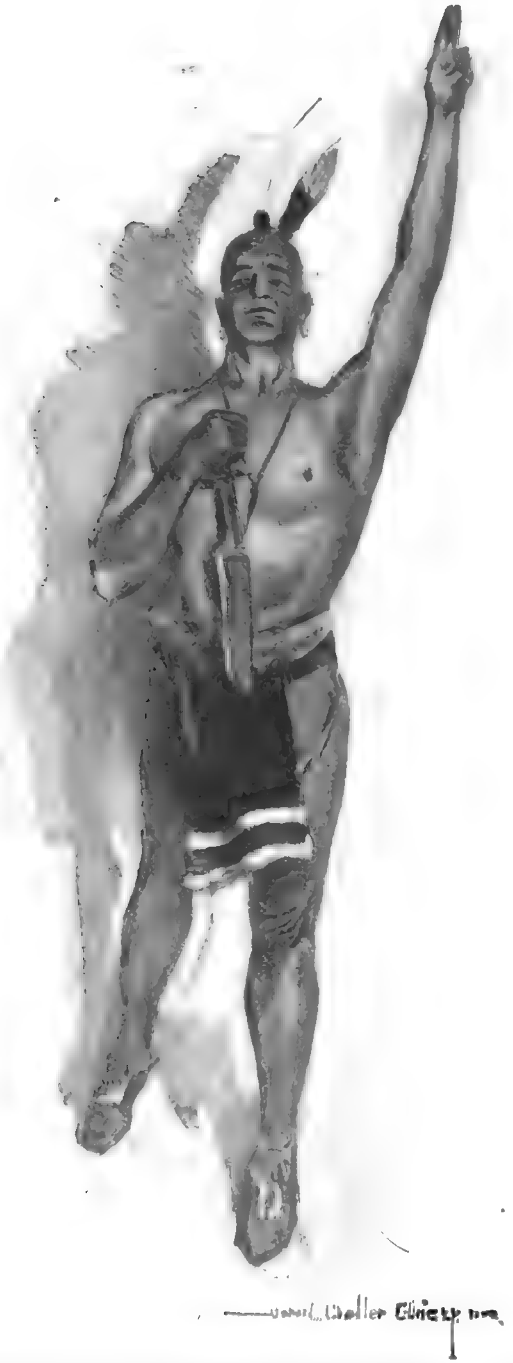
For years Mr. Christy had none too easy a time of it. He was like hundreds of others (some perhaps equally or even more clever than himself) coming to New York to try some new style of drawing upon a suspicious and stubborn public. But while others lost hope and failed, Mr. Christy persisted until he had brought himself personally to a certain degree of technical perfection. It was then that he came to the notice of the house of Scribner, which at once interested itself in the work



From a drawing by Howard Chandler Christy for "The Courtship of Miles Standish"

"THEN STOOD PECKSUOT FORTH, SELF-VAUNTING"

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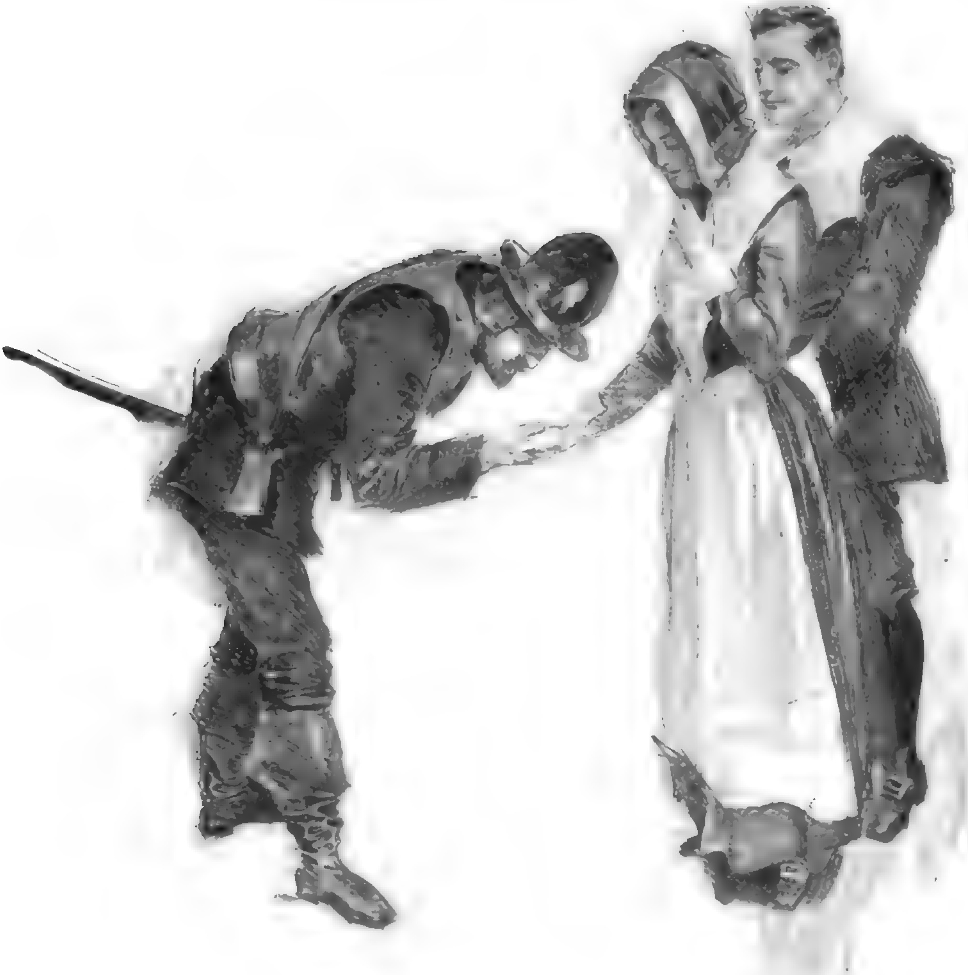


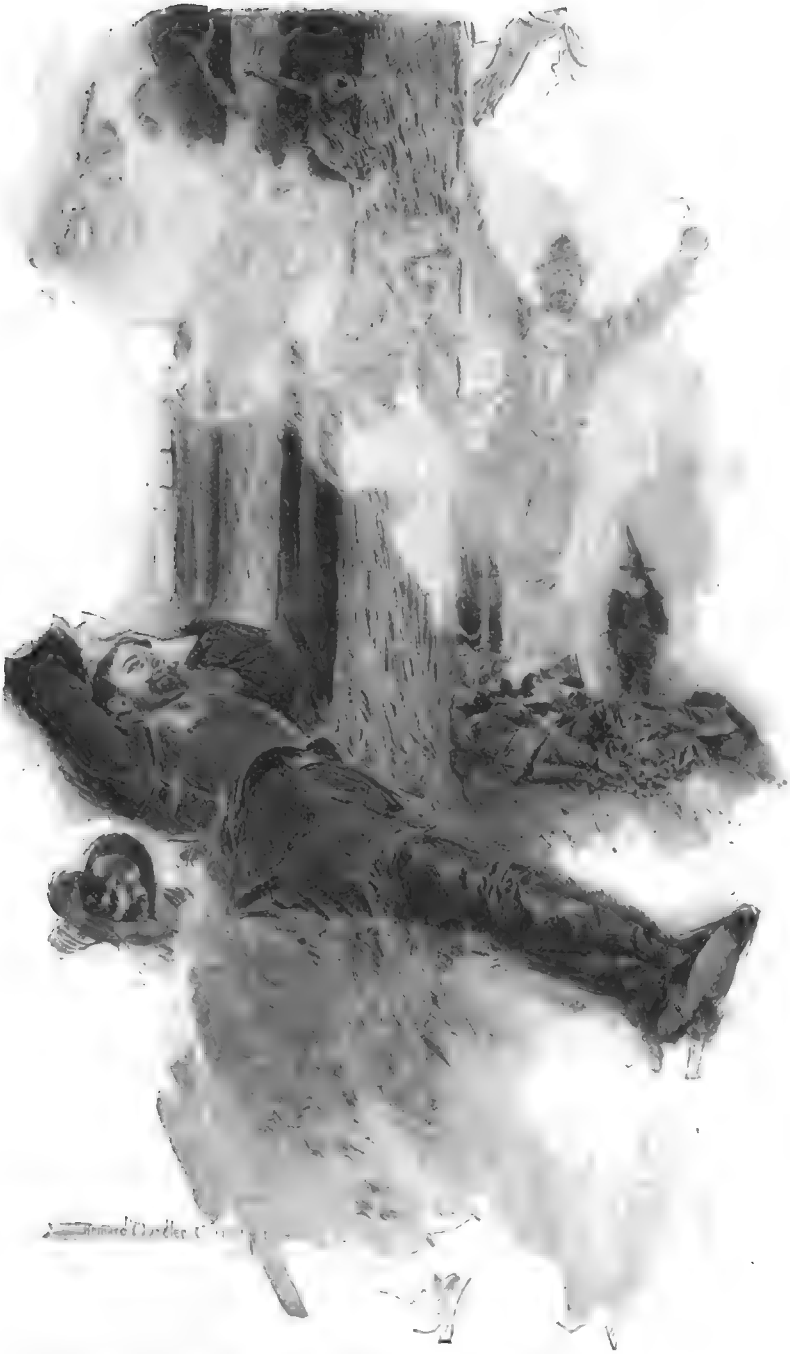
From an original drawing by Howard Chandler Christy, for "The Courtship of Miles Standish"

"The Captain, bowing, saluted Priscilla"

Copyright 1903 by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

of the young artist and boomed him. From this point all was easy. "He woke up one morning and found himself famous."

But to return to the conceptions of the poetical ideal of New England life which Longfellow understood and perpetuated in verse of great fluency and originality of rhythm as well as music. Mr. Christy is certainly deserving of a vast deal of credit. There have been innumerable editions of the work, from the time of its publication away back in the late 'fifties (when publishers were none too ready to believe in its success, the copyright being taken out by the author himself), down the succeeding years to the present, when bookshelves are laden with many editions, all illustrated more or less elaborately. Mr. Christy is of the assimilative temperament which unconsciously imbibes the spirit of a region, a society or an historical situation without actual experience by contact, just as Milton wrote most accurate descriptions of the river "that flows fast by the oracle of God" without ever having visited the sacred city.



From a drawing by Howard Chandler Christy for "The Courtship of Miles Standish"

"THE DREAMER"

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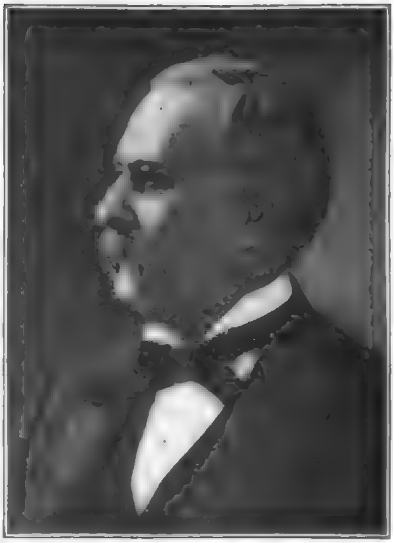
Photograph, copyright 1903, by J. E. Purdy, Boston

Kogoro Takahira

Japanese Minister to the United States, at Washington, D. C.



Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.

Hon. J. B. Foraker

Originator of the Foraker Trust Bill

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Japan, Kogoro Takahira, occupies a position of great interest to Americans just now on account of the controversy between Japan and Russia, and an office of infinite diplomacy when considered from an international standpoint. The Japanese minister could very easily commit an *esclandre* that would be a matter of bloodshed, or at least of strained relations between America and Russia, for there is a feeling in the land of the Czar that we are favoring the people of the rising sun a little more than is just and equitable—a sentiment which finds substantiation in many quarters well known to the Czar's subjects. The Japanese minister is exceedingly diplomatic and reserved in his utterances, and though he keeps himself very much to himself these days, he is nevertheless alert and has a watchful eye on the situation. His recent call at the White House, where he accidentally encountered the Russian minister, Count Cassini, to whom he saluted "as dean of the diplomatic corps," only showed the tactician's skill in avoiding a chance for the mischief-makers to inveigh against an offender with the hope of precipitating a scene. Minister Takahira may be relied upon to meet every emergency with the *finesse* and strength of a born diplomat.

Hon. Isador Rayner

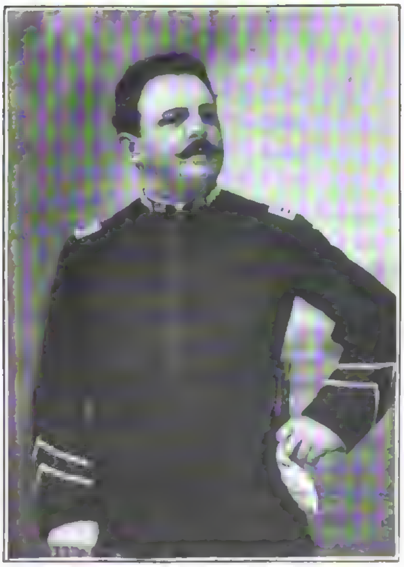
The Maryland Senator who succeeded Louis E. McComas

Photograph by Hardy, Boston, Mass.

A new portrait of Lady Henry Somerset
A leader in the temperance movement

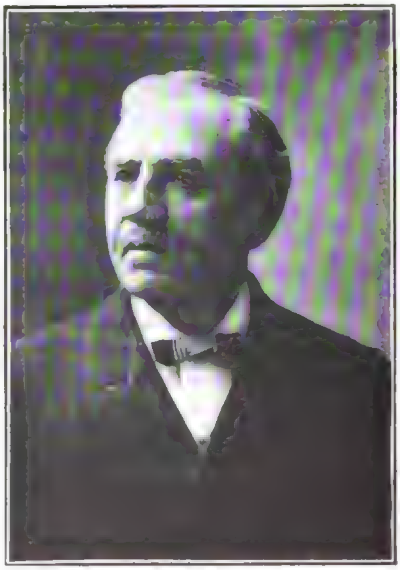
SENATOR J. B. FORAKER has long been known as one of the ablest members of the United States Senate—a man of great force of character, a jurist and orator of much personal magnetism. Recently the senator took up the matter of the trusts which were organized directly in restraint of trade, the bill providing that the Interstate Commerce act and the Anti-trust act be amended so as to permit contracts or combinations that should, however, provide for no restraint of trade beyond what was reasonable. This is one of the livest issues in the current political status of affairs of the country.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET is well known in America—almost as well as in her native country. She has been identified with the crusade against drink for many years, and has succeeded in bringing about many reforms, local, state, and even national. She is a woman of great strength of will and sweetness of disposition. Recently it was put to question with the distinguished lady, why it was that since American girls sought marriages with British men of title, English girls did not reciprocate the compliment and marry American men of wealth? Her answer seemed plausible: that Americans had little time to woo, even in their own country, and that to venture upon alien ground with her daughters, with the hope of arranging an advantageous alliance, would



Photograph by Dupont, New York

Victor Herbert
Composer and band-leader



Photograph by Prince, Washington, D. C.

Hon. William P. Frye
Senator from Maine, president *pro tempore* of the U. S. Senate

entail such expense and cause such an unequal contest that the British mother would stand aghast at the prospect. The ruling of Lady Henry seems final as well as logical.

THE recent victory of Senator Isador Rayner, of Maryland, was a matter of great discussion through the various political coteries of the country. Senator Rayner was elected to succeed Louis E. McComas, who was a staunch adherent of Senator Gorman in his aspiration for presidential honors. It was the political organization of Baltimore City, headed by Frederick Rasin, so it is affirmed, that raised Senator Rayner to the exalted seat, thus defeating the hopes of Senator Gorman of placing one of his own adherents in the chair. The controversy is said to be by no means closed.

Photograph by Potter, Indianapolis, Ind.

Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks

Senator from Indiana

VICTOR HERBERT has for years been in the front rank of his profession, and not only as a leader, but also as a composer. Mr. Herbert was for many years bandmaster of the Twenty-second Regiment. He has composed many operas, songs and bad pieces that have become very popular throughout the country It is understood that Mr. Herbert has another big feature in preparation for the delight of the music lovers next fall. It is well known to the public

Photograph by N. Y. Photographic Co., N. Y.

Henry Watterson

The noted editor and writer, of Kentucky

Photograph, copyright 1903, by J. E. Purdy, Boston

W. R. Harper, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D.

President of the University of Chicago

now that Mr. Herbert has given up his position as director of the most important musical organization in Pittsburgh, and will henceforth make New York his home and the field for his endeavors both as composer and leader.

SENATOR WILLIAM P. FRYE, of Maine, is one of the pillars of that august body, the United States Senate. Senator Frye has more than once been named as a possible presidential candidate, so strong are his adherents and so important a place does he occupy in the political movement of affairs. The senator was made president *pro tempore* of the Senate in 1895, succeeding the late Senator Harris of Tennessee.

CONSIDERABLE pressure has been brought to bear of late, particularly throughout the Middle West, to name Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, Indiana, the running mate of President Roosevelt for the coming campaign. Senator Fairbanks is an Indianapolis man, strongly identified with the movement of affairs in the West. The senator repeatedly affirms that he is not in the race for it, but this makes no difference to the many friends of the Hoosier statesman, both in the West, East and South, who have watched his career. There is a strong possibility that he will be prevailed upon to complete the Republican ticket this fall, and "Roosevelt and Fairbanks" may be the shibboleth of the party.

FOR a number of years the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has been looked upon as one of the strongest newspapers in the country, occupying the unique position of being centrally located and speaking the oracle from a point that receives its influences from the North, East, West and the South. Henry Watterson, its able editor, might be called the Charles A. Dana of the Middle West, were not comparisons odious, for he has a trenchant pen, a fearless method and a personality that conquers in the face of all opposition. Once in a while, Mr. Watterson will run to extremes, as when he denounced the Newport set as licentious and degenerate in the extreme—a stricture that has been refuted in a thousand different sources—but on the whole, his rulings from the editorial chair are sound and forceful. Mr. Watterson has never accepted any important political office, although he might have had the pick in the giving of his constituency, so loyal and enthusiastic are his friends and adherents.

PRESIDENT HARPER of the Chicago University has come in for a deal of criticism because he is at the head of a college which has been endowed with more millions from the hand of one man—Mr. Rockefeller—than any institution of the kind in the history of the world. However, it is well known that the University is prosperous, that it is fast gathering to its standards the strong men of the various departments of instruction to fill the chairs of professorships, and that the laboratories, libraries and other aids to scientific research are of the highest value. There is no doubt that under President Harper's administration the University has grown from a comparatively obscure and uninfluential institution of learning to one of the foremost of the land, if, indeed, not of the world.

JOHN MITCHELL is a remarkable man. He has driven upward from the lowest ranks of the miners' army, where he was a humble underling, to the foremost position in the van of labor, a leader, sociologist and a solver of problems which have for years defied statesmen. Mr. Mitchell is in the unique position of standing as mediator between the vast army of miners and their employers, enjoying the confidence of both. As the head of the United Mine Workers of America, Mr. Mitchell has rendered high service to the mining classes and to the country at large, as President Roosevelt himself believes, since, it is affirmed, the chief executive is about to appoint him to some high office directly connected with the labor problems of the country. In case of the resignation of the present incumbent, it is not unlikely that Mr. Mitchell may be appointed Commissioner of Labor.

THE STAGE OF THE MONTH

By Roland Burke Hennessy

ROBERT EDESON IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."

ROBERT EDESON is unquestionably an actor of much virility and considerable power. If he were not, it would be difficult for him to play the hero of "Ranson's Folly" without becoming a mere melodramatic figure. This play fairly exudes the strenuousness of the Richard Harding Davis school—than which the Roosevelt type is not more strenuous. Mr. Edeson is first of all a manly actor. He is good-looking, but not with the simpering beauty of a Boucicault profile. His voice has an outdoor ring to it and his shoulders are well set-up. Given all these, and an intelligence which has served to make him acceptable to the captious portion of our theatre-going public, and you have a combination just suited to the requirements of "Ranson's Folly." Mr. Davis may have dawdled in Delmonico's old Twenty-sixth Street place years ago, but he also went out into the plains and up into the mountains and saw nature as God intended it should be seen. Hence "Ranson's Folly" has fibre, and plenty of it.

Miss Sandol Milliken as the post-trader's daughter was a dainty little woman with fluffy hair and an occasional ambition to be hysterical. She was followed in the heroine's rôle by Laura Hope Crews, who spent a couple of seasons at the Murray Hill Theatre, and therefore must of necessity be brimful of energy and enthusiasm. Miss Crews is a pretty woman with some of the graces and some of the faults of the stock company plodder. She is, however, able to give to this girl of the wilds a firmer touch than the small, dainty Miss Milliken could impart. But, Miss Milliken for me, just the same.

"Ranson's Folly" as a play is effective, without having any of the literary worth one would naturally expect from an author like Mr. Davis. However, it is workmanlike, and possesses a certain quality of directness and healthy charm that atones for very much in these arid days.

WILTON LACKAYE IN "THE PIT"

MR. LACKAYE is essentially a character player. This is not proven merely by his *Svengali*, although this character alone stands out as prominently in American dramatic chronicles as the *Rip Van Winkle* of Joseph Jefferson.

Of late seasons Mr. Lackaye has departed from the path he had trod so successfully. Whether he has been wholly

Miss Chrystie MacDonald

Who played the leading female rôle in "An English Daisy" during its New York run

Ralph Stuart

Who made a hit in the metropolis as an author-manager

successful as compared with his earlier efforts can be definitely based on his *Curtis Jadwin*. Channing Pollock has been workmanlike in his dramatization of "The Pit," which marked the late Frank Norris as a man of great power. "The Pit" might very readily become a melodrama, pure and simple, if Mr. Pollock had not kept himself well in hand, and William A. Brady had not selected his company with rare skill and precision. As it is, this story of the money-grubbing *Jadwin* is a strong and effective moral lesson aimed at America's inordinate love for the almighty dollar. *Jadwin* is a type; he sacrifices wife, happiness, comfort and all else for the gold which he insists shall be his, but which finally eludes his grasp.

Mr. Lackaye as *Jadwin* is compelling and absolutely master of himself and of the character. Poor Frank Norris, who died years before his time, would have felt proud

Viola Allen as *Viola* in "Twelfth Night"

of this living flesh-and-blood replica of his creative genius. Mr. Lackaye's *Jadwin* runs the gamut of every emotion, but shining out through it all is the dominant note of overpowering love of gold. It is an achievement for Mr. Lackaye, and one which unquestionably solidifies the impression of earlier years that, in his own peculiar line, he is the best actor on the American stage.

The pit scene, worked out and carefully rehearsed by William A. Brady himself, is a wonderfully convincing piece of stage illusion. That mob, which yells itself hoarse in a frenzy of excitement, and which tears and rants, and rips and snorts, and is

Group of dashing soldiers from George R. White's production of "Sergeant Kitty"

the real thing to the life, is as fine a bit of mob handling as we may hope to see in many a year, and in this respect takes its place alongside Mr. Brady's splendid mob work in "Pretty Peggy."

"GLITTERING GLORIA."

WHEN Hugh Morton left New York to settle in London, the metropolitan press lost one of the cleverest fueilletonists this country has ever known. Mr. Morton had the faculty of being able to treat every-day subjects with all the grace and charm of a Parisian essayist. Mr. Morton could write a paragraph about rhinoceroses with as much grace as the average man would devote to a swan or a gazelle. Now he comes before us with the first of his pieces which does not come under the head of musical comedy or extravaganza. There have been interpolated in "Glittering Gloria" some songs that were not in the original London

Otis Skinner as *Petrucio* in "The Taming of the Shrew"

production. This play is really a farce without the door-slamming of the French article, although Heavens knows there is enough noise and bustle to suit the most captious in this regard. *Glittering Gloria* is surely a product of London. She originally came from the country or the London suburbs—this makes little difference. When George Edwardes gave her a position at the Gaiety and after going through the very exacting curriculum, she graduated with all the knowledge and experience which can be gained only from close association with the famous Strand establishment.

Glittering Gloria has London by the ears, according to Hugh Morton. All the men in the cast are busy buying her jewelry, and she seems to be quite impartial in her likes and dislikes. Evidently the way to capture *Glittering Gloria's* heart is to discuss diamonds with her. Husbands and husbands-to-be are mixed up in the plot of the piece—all because they go to the same jewelry shop and seek smiles from the same lips. It all ends very happily, because *Gloria* gets a diamond necklace worth £500 and clings to it forevermore.

"Glittering Gloria" is neatly and deftly put together. Many of the lines are clever if not uproariously funny. Some of the characters, notably *Gloria* herself and young *Toddleby*, are taken right off the London pavement and show the touch of the man who has grown to know his London as once he knew his New York.

Adele Ritchie as the *Gloria* is pretty, she sings, though she has not much voice—but still she sings. She also acts; but of all things she dresses beautifully, which is a saving grace for a musical comedy actress.

Cyril Scott, who plays the part of a diamond-buying husband (they are not all for his wife), acts in his usual high-comedy manner. There are few more graceful comedians on our stage to-day than Cyril Scott.

The show girls of "Glittering Gloria" are 18-carat.

ANNIE RUSSELL IN "THE YOUNGER MRS. PARLING."

WHAT is the magic in the art of gentle Annie Russell? Why is this slight, almost shrinking little figure of a woman always the dominant note in any performance in which she appears? Is this indefinable something the true mark of dramatic genius, or is it merely that God made Annie Russell a little smaller and a little sweeter than the usual woman? Few women could make *Mrs. Parling* anything but a whining, marital incompetent. *Mrs. Parling* is unhappily married, her husband is more or less of a cad, yet she does not measure up to the situation. Miss Russell, however, takes *Mrs. Parling* in hand, rounds her out to suit the requirements of her own womanly art and before she gets through you find yourself almost sorry for the little woman and glad that she is going to leave her big, smug, complacent English husband.

John Mason as *Parling* is so much the Englishman to the life, from his stolid manner to his side tabs, that he is positively annoying. There isn't a man in the audience who wouldn't like to give him a good thrashing, but it would take a pretty good big one to make any impression on the stout and fulsome John Mason.

"The Younger Mrs. Parling," is a somewhat stodgy affair, but the winsomeness of Annie Russell, the fine personality of dear old Mrs. Gilbert, and the sturdiness of John Mason, contribute to make it a performance well worth seeing.

VIOLA ALLEN IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

THE stage suffered a distinct loss when Viola Allen was obliged temporarily to retire to private life. The serious operation she underwent was a painful reminder to New York theatregoers that Miss Allen had been doing some of the most excellent work of her career at a period when she experienced great bodily suffering. Miss Allen's art is now ripe and compelling. Her *Viola*, while not affording her some of the spectacular strenuousness of other productions, succeeded in convincing her admirers and the more intellectual portion of lovers of the decent drama that Miss Allen had won her prominence through actual merit. The American, or for that matter the contemporaneous drama, can not afford to lose the conscientiousness, the temperament, the achievement or the personal charm of Viola Allen. There are few players in her class to-day on the American stage, and I know that I only echo the warmth of feeling of thousands of American theatregoers when I express the wish that Miss Allen will soon return to us with her fine art and her splendid ability.

"THE TENDERFOOT."

A FEW years ago Richard Carle was a young and smiling aspirant for dramatic honors. His principal stock in trade was a fine assurance, an incandescent grin and a determination to get on. Since that time these have been replaced by ability, experience and actual accomplishment.

I have for years contended that Mr. Carle is one of the cleverest of our whimsical comedians. He appeared frequently at the Casino some seasons ago and his

Scene from "Ranson's Folly," with the star, Robert Edeson, on the right-hand side

work was always artistic. Now we have him as an author-star in "The Tenderfoot" at the New York Theatre.

"The Tenderfoot" is as distinctly a Western production, irrespective of its dramatic locale, as any extravaganza that Henderson ever sent us. It is brimful of the enthusiasm, noise and the fibrous quality usually associated with all that comes from the City of the Lake. Incidentally, "The Tenderfoot" is funny, and humor covers a multitude of dramatic sins.

Mr. Carle is the star as well as the author. He still smiles blandly, grimaces artistically and speaks his own lines as if he understood what the author intended.

The female cow-girl chorus in "The Tenderfoot" is not only very fetching, but very musical, although Mr. Heartz, composer, need not fear that Wagner will turn in his grave in envy. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Heartz also wrote the music for "Miss Simplicity," than which there has never been heard in New York a production containing more annoyingly commonplace airs. I hope this is not the same Mr. Heartz.

Some one is responsible for very excellent stage management in connection with the production of "The Tenderfoot." Musical comedy and comic opera of the twentieth century are more than ever dependent upon the clever, deft hand of a man who not only understands the intricacies of stage management, but must also have an intelligent conception of what the author and composer intended and the limitations of the members of the cast.

From a photograph by Tonnellé, New York

"THE PALMS"

From a photograph by Tonnellé, New York

"THE STAR OF LIGHT"

From a photograph by Tonnelé, New York

"AN EASTER BELLE OF BERMUDA"

Broadway Magazine's Storiettes

FAIR WEATHER FOREVERMORE

By Leslie W. Quirk

WHEN the managing editor of the Clayville *News* opened his paper at breakfast one morning, and looked for the weather report, he found in its place a modest notice, stating that the circulation of the *News* was the largest of any paper in the city. Now, this fact was interesting to the managing editor, but it was not what he wanted to read. He was looking for the prophecy of the weather bureau, which was telegraphed each night from a neighboring city.

The managing editor allowed his steak to grow cold while he searched the paper. But nowhere in it, from the top of the first column, on the front page, to the end of the last one on the final page, could he find any comments on the weather. He folded the paper deliberately, swearing softly to himself, and fifteen minutes later he confronted young Elton, the telegraph editor.

"The weather report," said the latter, with the air of excusing the bureau, "did not come last night."

"Ah!" said the managing editor, dryly.

"No, sir," went on the telegraph editor. "I held the paper till three o'clock waiting for it, but for some reason it failed to come."

"Ah!" said the managing editor again. Then his anger burst forth, and he raved as became a man who held reporters and editors under his thumb.

"I suppose," he concluded sarcastically, "that it never occurred to you to 'fake' a report; to realize that any guess on the weather was better than none; to appreciate the comments the *Times* will make on the incident; to imagine the disappointment of every one of our readers. Why, you fool, do you suppose anyone would have known that your guess was not a reliable report, even if it differed from that of the *Times?* Do you——" He stopped suddenly, turned on his heels, and went out the door, with the remark: "Don't let it happen again!"

Young Elton stared at the ceiling for a good five minutes. Then he went over to his desk with the mail, and straightway forgot all his troubles in reading a dainty, scented note. She said some very nice things to him, and asked how he was faring in his work.

The weather report failed to come that night. Young Elton prepared some slips of paper with various weather conditions written on them, and then drew one cautiously. It said: "Rain to-day; colder."

The managing editor read it the next morning, and wondered if it were reliable. It was not. All day a warm wind blew gently from the south, and a blue sky and a hot sun smiled genially.

Three nights later the message failed again, and young Elton guessed it would be fair. The next day the greatest rain of the season poured down from early morning till late at night.

Young Elton's face was beginning to grow careworn. In desperation he went to the girl and told her the whole story.

"So far my guesses have been all wrong," he confided. "Now I have a plan that certainly deserves success. It's simple, you understand. I am going to drop in and see you for a minute or two each evening about dinner time if I may; and I shall gauge my guesses by your demeanor. If you are very cordial, I shall say the next day will be clear. If you are not so glad to see me, I shall prophesy cloudy weather. If I find you bored by my visits, the report will say rain. Do you understand?"

The girl did, and, though she suggested the possibility of fair weather every day, Young Elton decided to try the plan. He grinned cheerfully, and went back to the office and wrote the report: "Fair to-day, with southerly winds." And, although the *Times* promised rain, the next day was cloudless and warm.

It was very clear for a week, during which time young Elton was called upon to guess the weather conditions several times. The rival paper seemed to be steadily wrong, and the managing editor of the *News* took it upon himself to write a little editorial on the subject, reprinting the reports of the two papers in parallel columns. The reporters slapped young Elton on the back, and told him he should try the races.

Then one night something went awry at the girl's house. It was only a trivial thing in itself, but it lowered the spirits of both. The paper promised cloudy weather, and all the next day ugly, black clouds glowered.

The little quarrel was over by the next night, but the conversation was strained. A few evenings later the girl happened to mention another man, who was not young Elton's idea of a fit companion for a woman. He said so very frankly, and the girl disappeared.

The weather report read: "Rain today." For twenty-four hours the water poured down unceasingly.

Late the next afternoon young Elton sat at his desk thinking deeply. He had been out of sorts all day, and he knew very well where the trouble lay. He looked at the clock thoughtfully, and noted that it was nearly time for his call. He wondered whether it was worth while to go.

Suddenly he rose, slipped on his raincoat, and went out of the office. There was resolution in his every movement.

"I've been a fool," he told himself; "a poor, blind fool. The nicest girl in the world almost mine—the nicest, prettiest——"

The girl met him at the door, and invited him into the house, a bit unsteadily as if she did not quite understand. Young Elton slipped off his rain-coat, noted the paper on the table, with the weather report wrinkled and a little tear-stained, and began bravely.

"I've been a fool," he repeated to the girl; "a poor, blind fool. If you will only forgive me, I'll——"

She cried a little, very softly, on his shoulder, and then, with the prophesied rain pattering down outside, he slipped a ring on her finger, and they fell to talking of the something, when there should be a little cottage, with a bit of green and maybe a dog.

When the managing editor took up his paper the next morning he neglected to scan the weather report until he had read some strong editorials, which struck him as very excellent. He smiled complacently at the forcible words, and turned to the weather report.

His face grew very white.

"Southerly winds," he read, "and fair weather forevermore."

WHEN NEW YORK MOVES TO IRELAND

By Nicholas P. Murphy

RUPERT ALISON was delighted with his first glimpse of Liscora. From the tall gates, the avenue plunged into a wood, which, though dense and heavy, only partially concealed wide reaches of meadow and a venerable castellated mansion beyond.

"Ireland is indeed a beautiful country," he said, with subdued enthusiasm.

Rupert's mother had been Irish, and from her he had inherited an intense affection for the motherland of the Gael. Long had he desired to salute Eire in person and study on the spot the problems that vexed her heart. But the earning of a livelihood was exigent; and the time necessary for such a holiday seemed indefinitely out of the question, when the bequest by a relative of a very fair competence left him at liberty to follow his bent.

One day he caught sight of an advertisement in a New York paper setting forth that a widow lady invited offers for the lease of a lodge in Liscora Park, County Longford, with all facilities for fishing, shooting, and the like sports. None of these pursuits had any attraction for Rupert, but the place seemed suitable enough for his purpose, and after some epistolary negotiations with Mrs. Raymond, the advertiser, he found himself her tenant for the term of three months.

When the car drew up at the lodge, a prim, little old lady who would answer to no other name than Katty, took him in charge with many loud anthems of welcome, varied with laudatory antiphons of the fine, handsome young gentleman she would have the privilege of looking after, God bless him.

After he had entrusted his luggage to a bright-eyed gossoon called Thady—Thady Phelan, to give him his full name—Rupert went forth to view his surroundings. The lodge nestled in the midst of a wood, redolent of an odor of pine. The silence of it was threaded everywhere with the song of birds and the busy flutter of their wings. When he reached the edge of the wood, he came upon a great carpet of green stretching out before him, dotted with trees that seemed to stand as sentries round the gray old castle of Liscora.

Rupert returned to the lodge to undergo examination from Katty.

"'Tis shooting ye'll be at, sir?" she ventured.

No, it was not shooting he'd be at.

"Mebbe fishing, then?"

No, nor fishing.

Rupert pitied the agony of curiosity on the old lady's face and hurried to explain.

"I'm here to study Irish problems," he said.

Which left Katty as wise as before, but she made no further inquiry.

"Tell me," said Rupert, "what sort is my old landlady up at the castle?"

"Old lady!" cried Katty, horrified. "Sure she's not a bit older than your honor."

"A matter of fifty-five, then, I suppose," suggested Rupert slyly.

Katty threw up her head to laugh.

"I can see you're a joker, sir," she said. "Not fifty-five, no, nor twenty-five, either."

Rupert gave an exclamation of genuine surprise.

"But the advertisement described her as a widow lady," he said.

"But all widows aren't old," returned Katty. "Mrs. Raymond there was a widow at twenty-one. Her husband died from a fall of a horse a year after they were married, and that's four years ago."

That evening Rupert was sitting at the foot of a giant elm, dreaming, when he heard a light crunch on the gravel. Looking up, he saw a young woman gazing across the peacock-green water of the lake as she walked pensively along. Rupert's heart began to beat a little more rapidly than seemed reasonable when it is considered that he was looking upon the lady for the first time. But she was astonishingly beautiful—that must remain his excuse. Her brown hair—he could see it beneath her sun hat—sparkled as it caught the light. Her eyes were Irish eyes of the best type—that is enough for beauty.

A movement of his made her start and turn. Jumping to his feet, Rupert raised his hat. He felt embarrassed, scarcely knowing how to meet the situation. It was she, however, who made the first advance.

"Mr. Alison, I believe?" she said.

How smooth was her voice, and its tone how sweet! Rupert thought.

"Yes, and if I mistake not I am talking to Mrs. Raymond."

She bowed.

"I hope you are comfortable up at the lodge?" she said.

"Extremely so. I am very pleased with everything. And as for the surrounding country, I did not bargain for such a delightful landscape," and Rupert for a few minutes pursued a wild career of superlatives.

Mrs. Raymond smiled; she was clearly pleased with the laudation.

"I hope you will enjoy your fishing," she said, after a moment's pause. "I have heard it said that the stream running at the back of the wood—it feeds the lake here—is the best fishing ground."

"I don't fish," responded Rupert. "Neither do I shoot. In fact, I have come here to kill nothing."

Mrs. Raymond's face was a faint question.

"I thought it was for sporting purposes you took the lodge?" she said.

"No. I am simply here to study Irish problems, political and social, on the spot. Perhaps I may hope——"

He paused, conscious that he had made the first step to a very foolish request. How, indeed, could he ask a lady whom he had only just met to act as his mentor in the study he had taken up!

But Mrs. Raymond had divined the cause of his sudden hesitation, and she came to his assistance with a smiling promise of help.

"Whatever information I possess on the subject is entirely at your disposal," she said.

He blessed her from his heart. Then he waited to see if perchance she might think fit to inaugurate his studies over tea at the castle. But she did not invite him, and presently turned away, casually mentioning that they would doubtless soon meet again.

When Rupert returned to the lodge he had a number of questions to ask Katty. Was Mrs. Raymond rich?

"Rich, is it?" exclaimed Katty, with vehemence. "Sure she owns all the land around the country——"

A wave of the hand comprehending the universe was the period to this declaration.

"All Ireland, eh?"

"Arrah, don't be joking, sir. No, but the family is the ould ancient stock, and the whole land for miles has been in their hands for centuries. Sure, the Raymonds were always the greatest people in the county."

Now though Katty had stated this assertion with enthusiasm, she finished with hesitation, as if scarcely sure of her accuracy.

"So she owns all that property," said Rupert, with a sigh that had an undertone of regret in it.

"Aye, does she, and more," snapped Katty, a little fiercely, as if Rupert had suggested the contrary. "Your eyes would be dazzled if ye saw the inside of the castle below, furnished up to the nines. Ye never seen anything aiqual to the grand plush settees—and—and the beautiful, shiny mirrors, and the marble mantelpieces and all the gold mountings on the sofas and tables—and——"

"That'll do, Katty," said Rupert, raising a monitory hand. Mrs. Raymond's wealth seemed to hurt him.

"But that's not all that's in it," said Katty, who had now warmed to her work. "There's picthers there worth thousands."

"Say millions, Katty, say millions; do, like a good woman," cried Rupert, with a little show of irritation.

"I'll tell no lie," said Katty stoutly. "'Tis thousands they're worth. And ye should see the silver plate, and the——"

"Pray go no further," said Rupert, clapping his hands to his ears.

"And the jools. Ah, ye should see the jools——" cried Katty, her voice ringing with ecstasy.

Rupert clapped on his hat and rushed from the room, Katty's shout pursuing him through the door.

"And the money in the bank. Sure, there's no end to it——"

Rupert was walking down the avenue the next moment, comparing his resources with Mrs. Raymond's, doing so with something of a despondent feeling. This is only to be explained by the fact that the beautiful face of the widow had made a very deep impression on him, and the discrepancy in their fortunes took on the appearance of a gulf that lay yawning between them.

Every day that week Rupert managed to meet his landlady somewhere in the park. On Sunday, having learned from Katty that she usually attended first mass, to that service he repaired. As she was not there he went to second mass, and the beauty of Mrs. Raymond's countenance, wrapped in the ecstasy of prayer, was another revelation to him. The devout young man also attended Benediction and Vespers, until Katty decided she had a saint in the house who was pursuing the straight path to canonization.

He met Mrs. Raymond on the following day near the lake, and it was quite an hour before they parted. And what an hour that was, with the air playing round them, sweet and keen, the smell of growing things in its breath. In that hour, too, Rupert fully realized that he loved, and he mentally surrendered at discretion.

He had not failed to wonder why Mrs. Raymond never invited him into the castle. They had seen each other a good deal, and it seemed very strange that she should not at least ask him to view the pictures, sculptuary and the like, that Katty averred she possessed in such abundance.

He thought it might be possible to break the ice by inviting her to take tea with him at the lodge. A timid reference of this idea to Katty caused the good woman's hands to fly upwards with horror.

"Is it Mrs. Raymond, sir?" she said, gasping.

"That happens to be the lady I am speaking about," returned Rupert. "The idea seems to surprise you."

"Mrs. Raymond would just as soon jump into the lough below as go pay a visit to a young gentleman—and such a nice, handsome, young gentleman, too," Katty added, by way of gilding the objection.

Rupert put aside the flattery with a gesture of impatience.

"There's another thing I want to say," said he. "I wonder why Mrs. Raymond never asks me into the castle to see the pictures and those other things worth seeing that you mentioned."

Katty started and her face took on a confused expression.

"She—she never does ask any one there," she said hurriedly. "Since her husband's death she's took to having nobody up at the castle but her own relations."

Meanwhile Rupert's progress in the study of Irish social problems proceeded slowly at Mrs. Raymond's hands. His density, indeed, was abnormal. But this was only strategy on his part in order to keep his fair tutor by his side—so that he might see more of her eyes and those brown tresses wherein the glow of the sun loved to nestle. Nor was he absorbing much of the information which Mrs. Raymond was at such pains to impart. In fact, all other problems were thrust in the background by one that became every day more insistent. Here it is:

"Does Ethna Raymond care for me the least bit in the world?"

And in the silence of his heart rang out a clear negative. How, indeed, could a woman whose wealth and beauty should bring princes to her feet care for such as he? Oh, that she were poor! his heart cried out. Were she poor he could put his chances to the spoken word. But as the circumstances stood, a declaration from him would be sheer presumption. Worse still, she might think he pursued her for her fortune.

"I say, Katty," he said one day in the midst of his distraction. "I can't believe that Mrs. Raymond is as rich as you make her out to be."

The poor fellow was angling for consolation.

At his question Katty turned her head sharply.

"Didn't I tell you that she's rowling in money, rowling in it," cried the old lady, vehemently.

And in that moment Rupert determined to join issue with his passion. He knew there was no hope for him while he remained in Liscora, so he decided to leave at once, though more than a month of his tenancy still remained.

When he told Katty to pack up his things in order that he might catch the evening train, she was overcome with surprise, and at the same time with grief, for she had taken Rupert into her kind old heart as a son.

His next step was to bid Mrs. Raymond a sad farewell.

A servant maid answered his knock at the door of the castle. Rupert noted her look of surprise as she bade him enter. She clearly looked upon visitors at Liscora Castle as an extinct species of the human race. But his attention turned quickly to the drear bleakness of the great hall. All the furniture he could see was two cane-bottomed chairs. The room into which the maid ushered him gave him another rude shock. There was a chintz draped sofa, a plain sideboard, a scrap of faded carpet—that was all. Rupert had seldom seen a room so poorly furnished. But where were the costly appointments so vehemently mentioned by Katty? Suddenly he remembered having heard of the poverty that had fallen upon many of the Irish gentry and he understood. He could not restrain a smile as he recalled Katty's vehement eagerness to impress him with the wealth of the Raymonds. The faithful old heart revolted at the thought of a stranger knowing that the family she worshipped with all the fervor of the old tribal spirit, had fallen upon evil days.

But all these trifling thoughts were presently swept aside by the flood of joy that rushed in upon the young man when he fully realized that Ethna Raymond was poor and therefore attainable. That was all he could think of for the moment. Now could he speak without fear of being thought presumptuous.

Suddenly the handle of the door turned and Mrs. Raymond was in the room. Her manner was sweet and gracious as she bade the young man be seated.

"I am going away by the evening train, so I have come to bid goodby," said Rupert, explaining his presence.

"But," said Mrs. Raymond out of the midst of her surprise, "there is still a long time of your term to run."

"Well, yes," he returned in a hesitating tone, "but I have had a good holiday, and it is time I got back to America."

"I suppose it is that you are longing for the gaiety of New York." This Ethna Raymond said with a smile on her lips, but there was a look in her eyes that harmonized with a sigh which she in vain strove to suppress. Then she added hurriedly, "I hope I have been of some use to you in your study of Irish problems."

"I could not have had a better tutor," he replied. Then he added quickly, "I have not mentioned to you one problem that has been baffling me considerably, since I came."

"Can I be of any assistance to you in solving it?" she inquired.

"You can."

"Well, what is it?" she asked. Her voice had suddenly become low and there was a break in it.

"Will you be my wife?"

The answer was very brief, but so eminently satisfactory to Rupert that the Dublin train went off without him that evening, and many evenings afterward also. And when he did eventually step into it he was accompanied by the young woman who was once Ethna Raymond.

WHAT WAS IN THE LETTER?

By George W. Lewis, U. S. A.

I SAT in my room after a day of wearisome application to books so complicated as to threaten the financial ruin of one of the most substantial business houses of the city. In truth, I had long prayed for this identical catastrophe to come about.

My legs were supported by a mahogany table, in that poise so characteristic of one in deep meditation—high above the head. I had longed for diversion, for change, anything that would shut from my sight, if only for a day, the pages of a great set of books so engrossing as to demand my every attention.

My clerical predecessor (I regret to speak deprecatingly of him) had been such an ardent devotee to golf that in a list of valuable animal skins which he had executed I actually found the unsuspecting lynx chirographed "links." The most unscrupulous lynx would probably not relish such a title, but the fiery feline's discomfiture at being ascribed the misnomer could in no wise equal my chagrin at being compelled to sacrifice a much-contemplated vacation to the inexcusable blunders of my friend the "golfist."

The story I am now about to relate may or may not have been the outcome of golf-mania; whether or no, I leave the reader to render his or her own verdict, satisfied that mine shall not be required.

In earlier days I had loved adventure, sought romance, and had never been averse to the society of the opposite sex; but now, though but twenty-four, I have begun to abhor the youthful impulses that invariably led me into some of the most intricate and often inextricable predicaments imaginable.

With much of this running through my perturbed brain I was suddenly brought back to consciousness of my immediate surroundings by a sharp rap at my door. Before I could answer the summons the impatient messenger pushed the door slightly ajar and thrust a folded note through the aperture. Imagine my astonishment upon unfolding the sheet to find in startling contrast to a recent refusal to grant me a vacation, a profuse apology for his former rigidity and permission from my employer to be absent from my duties for the remainder of the month.

Despite the fact that said books still spoke bemoaningly of my clerical friend's protracted negligence, my employer had, at second thought, yielded to my persistency and I found myself in an ecstasy of triumphal delight.

After a half hour of bustling preparation for my prospective enjoyment I again dropped into my rocker and a pensive frame of mind, and tried to picture myself perambulating about the languorous streets, vainly striving to extract a week's pleasure from the gloomy localities that had so long made me miserable; viewing them as I had been accustomed to, from the aerial height of a four-storied office building.

However, the following evening found me strolling leisurely along Carlton Avenue in a perplexed state of indecision as to how, after all, I should spend the vacation I had originally hailed with such enthusiasm.

Suddenly I became aware that I was being regarded from the opposite walk. A lady dressed in the height of fashion was moving along in a direction parallel to the course I was more or less indifferently pursuing. In her hand she carried a diminutive umbrella of rose-colored satin beautifully designed and artistically finished, and I judged from her deliberate mien that her errand was not a matter of national importance; this much I knew without a perceptible turn of the head. Then, as I wheeled to recover that pestiferous cane of mine, which had, strangely enough, caught in a crack of the asphalt pavement, I was treated to a shock. The lady whom I had remarked was gazing unconcernedly in my direction, and I am bound to say that I have never seen anything to equal her wonderful beauty. For an instant I forgot every atom of street eitquette, of good manners and of my youthful training, and stood as one transfixed, my eyes riveted to the face of the lovely apparition before me. In this sort of trance I must have risen like a puerile gawk upon a promising horizon; at any rate she saw me, and—would you believe it?—something so suggestive of a nod of recognition, I saw in the shifting glance that she bestowed upon me, that I could not refrain from acknowledging it with a slight elevation of my fedora.

When I reached my room that evening and shut myself within its solitudinous walls, a visionary counterpart of that enchanting face was before me. I tried to exclude from my fancy such a silly recollection, tried to scare myself with a thought of the destruction that too often results from susceptibility to female charms, but I could not convince myself against preconviction. Already I had pronounced her the ideal of womanly grace and beauty. I was hopelessly enamored of the charms of this mysterious woman. I must know her. I should at least excuse myself for my imprudence of that day.

Accordingly, on the succeeding day I was meandering along the avenue that had been the scene of my fortunes, and had quite despaired of my quest, when within a few yards of me the strange lady loomed mysteriously into view. As I neared the woman who had so completely captivated my heart I raised my hat in respectful courtesy, when—oh, horror! she turned her voluptuous head away in contempt and brushed past me in furious haste.

As soon as I had gained an isolated bench in the park I resolved to avoid this locality and further chance of meeting this fair nymph who had so cruelly humiliated me.

But the succeeding evening I suddenly became cognizant of the fact that I was once more on the identical avenue which I had avowed to shun. I had not proceeded far when chancing to raise my eyes I saw approaching, not a score of yards distant, the strange lady I had grown to regard with something akin to a feeling of awe. In her tiny jeweled hand she carried a neat, white envelope and the inevitable umbrella. She came toward me. My heart, I thought, was standing quite still, but a moment later I observed it was thumping violently. She handed me the envelope, something like a smile playing over her face as she did so. I saw her wondrous eyes, the delicately chiseled features, the clear pink cheeks and roseate lips; withal, a vision of angelic loveliness. Then she was gone, and I looked down at the superscription on the envelope. Lo! my own name was written there. I tore open the epistle with feverish haste and was once more greeted with a surprise. The letter was written in a beautiful feminine hand, and, strangest of all, in French. Divesting myself of romantic thoughts I at once proceeded to my French landlord, expecting a revelation. That worthy, ever courteous and obliging, took my letter and perused it, his face growing livid with unmistakable passion as he did so. Then he looked at me inquiringly and his voice was hoarse with rage as he said: "Sir, you will confer a favor on the management of this hotel by collecting your baggage and preparing to depart within the hour; there will be a conveyance for you at the side door." In vain I tried to explain—to ascertain what had brought forth my good landlord's wrath. I was resourceful and tried every alternative, but he was inexorable and there was nothing left for me to do but vacate the comfortable lodgings I had so long occupied.

The late evening found me snugly ensconced in new quarters, and thinking my late landlord a man of whims and eccentricities I did not scruple at handing my letter to a personal friend whom I knew to be a fluent French scholar and whom I chanced to meet at my new abode. He read and I watched his face with grave apprehension; and I was not doomed to disappointment. "Great heavens!" he fairly yelled, when he had half finished and hurled the innocent-looking epistle from him in horror, "I'll see that you leave this hotel." And before I could detain him he was bounding away like a lunatic in search of the clerk. I parleyed, I implored, I begged to know the awful purport of the letter; but they turned a deaf ear to my earnest supplication, and then I cursed. Yes, cursed loud and—I was going to say long—but I did not, for I was hurried away by two burly policemen who came near imprisoning me for my imprecations.

When my vacation was almost at a close I happened to remember that my brother, an eminent up-town lawyer, had a smattering of French, and, confident that he would find no difficulty in explaining the enigma, I concluded to submit it to him, thereby avoiding the necessity of having to thrash some indiscriminate idiot to whom I might hand it for interpretation.

To my brother I explained my previous failures at getting an elucidation of the wonderful manuscript, yet I was intensely eager as he ran his eyes over the graceful lines; but a brother, I thought, could withhold no secrets. I knew he had not read half of it when he dropped the letter and looked at me in wonderment. I stood smiling, but vexed and anxious, for well I knew, at worst, I was not a criminal.

"Frank," he said, "I am astonished." Then he continued, "my poor boy, you have ruined us!" I snatched up the fiendish letter, and crunching it loosely into my breast-pocket enjoined him to tell me how I had wrought such misfortune; but he turned sadly away and I thought I saw a tear glisten on his cheek as he did so.

Seized by a sudden desire to escape the terrible something that seemed overwhelming me, I decided to return to my books and seek consolation in their enigmatical depths.

Entering the office of my employer I found him bent forward, his elbows resting on his knees, reading a letter. His attitude was one of intense interest, and indeed I doubt if he would have looked up had I not inadvertently trod on the tail of the familiar old Angora asleep on the rug. This cat had long been conceded a member of the firm, and with due cognizance of individual rights, it gave vent to its indignation in a lusty wail, at which my master straightened up with a show of more alacrity than I had thought him capable of.

When I had told him that having had sufficient rest I desired to resume my duties he eyed me closely for a moment, then said in clear, measured tones: "Your unauthorized absence alone is enough to warrant your dismissal from my service, but I have here a letter that Jones just now picked up in the street." Instantly I heard the word "letter" my brain was racked with a portentous dread, and my premonitions of coming evil were not groundless; for upon glancing at the neat billet which my chief had been reading I at once recognized the letter that, like an evil sleuth, had followed me, when I had thought it secure in my pocket.

Involuntarily my right hand flew with lightning speed to my breast pocket, where I remembered having deposited the enchanted missive; but my employer, being a man of suspicious tendencies, misinterpreted the action for an attempt to draw a revolver, and probably actuated by some terrible motive contained in the letter, dropped that same, and fled into the street yelling "madman," "anarchist," and many other unpleasant things. Seeing the utter hopelessness of the situation I determinedly picked up the letter he had dropped and knowing escape by the way I had come impossible, I ran to the rear of the building and sprang from an open window, just as a number of blue-coated policemen rushed dutifully in at the front door. In order to avoid further complication I thought to shun the principal thoroughfares, thereby lessening the chances of encountering some wily officer of the law who might be on the *qui vive* for a man of my description. Moving cautiously along a dimly lighted side-street I had just begun to congratulate myself on my fortunate escape when a heavy hand fell upon my shoulder, causing me to spring many inches into the air. Then a hearty hand grasped mine, but instead of the cold handcuffs a familiar voice rang in my ear. It was my life-long chum, Jack Lovinger, who had just returned from college, where to my intense joy I recollected that he had been devoting his time to linguistic studies preparatory to going abroad in the interest of the firm of which his father was the senior partner. "Of course," he said, he "spoke French quite as well as English," and as soon as I had given him an outline of my troubles he broke forth in his hale, jocose way: "Certainly, old boy," he said, "I'd tell you what it is if it were your death warrant"; and in jubilant anticipation of final victory I felt in my pocket for the missive that had caused me so much concern; but alas! had I lost it or had the witches of witchdom bereft me of my mysterious letter? It was gone. . . . .

Judging from what my employer said of "unauthorized absence," I have concluded that the "golfist" forged the note that was dropped into my room at the beginning of this story, in order to retrieve his position. At any rate he holds a half partnership in the firm now; and he no longer frequents the "links."

WHEN WALKING'S FINE

By Epes W. Sargent

"I THINK," remarked Calvert very slowly, "that I should like to go to California."

Miriam agreed that California would be a very pleasant place in winter. She even declared that she would like to go there herself. With Calvert it was necessary to give more than was received. He was no conversationalist. Now he pondered over Miriam's admission, as though this opened a new field for thought.

"It would be pleasant," he said presently, "to go there on one's wedding trip."

"Yes," assented Miriam, "it would be a very pleasant trip."

"Suppose, then," he said, getting very red, "that we go there—together. You want to go. I want to go. We want to get married. Very simple, isn't it?"

Miriam sprang to her feet. "Charlie Calvert," she said excitedly, "I could just shake you." He started back as though he feared she would carry her threat into execution. "Is that any way to ask a girl to marry you? One would think you had been brought up in an atmosphere of personally conducted tours."

"Really," he stammered, "I didn't mean to offend you, don't you know? I really thought we were going to be married some day."

"We never will until you learn how to talk," she snapped back. "No woman with any self-respect would accept a proposal like that." There was infinite scorn in the voice.

Calvert blinked. He had known Miriam ever since they had played dolls together. Even then they had played at keeping house and had announced to their parents that they were going to be married shortly. They had persisted long after the usual course of boy and girl love affairs.

Miriam knew that he was not much of a talker. Why should she expect him to discover new ability simply because he wanted to suggest that it was time they were married?

He rose to his feet and regarded her uncertainly. "I think," he drawled, "I had better be going. I don't seem to be any good here."

"Go," she said evenly, "and don't you come back until you learn to tell a woman that you love her as though you meant it. She waited until she heard the door close and then burst into tears.

She was used to Calvert and his ways, but all their lives he had accepted placidly and unemotionally the fact of her love. Woman-like, she hungered for the tender words that are as manna to the heart.

Calvert apparently took her at her word. The next morning there was a bunch of violets at her place at the breakfast table with his card marked P. P. C. in one corner. That was all. There was some comment that Calvert should leave town in the middle of the season, but no one supposed that there had been any trouble between Miriam and him, and she was at least spared the infliction of curious questions.

For a few days she pretended to herself that she did not care. She flirted desperately with Jack Holworth, who made love deliciously, but his tender speeches lacked the infection of sincerity, and by the end of a week he bored her. No word came from Calvert, and soon she began to worry. To ask questions would be to admit that she did not know where he was, and this would subject her to comment. She could only wait and hope.

Finally the family began to notice her appearance. They declared that a change of scene was what was needed. Then her mother decided that California was the place for her, not knowing what reflections that country would bring up.

Out on the Arizona plains the train was drawn up on a siding to permit the East-bound Overland to pass. The passengers of the West-bound grumbled at the delay, but Miriam slipped off the train to see if she could find any subjects for her camera.

There was a large group of cacti beyond the switch, and she trudged down to get a good viewpoint just as the belated train came speeding along. She thought it would be a good chance to try the speed of her camera by getting a snap shot of the moving train, and stepping to one side of the track held the little box in readiness.

But the anticipated snap shot was never taken. There on the observation platform of the rear car was Calvert, as much surprised as she at the *rencontre*. With quicker thought than she had ever given him credit for he slipped over the guard rail, and hanging to the rail for a second dropped to the track. He fell sprawling, but was up in an instant, and was coming toward her with outstretched hands.

"Miriam!" he exclaimed joyfully, "it's awfully good to see you. You see I have learned my lesson, and was chafing at the three days it would take me to reach home, and here you are out in Arizona to meet me." He folded her in his arms and kissed her. She made no resistance.

"Well, you needn't have risked your life just to say you're glad to see me," she said saucily, as soon as speech was possible. He laughed.

"The train wasn't going fast enough to make it a dangerous accomplishment, and I didn't want to have to follow you."

There was a new tenderness in his eyes, a new deference in his attitude that proclaimed him the lover, not the old companion who took everything for granted.

"I believe you, dear," she said softly, "but I shan't put you to the test. I'll accept the old proposal and take a bridal trip to California."

He caught her in his arms again, and for a moment they were oblivious of everything around them. Then he looked up whimsically. 'I hope the walking's good,' he said reflectively. She gave a cry. There in the distance the West-bound train was fast receding. No one had noticed her leave the train or had observed Calvert. They had simply gone on.

"Well," said Miriam, "let's walk," and they started for the Golden Gate.

LOVE'S THE CURE

By Crittenden Marriott

THE man sitting in the darkened room at the hospital raised his bandaged eyes as the nurse entered. The month that he had been there had not served to change the habit of sight fixed by all the years that had gone before.

"It's for to-night, isn't it, Miss Lee?" he cried, recognizing her step; "to-night I'll get rid of these confounded bandages and see the light of day once more. Oh, you don't know how this month has dragged. It's for to-night, isn't it?"

"I believe so," returned the nurse gently. "But of course the doctor will have to decide. He'll be here soon."

"Gad! How glad I'll be to see once more!" cried the man. "I never could have stood it even for a month if it hadn't been for you. You've been an angel to me."

The nurse blushed softly and cast a very tender look at the man. She answered merrily, "All the nurses here would have been the same. Nine patients out of ten think we are angels—while they are in the hospital. They change their minds afterwards."

"I never shall. Do you know, after all, despite all the pain and the anxiety, I am glad this thing happened."

"Why?"

"Because it has enabled me to know you. Oh, of course, I have known you to speak to for months, and by sight for years, but that isn't knowing how tender, how sweet, how long-suffering you could be. Oh, Miss Lee—Gertrude——"

"Hush! The doctor said you must keep cool, you know. Excitement might injure your eyes."

The man sank back in his chair. "True," he said slowly, "I forgot that I haven't any right to speak now; I forget that the result of this operation isn't absolutely certain and that I may be blind—good God! blind—and that, in any case, I must mend my fortunes before I—there, is that the doctor coming?"

The nurse glanced out of the open door into the hall. "Yes," she said, "he's just down the corridor a-ways. You're not going back to your old position right away, are you, Mr. Scott? You oughtn't to try your eyes for a year or so, you know."

"I suppose not. But needs must, you know, when a certain gentleman drives. I'll be dead broke when I get out of here, and I'll have to go to work. Ah! There's the doctor."

The doctor entered and stood for a few moments talking to the man. "Yes," he said at last, "we'll take the bandages off to-night, I think."

"Thank God! And—and there's no doubt that everything will be all right, is there, doctor?"

"We'll hope for the best," returned the doctor cheerily, his tone a very comfort in itself, although his words were not especially so. He passed out of the door hurriedly, preventing further questions, and beckoning to the nurse as he did so to follow him. A few steps down the corridor he halted.

"Nurse," he said, with a worried look on his face, "do you know whether your patient has any relatives nearby?"

"I'm sure he has not," answered the girl readily. "I've talked with him repeatedly and learned all about him. He doesn't seem to have a relative in the world."

The doctor's face grew graver. "How is he off for money?"

"He just told me that he would be 'dead broke' when he got out of here. He said he must at once go back to work."

"Back to work at once! He'll be lucky if he ever gets to work again."

The nurse grew white. "Why?" she gasped. "I thought the operation was a certainty."

"A certainty! Yes, it is a certainty almost—but in the wrong direction. There isn't one chance in a hundred that he'll ever see again."

With a mighty effort the nurse mastered her emotion. "But, doctor," she gasped, "what will become of him?"

"Become of him?" echoed the doctor

irritably. "Become of him? What becomes of blind men who have no friends and no money? We'll keep him as long as we can, and then I suppose he'll have to go to the poorhouse for the rest of his life."

A flush of anger succeeded the pallor of Miss Lee's face. "Why have you deceived him?" she demanded indignantly, with utter disregard of the requirements of discipline. "He is sure that he will get well. He is building on it absolutely. If he doesn't——"

The doctor looked curiously at the girl, then a sense of comprehension came over him. He sighed; he was an old man, but not a callous one. "If you want him to see again, Miss Lee," he said, "be sure to keep him thinking so. In that lies his one chance. Keep him cheerful at all hazards, and possibly——"

The doctor turned away, and the nurse slowly retraced her steps to Scott's room. She had known Henry Scott for a year or more, and had liked and admired him from the first. In the month that they had been thrown together by the accident that had forced Scott to enter the hospital, this feeling had grown to something stronger than liking. For some days she had known what he would say as soon as he could see again, and had known what she would say in answer. In common with the rest of the world around her she had never doubted that all would be well with his sight. Now came this blow.

Never to see again! To go to the poorhouse and there drag out his days! Never! He shall not! He shall not!

But what could she do? Too well she knew Scott's spirit to suppose that he would accept anything from her; that he would ever say the words she longed to hear; the words that would give her the right to care for him; unless his sight was restored. She must get that right before the bandages were removed. She must lead him on to speak—but no, what good would that do? If he were to be really blind, she knew he would repudiate the bargain.

She must marry him that very day, before the bandages were removed.

Her heart stood still at the thought. All that was womanly in her revolted. But then—the poorhouse! Ah! she would be so proud to work for him, to care for him. She had no one dependent on her, and she earned enough to maintain them both. She must do it! There was no other way.

Her thoughts had travelled like lightning. In the few steps between the doctor and the door of Scott's room she had thought it all out. Steadily she entered, and went close to him. "What was it you were saying a moment ago, Mr. Scott?" she asked softly.

"Saying?" The man was puzzled for the instant.

"About me?"

"Oh!" with instant comprehension. "Oh, Gertrude, do you really want to hear it?" He groped for her hand, caught it and drew her to him. "Gertrude, it isn't right for me to speak yet, but I must, I must. Oh, darling, I love you so! I love you so! Do you love me?"

The girl bowed her head on his breast. "Yes, yes!" she sobbed, "more than anything else in the world."

"Thank God!" The man grasped the bandages around his head and recklessly tore them off. "I must see you!" he cried. "I must see you! Oh, Gertrude, how beautiful you are!"

But the nurse flung up her hands in horror, and strove to cover his eyes. "Oh, oh, oh!" she wailed. "Don't! You'll ruin your last chance!"

But the man clasped her wrists and held her from him. "I see you! I see you!" he cried.

Neither noticed the doctor standing at the door, but at the last words he advanced into the room. "You see, do you?" he asked.

"I do!"

The nurse turned with clasped hands. "Doctor! Doctor!" she cried. "Is it a success? Will he see?"

"Why, of course he will!" answered that gentleman briskly. "The operation has evidently been an entire success."

IN THE ARMS OF LOVE

By Izola L. Forrester

SINCE daybreak there had been no change in the ceaseless lurching of the yacht, or the dull roar of the waves as they swept in long, heavy seas over its sides.

Twice Katherine had tried to leave her stateroom, and reach the cabin, and had been forced back. Once the white-faced stewardess had come to her door. There was no immediate danger, she assured her. They would be notified at once if there were. If she was nervous, Mr. Hetherington said he would come to her. And Katherine had sent back word that she was not at all nervous, and Mr. Hetherington need not trouble himself at all about her.

When the girl had gone she had thrown herself on the couch and given full vent to the terror that had haunted her all night long. She was afraid, afraid with her whole heart, of the great, lashing, hungry sea, that tossed and played with the yacht like some huge monster with its helpless prey, and threatened every moment to hurl it down to death.

If Hetherington had been with her, if they two could have faced eternity in each other's arms, with the old love strengthening them, she would have known no fear. But as it was, a wild, unreasoning, childish terror made her tremble at every crashing wave, and she longed for even a sight of his face, before the end should have swept them irrevocably apart.

The week at sea had passed like a troubled dream. They were to have made harbor the previous morning, and the storm had driven them off the course, down the southern French coast. By this time she had thought everything would have been over. The brief, tearless parting with Hetherington, the meeting with her mother in Paris and the trip to Berbec.

Dear, lovely, lonely little Berbec, up on the Normandy coast. The two summers she had spent there, in old Martigny's classes, had been the happiest of her life. She loved even the memory of the old boats drawn up on the sand, and the nets drying in the sunlight, and the brown-skinned fisher boys and girls gossiping over their baskets of silvery, scaled fish.

It had all been arranged and settled so decently, as Hetherington said. There had never been any open quarrels between them for the servants and public to gossip over, merely a quiet, courteous antagonism which required no explanation. The marriage had not been voluntary.

"It was the blessed, stupid mothers," Katherine said, with gay cynicism, at their last interview. "We're not the kind who settle down, Bruce, and be married, and then do nothing but give house parties, and dinner parties, and yachting parties, and all the rest of it. You were rich and nobody in particular, and I was poor and a Lorimer, and the wise little mothers simply saw a chance to found a dynasty of mutual benefit, and we drifted until they landed us under the orange blossoms. It is a little tangle of Fate's skeins. We can't go back and untangle it, but we can do the Alexander trick, and cut it."

He had agreed to the separation too readily, she thought. Even acknowledging perfect indifference on both sides, a little hesitancy would have been desirable. He had almost seemed cheerful when he had asked her what she intended doing at Berbec."

"You haven't the ghost of a right to ask me," she had told him, "but there is nothing to conceal. Martigny keeps up his summer classes still. You know I studied under him there, and in Paris, too, when we were poor, before——" she hesitated, and went on with a light touch of bitterness, "before I was the fortunate Mrs. Hetherington. There is certain to be some of the old class left, and I can rest and study."

"And be happy," concluded Hetherington. She had not answered.

She felt that he could not understand how she longed for the old quiet life away from the world. It was at Berbec he had first met her. Young and handsome, he had come to the little fishing hamlet on a yachting cruise, and, with all the confidence of new riches, had expected to enter the little exclusive art and social coterie that gathered there. It had been her favor that had won him the *entree*, and before the ivy that clambered on old Martigny's garden wall had turned to crimson, they were engaged.

It was not until after the wedding in Paris at Eastertide that Katherine had realized how the world, her world, was smiling at her in polite amusement. It was so palpably a marriage *de convenance*. Not a breath of the sweetness of the wooing at quaint Berbec had reached it. It was merely that Kitty Lorimer had married Bruce Hetherington for his money, and all the host of *nouveau rich* Hetheringtons were to sweep into society under the shadow of the Lorimer wings.

And the knowledge of the world's judgment of them had bred a vague, mutual distrust, a fear born of love and pride that the other one might give credence to the world's rumor. After that the drifting apart had been swift, and the end had come deliberately. She had wished to spend the summer at Berbec alone. He had refused positively to permit it. If she went against his wishes he would consider it final. Before she had fully realized what it meant she had tossed back her answer. It was final then. She would go to Berbec. The following week they had sailed for France.

A sudden, sharp rapping on her stateroom door startled her. She caught her breath as she rose unsteadily, and clung for support to the side of the berth. The moment of danger had come, and they had sent for her. Not Hetherington, she knew. Until she called for him he would meet even death without a word. But if she could call, if there was only yet time, only a moment of grace, to reach him, and tell him it was all a miserable mistake of pride, that she loved him with all her heart, and wanted his presence with her now at the supreme moment when all the world had fallen away into nothingness, and there was only the mystery of eternity before her, and his love to bear her on. The rapping sounded heavier and more imperative.

"Kit! Let me in!"

It was Hetherington's voice. She turned the lock with steady fingers, a sudden peace strengthening her. He paused in the doorway, tall and dark, and storm-beaten in his dripping oil-skins, his face white and grim as he looked down at her.

"Has it come, dear," she asked, lifting her face to him. "I'm not afraid—with you."

He caught her to him closely, and pressed his lips to hers with hungry intensity.

"Not afraid in death, Kit?" he said, bitterly. "Then why in life?"

She closed her eyes and shrank closer to him. Death had become a friend to be met with smiling eyes and welcoming happiness. As Hetherington raised his head she waited, expectantly. The lurching and groaning had stopped. She wondered if they were sinking, and tightened the clasp of her arms about his neck as she smiled up at him.

"How dear death is together," she said softly. "I'm not one bit afraid."

His eyes lighted with sudden comprehension, and he stood back loosening her arms.

"The danger is past," he said. "I came to tell you we had made the harbor of St. Hilaire. You can reach Paris by evening."

For an instant she hesitated in the revulsion of thought, then held out her arms longingly.

"Not alone," she said. "Not alone now, sweetheart. I am afraid in life, too, alone."

SOLITUDE

When in mid-noon the sun hath made
The wood a perfume-censer fair,
And dreams in all their splendors fade
Into the fact more strangely rare,
Then from thy selfish self depart,
And read, dear soul, thine own brave heart.—*C. R. J.*

SHOULDERS DON'T COUNT

By Troy Allison

"WOULD you object to telling me your reason for wanting to marry me?" she asked in an aggressive tone that quavered into pathos before the sentence was completed.

Such an unexpected answer caused Bernard to rise from his chair some two or three inches before he remembered that it is the unexpected that always happens. He sat down carefully, having achieved a calm that implied that hers was the generally recognized method of answering a proposal.

"Why—er—for the same reason that other men have asked you to marry them, I suppose—because I care more for you than for any one else."

"The others," she said slowly, "have had various motives. There haven't been so very many," she added, as if constrained to be honest.

"I have known you so short a time I could not be aware of that. I should never have believed it without your assurance."

The hardness of her face relaxed slightly. "You are the fourth," she said shortly.

"Will you tell me why the other three failed?" softly.

She leaned back in the Morris chair and grasped its arms with a nervous, awkward movement. Bernard noticed the strong, white hands, larger than his by far.

"Do men ever love a woman that weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds?" she asked bitterly.

"I have known one man that accomplished the feat"—he smiled in her eyes encouragingly.

"One couldn't feel an inclination to hold a hand of that size, it's uncomfortable in a six and three-quarter glove." She held the offending member before him as if she could cheerfully have amputated the left one and have overtaken the right with a similar fate before they communicated to each other any knowledge of their various doings.

"The man I mentioned feels a troublesome inclination to hold that very hand," he laughed.

"You are old enough to have acquired better taste," she retorted censoriously. "How old are you, by the way?"

"Born exactly forty-nine years and three months ago."

"I don't object to that," leniently; "it makes me feel somewhat better, I think. A woman of thirty-five likes to feel young, even by comparison."

"I'm sure I'll never object to comparisons in our family. If it pleases you, we'll turn down Mr. Shakespeare's opinion concerning them."

"In all my thirty-five years——" she began.

"You seem proud to enumerate them. You might knock off five without any one suspecting," eyeing her with the air of an expert.

"Simple honesty shouldn't be caught embezzling," she smiled, with a sense of good comradeship; her hands relaxed from their grip on the chair and fell more comfortably upon her lap.

"Didn't the other three think it would be rather nice?" He looked meaningly at the hand nearest him.

"I don't think anybody ever wanted to," she answered simply. "I look too much like the sturdy oak, and have received none of the tenderness that falls to the lot of clinging vines. Of course, there are storms from which the oak might like to be sheltered. I don't like my masculine manner, I hate it," vehemently, "but it gives a better effect than if I tried to be kittenish. A hundred and ninety-five pound kitten would run such a serious risk of being mistaken for a giddy elephant."

"Precisely," he agreed.

"But even a feminine elephant might long to be admired occasionally, and—loved."

"Didn't the other three ever—" he gently stroked the firm, white hand.

"They didn't want to," she blushed furiously.

"But why, then—" he commenced.

"Oh—one of them was a widower and said it was too expensive having all the sewing done out for four children."

He frowned sympathetically.

"The second wanted a partner to help run a boarding school."

He nodded.

"The third was a preacher, and thought it was not good for man to live alone. He didn't seem to think dyspeptic tendencies and an insufficient income obstacles to prevent his finding a companion with all ease. In fact, his manner was full of assurance that I would jump at the chance. None of them, nobody in all my life, ever really cared for me; they only wanted me to help them do something."

Her eyes were full of tears. "I would like someone to love me as they do the pretty little woman. I am just as affectionate and tender-hearted as if I were little and dainty," her lip quivered, "and—I want—to be loved—and to be—like them." She covered her face with her hands.

He sat down on the arm of the Morris chair with an air that was joyous and youthful.

"Dear little woman," he said, ignoring the fact that the shoulders shaken by sobs were broad as his own, "the other three needed killing. I would love to slay them for you, one by one, but, unfortunately, there is a law against it. I will content myself rejoicing that their lack of appreciation left a chance for the fourth one." He smoothed the hair gently from her forehead. "The fourth man loves you," he said, with a simplicity of words strong in feeling.

She slowly raised her head and looked in his face. In her eyes was shining the same expression that men have often seen in the eyes of those more favored women she envied. The Amazon sank into insignificance, the woman came into her own triumphantly.

"Sweetheart!" he said.

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Mr. George R. White

NEXT SEASON—WHAT?

By George R. White

NEW YORKERS and the men and women who make regular pilgrimages to the metropolis are the keenest theatregoers in the world. And like all good Americans, they take even their pleasures seriously. If not students of the drama, they are at least students of the theatrical situation. They are not satisfied

Scene from "Sergeant Kitty," with Virginia Earl in the centre

to scan the theatrical skies of the present hour, but they want the dramatic weatherman to give them information as to the future.

So it is not the manager alone who is asking anxiously, "What will be the feature of next season's theatricals?", but the regular theatregoer is asking exactly the same question. And at the close of a season which can truthfully be said to have been discouraging to some of the most astute and successful of managers, the question is singularly apropos.

Theatrical attractions move in cycles. This is due to the managers and not to the playgoers. And it is a wise manager who knows when a certain form of production has run its course. We have had the cycle of dramatized novels, the cycle of musical comedies, the cycle of plays dealing with the American revolution, and so on.

The dramatization of "Trilby" was a brilliant success, artistically and financially. The story lent itself to dramatic construction. Then came a rush for dramatic rights. If a novel created a sensation, your manager bought the dramatic rights, irrespective of the book's dramatic qualities. Result—dramatic failures, propped up by the advertising of a popular book, and then a general revolt among playgoers against the dramatized novel as a whole. Six well-dressed young women and as many more men made "Florodora" famous. The managers flopped over to musical comedy, and Show Girls formed a stock worth cornering. By-and-by, the manager forgot everything except the Show Girls and their costumes. It was millions for show girls, but not one cent for the book. And the managers woke up to the cry, "Enough of girls! Give us wit!" But the crop of wit had not been nourished properly and it languished.

That is what I mean by cycles of dramatic offerings.

But the season now waning has not been remarkable for its cycle-like qualities. We have had no decided vogue. Musical comedy in which girls and costumes were featured, has been lashed by the press and neglected by playgoers. The hero of the American revolution has not appealed to our patriotism or our purse. With a few exceptions, the dramatized novel has been pronounced better suited to library shelves than modern stages. And the plays which have enjoyed the greatest success have been simple, clean creations, which point to a revulsion against the French flavor—witness "Cousin Kate," "The Admirable Crichton," "The Secret of Polichinelle," and others.

It is already being prophesied that next season will be marked by Shakespearean revivals. This probably because of the brilliant success scored by Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner in their joint starring tour. But to score the same success, your manager must offer another Rehan and another Skinner. Gorgeous scenery will not pass for Shakespearean reading. The theatrical profession to-day is deplorably lacking in good Shakespearean readers. If the late P. T. Barnum were to be re-incarnated as a Broadway manager he would probably decide that the public no longer likes to be fooled. The public has grown theatre-wise.

Apart from grand opera, I think musical entertainments will partake more and more of the true comic-opera flavor. That is, the line between comedy and opera will be more clearly drawn. There will be less specialties and more plot, less girls and more wit. Perhaps I should not say less girls, because pretty women will always be needed to "dress the stage," but I think the girls will be less prominent. In producing "Sergeant Kitty," my determination was to leave the show girl entirely out of my calculations. The result proved the wisdom of the decision. The chorus is unobtrusive, but it can sing, and the press throughout the country has approved of that chorus. I am morally certain that not a single girl in "Sergeant Kitty's" chorus can boast of the possession of an automobile, but I think I have some future prima donnas in the ranks.

Two classes of managers will make money next season, unless all signs fail—the man who does very big things and does them well, and the man who does very little things and does them well. The man of medium attainments will fail. In other words, a Belasco production, another "Ben Hur," a Rehan-Skinner combination, a star like Ethel Barrymore in a clever play—these will play to money in big, fashionable houses. On the other hand, the much-abused "10-20-30-cent" houses, the melodramas, the cheaper musical comedies or farce comedies with music, and the continuous houses, will also do well. The population of this country is rapidly dividing itself into two distinct classes, the very rich and the poor, and the manager must appeal to one class or the other. The great middle class goes with the rich or it does not go at all.

The losses of the present season have been greatly overestimated. Theatrical managers are not standing on the edge of ruin and bankruptcy. Firms that have been years in the business are not falling before a single poor season. They may have lost, yes, but it must be borne in mind that they had been making enormous profits during the two or three seasons preceding this one. Further, their losses seem more heavy by comparison with the money squandered on productions. Costuming, electrical effects and high-salaried artists were acquired by the manager intoxicated by his receipts of the preceding year. Girls and comedians, comedians and girls—why, managers fell over one another in their efforts to make contracts, salaries went booming skyward—and then the deluge.

Next season, saner and wiser managers will be sitting securely on the rocks, letting the débris of witless books, be-diamonded girls and Paris frocks float past toward one-night stands and second-rate houses. In all my years in the theatrical business, I have never felt so sanguine about a coming season, financially and artistically.

IN A VOLUME OF "THE SIMPLE LIFE"

The simplest heart the truest beats,
The simplest joys are purest;
The simplest life the truest life,
The simplest faith the surest.

The simplest truths the great truths are,
The simple deeds the dearer;
Love, simply love, makes life worth life,
And God through these the nearer.

Then let the humble mind bow down
And take the penance of our days
With grateful thanks, leaving to him
Who boasts the weight of praise.

And let the simple hope be glad,
In childlike trust a prophet wise;
So shall a duty done see God
Deep in some thankful eyes.

Peace, peace, young heart! Close now thine eyes,
Shut out the splendors of thy dream;
Thy worship find a simpler creed,
Thine art a simpler theme.

John B. Manley.

THE LATE SENATOR MARCUS ALONZO HANNA
Financier and Statesman

THE LATE SENATOR HANNA IN REAL LIFE

By George J. Jasper

SOMETHING propitious as well as prophetic entered the career of the Ohio statesman, the late Marcus Alonzo Hanna, for many years leader of the strong element in the United States Senate, a statesman, and maker of presidents.

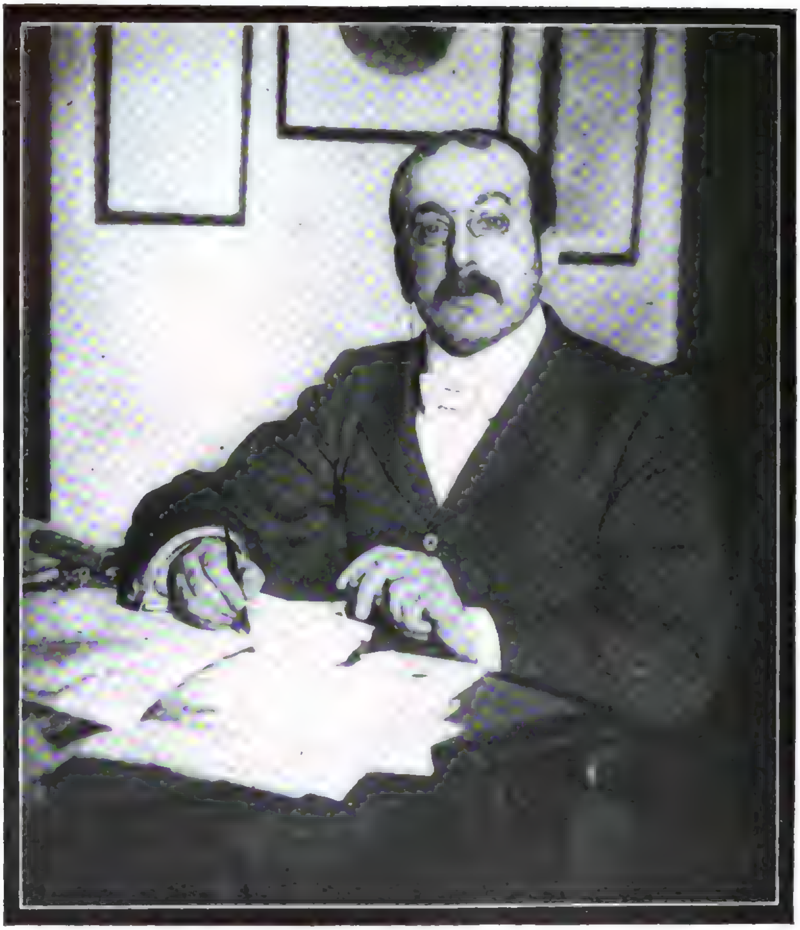
Senator Hanna came from the hardy stock of the Middle West, his father being one of the pioneers of the state and a man of great force of character. Senator Hanna was born in 1837, and early realized that he was to carve his own fortune and reach out after the good things of this life through his own stress and endeavor. Mr. Hanna received only a common school education and became self-supporting at a time when most young men are at their high school work or in college. He undertook mercantile life with characteristic energy, and soon made his mark, his reputation being that of a man of sterling ability who feared no faction and looked the world in the face. He was locally famous away back in the 'seventies. In the 'eighties, known throughout the State and even in the adjoining States as the man of promise. In the 'nineties, took up his stand in national affairs with that broad range of vision which had characterized him in local matters.

It was then that Senator Hanna became deeply engrossed in the prospects of the nomination of his friend and fellow-Ohioan, the late William McKinley, for President, and it was due to his tireless energy, his far-seeing gift of prophecy, his incisive reading of human nature, and his influence with the political powers of his party, that won for the late lamented executive such hearty support through two successful campaigns.

The tragic death of his lifelong compatriot was a blow to Senator Hanna from which he never fully recovered. Indeed, it may be said to have hastened his own demise, for the manner of the martyred President's passing was so shocking, and the circumstances so fraught with consequences of the gravest importance to the nation, that Senator Hanna took the calamity more deeply to heart than perhaps any man intimately concerned in the career and affairs of the assassin's illustrious victim. The tragedy added to his weight of years and cares, and even the increasing opportunity offered him to achieve himself the supreme office in the giving of the nation, did not serve to lift from him the insistent gloom with which the calamity shrouded him.

In private life Mr. Hanna was one of the most accomplished of entertainers, a liberal dispenser of hospitality, and in the home circle was beloved and revered beyond the common lot of great men. He was supremely happy in all his home relations, quiet and approachable at all times, and charitable to a degree seldom realized by any save his beneficiaries, whom he favored without his left hand knowing what his right hand did. There are many thousands who have missed and will continue to miss the genial interest of the great heart whose sympathies and energies were open to many calls and found few of them unheeded.

One of the penalties of success in any great sphere of endeavor is the liability to attack of scores and sometimes thousands of the malcontent and the jealous, who view with distrust and envy that prosperity which they themselves have not been able to obtain. A friend of the late General Grant once read to him a bitter tirade against presidential ruling, and just as the chief executive was about to answer the unmerited attack, the reader quietly informed him that the article in question was not directed toward him, but was penned nearly a hundred years before against the policy of that chief figure in our national history, General George Washington. Senator Hanna bore no malice and conducted himself ever with due regard to the fitness of things in the present and the judgment of posterity in years to come.



Photograph by Van der Weyde, New York

Alan Dale

Who writes the trenchant Critiques of the Drama for the New York American

WHERE THE CRITIQUES COME FROM

By Sydney Jameson, Jr.

OF course your confirmed first-nighter scorns to reach across the damask and spill his morning or noon coffee in frantic effort to lay hands on a fresh copy of the *American* or evening *Sun* in order to see what Alan Dale or Acton Davies has to say about the play produced the previous night for the first time in the metropolis. And yet, for all that, he may be a little uncertain himself, and may wish to appeal to a court of last resort to strengthen his own preconceptions, or else perchance to set himself aright on some mooted point.

Therefore have Alfred J. Cohen, otherwise Alan Dale, and Acton Davies, distinctively and severally opinionated on original lines, become more and more regarded as arbiters dramaticum—enchiridions of things pertaining to the stage and the people thereof. They have given up a fruitful portion of their lives to the study of the footlight world, regarded in the

Photograph by Van der Weyde, New York

Acton Davies

Whose opinions on the Stage as they appear in the columns of the *Evening Sun*, are regarded as standard

light of men to whom disputed points in law, science, music and art generally are presented on appeal.

These two critics differ widely in their trend of thought and methods, but each is essentially sincere. Alan Dale is perhaps a little more given to frivolity and iconoclasm, whether occasion always justifies or not, and consequently while his critiques may read most interestingly, an after-reception of the play by the public sometimes belies his strictures and sets his prophecies at naught. Mr. Davies, on the contrary, is slower to arrive at conclusions, but his critical doctrine is sounder and generally more reliable from a box-office standpoint, even if his brilliant sentences fail to bring a laugh or offer a single *mot* which may be quoted with effect over the club *demitasse* or the afternoon Oolong as with Alan Dale. Each critic has his believers, and when it comes to the managerial verdict, each is regarded as standing beyond the corrosions of prejudice or the reach of the bribe, and in the many years of service to both papers, never a word indicating that a personal equation dictated a single line has been raised against them.

Mr. Davies is a Canadian, hailing from St. John, Quebec. He came to New York late in the eighties, becoming dramatic critic on the *Evening Sun* in '93. Mr. Cohen hails from England, having received his early education in Birmingham.

LOVE AND THE LARIAT

By Cora Helm Ramsay

NEARLY every cowboy within fifty miles of Pringle's ranch had announced his intention of being a contestant in the roping. The prize offered was a goodly sum—one hundred and fifty dollars—but that alone was not sufficient to cause so much competition. Amarilla Dawson, the belle of the region, had declared that she would marry the prize winner; and girls, especially pretty ones, were scarce in the Panhandle country. Although Amarilla was the one that Jim Guthrie, the best roper and rider in that section, had, to use his own expression, "cut out of the bunch" for himself, this by no means dampened the ardor of the other punchers.

"You'll wear my colors, won't you, Amarilla?" Jim asked a few days before the roping, but Amarilla tossed her head and answered, "What's the use of wearing colors for any one before he's done anything? I'll wear the colors of the man that wins—afterward."

Jim was a native Texan, tall and lean, with dark eyes and hair, and a complexion sallowed by a constant diet of bacon and biscuits. Upon a horse he was graceful, swaying with the motion of the animal like a wind-tossed flower, but he walked awkwardly, with knees bowed outward, and with a peculiar hitch and roll indicative of one accustomed to the saddle. He had mastered the difficult art of riding standing up in his saddle with the horse at a gallop, and his record of forty seconds in roping and tying a wild steer, had never been equalled by any one except Burt Kennert. That was before Burt had been injured by his horse stumbling in a treacherous gopher hole that yawned before them, unnoticed, in the excitement of a round-up. Since then, his right arm had hung limp and almost powerless at his side, and the doctor said he would probably never regain the use of it.

Burt was, therefore, the only one who heard of Amarilla's declaration with pain. The two had "kept company," but since his injury Burt had tacitly permitted others to monopolize her society. The day before the roping though, he rode over to her father's ranch in order to protest against her intended action. He found her dismounting, after a ride across the country, at the gate. She waited for him to come up.

"What's this I hear about you going to marry the winner of the roping prize, Amarilla?" asked Burt, plunging at once into his subject. "That was just a piece of nonsense, wasn't it? You never really meant it, did you?" he inquired anxiously.

Although Amarilla had already repented of her hasty statement, made partly through pique at Burt's fancied neglect and partly on account of her inability to decide between her other suitors, she was not the girl to go back upon her word.

"I said it; I meant it, and I'm going to stick to it," she replied defiantly.

"I suppose then," said Burt, with rising wrath, "that there snaggle-toothed, lantern-jawed——"

A look in the girl's face stopped him.

"I suppose," he continued meekly, "Jim Guthrie thinks he can win the prize."

"I suppose he does," answered Amarilla coolly. "He says you're out of the race, and there's no one else who can compete with him."

"Oh, he says I'm out of the race, does he?" said Burt bitterly.

"Yes; but who would have thought that you'd care, Burt Kennert?"

"Why, Amarilla, I couldn't ask you—I've been crippled, you know——" faltered Burt—then burst out with "Say you'll wear my colors, and I'll be in that ropin' if I die for it."

Amarilla looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"You're crazy," she ejaculated, then left him and ran into the house.

As Burt rode homeward, a resolve was already forming itself in his mind. He glanced down at the useless member at his side. Oh, if it had its old-time cunning! The wildest broncho on the plains might pitch and rear if he had a toe-hold in a stirrup and that arm free.

Could he rope with his left arm, he asked himself. At least he could try. The rest of the day was spent in practising, Burt trying his skill upon the pigs, chickens, or whatever came within the circle of his lariat. The morning of the day upon which the roping was to take place, he again rode over to see Amarilla. His spurs, bridle bits and the buckles on his saddle cinches had received such a polishing as they had not known for months. From the long-unused saddle horn, hung a riata of new hemp rope.

Amarilla was kneading bread at the kitchen table by an open window. An apple tree in full bloom, thrust an impertinent branch through the aperture, almost touching her cheek as she worked. Bert guided his horse beneath the window.

"I'm in the race to win or bust, Amarilla," he said. "My colors are pink and white. Won't you wear 'em? Do you know why I chose them, little girl"—leaning down so that his eyes were on a level with her own—"because I thought, that's just the color of Amarilla's face, and when I look at them, it will seem just like she's looking at me."

"But I shan't be looking at you!" exclaimed Amarilla. "I'm not going to see you make a fool of yourself. I couldn't wear your colors anyway, because it wouldn't be fair, and besides, I'm not going."

All of Burt's persuasions being unavailing to change her decision, he rode away disappointed.

The afternoon came. The Dawson ranch was deserted, all the men having gone to Pringle's. It was nearing the hour that the roping was to begin. Amarilla, who had finished her baking, was filled with an intense desire to witness the contest. That desire increasing as time wore on, she finally dressed, saddled her pony and started for Pringle's ranch. Passing the apple tree, she broke off a spray of the sweet-scented blossoms and fastened it on her bosom.

Arrived at the scene of the contest, she quietly took a seat in a corner of the rude amphitheatre that had been provided for the spectators. The competitors were assembling. Many of the cowboys who had entered the contest, finding their courage fail them at the last moment, had withdrawn their names, until the list had shrunk to about a dozen. Upon some of the ranches, the employees had selected the best man among them as their representative, and had come prepared to back their champion with all the encouraging applause of which their unrestrained natures were capable. There were veteran punchers from the large syndicate ranches, some from the great X. I. T., California Jack, a noted broncho buster of the West, and Buck Henley, who had been one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. They were sitting their restive horses, while the audience was betting upon its favorites, cheering some, jeering others. Jim Guthrie, serene, confident, with head erect, rode a spirited racehorse. Burt, mounted upon a small, wiry pinto, was, from his late entry, given a place at the end of the line. Streamers of pink and white ribbon were flying from his breast. His complexion was fair, in spite of the southern sun and "bacon and biscuits." Set in the great plain of his honest face, were a pair of blue eyes like twin hay-lakes on the prairie.

The rules of the roping were simple. Each man's name was to be called in its order. He was to place himself at the starting point and make ready his lariat. A steer would be turned out of the pen where they were corralled. It would be given the start of a hundred feet. When it had gone thus far, a flagman on horseback, stationed at that distance from the roper, would drop his flag. This was to be the signal for the roper to start. The same performance would be repeated with each competitor. To the one that roped and tied his steer in the shortest time, was to be awarded the prize. A time-keeper and several judges were located at a point where they could view and report the proceedings.

A great throb of pity and regret passed through Amarilla's heart as she realized the effort Burt was making to win her, and how hopeless it would be.

"Seems sort o' like play-work, don't it?" said the voice of a fat man at her side. "Young men can't ride nowadays. It ain't the real thing at all. This country's not what it used to be when I was ridin' the range and chasin' cattle-lifters. The land's all fenced, and the durned rangers is so thick there's no chance for a man to increase his herd any more except by calvin'. I've seen the time when I could get my brand onto more mavericks than anybody. Never heard of such shows as this in them days. We had enough excitement without 'em."

Before Amarilla could reply, the flagman rode up, the judges took their places, and an expectant hush passed over the spectators.

The first name called was that of Sam Blackman. Sam was an expert roper. He rode forward, coiled his rope and announced ready. A vicious-looking steer was turned out of the corral. The flag dropped. Sam's horse gave a forward leap and shot off over the prairie. Sam was swinging his lariat over his head, swinging slowly to make sure of his aim. When his horse's head was parallel with the hind feet of the steer, he cast. The noose settled over the steer's head, bringing it to the ground. Sam was off his horse in an instant. The horse, trained to its work, stiffened its legs, pulling hard upon the rope to keep the steer down. It was a strong, fighting long-horn, however, that would not submit to overpowering force without a struggle. In a second it was on its feet, then down again, fighting wildly for freedom. In what seemed an incredibly short space of time to the onlookers, both its front legs and one hind leg were tied, and Sam's hands were thrown up—a signal that the task was done. The judges inspected the work, reported that it was properly done, and the timekeeper called,

"Sixty seconds."

"He's beat, right now," remarked a bystander.

"Yes, Jim Guthrie will discount that," said another.

When Buck Henley came up at the call of his name, there was much cheering, for Buck was a favorite, and his prowess was well known. Every inch a soldier, silent, alert, he sat his horse like a knight of old preparing to charge. Out plunged a steer, down went the flag and over the ground flew Buck. Through the dust, the people in the ampitheatre saw a thread-like circle flash through the air. The next instant, Buck was bending over a conquered steer. When his hands were up, the time-keeper called.

"Forty-six seconds."

A hum of admiration passed through the audience.

"That's more like it," said a voice.

"Now you'll see some ropin' that *is* ropin'," remarked Tony Ketridge, as he rode out from the line, with a half-scornful glance at his predecessors. "Tony" was not his real name. It was one he had borne only since coming to the West, but that it was an appropriate one no one could doubt after seeing him this afternoon. He wore a pair of white duck trousers, resurrected from the bottom of a trunk brought long ago from the East, a blue flannel shirt, a brown velveteen vest, with a gorgeous purple sash worn slantingly across one shoulder, its fringed ends tied in a knot at his waist. His black sombrero was girdled with a band of purple. The patent leather shoes upon his feet were decked with silver spurs. His sturdy broncho wore a scarlet saddle blanket. A cheer burst forth at Tony's appearance. He acknowledged it by lifting his gayly decorated sombrero. Feeling himself to be the cynosure of all eyes, his chest swelled with pride, and a smile parted his lips, as he gracefully wound his lariat. At the signal to go, he lifted high his bridle reins and energetically dug his spurs into the broncho's sides, but that stubborn creature planted his feet firmly together and refused to move. Another application of the spurs caused its hind feet to suddenly fly into the air and Tony to vault swiftly over its head to a sitting posture upon the ground. Wild bawls from the broncho were added to the uproarious laughter that came from the ampitheatre. Tony, bareheaded, his hat having been swept off his head by the rapidity of his descent, his white trousers covered with dust, arose and made a frantic grab at the bridle of the pitching, bucking broncho. Once again upon its back he traveled by short runs and sudden jerks, over the plain, alternately leaving the saddle and returning to it, in unison with the uncertain movements of his rearing steed. The steer by this time, was only a vanishing speck upon the horizon, so that Tony was obliged to ride ingloriously back. Thrusting one foot out of the stirrup, he leaned down, picked up his hat from the ground without dismounting, and ignoring the hilarity of the audience, returned, discomfited and crestfallen, to his place.

The next on the list was California Jack, conspicuous among the cowboys on account of the white sombrero worn by him in striking contrast with the black ones of the Texans, his single-cinch saddle and rowel spurs. The gate of the corral swung open. The steer, one of the most powerful animals enclosed in the pen, came loping out. Jack was after it with a bound. His rope cut the air like a circling whirlpool, then flattened at the ends into an elongated O, falling on the beast's neck with relentless grasp. Jack leaped from the saddle; the pony knew its business, but the weight of too many animals of Jack's roping had tested the strength of the rope. All at once it snapped in two. The steer regained its feet, dragging a piece of the rope after it. Jack grabbed at the trailing rope, pulled hard with both hands, then gave a quick jerk and the steer fell to the ground. Now both were rolling in the dust, Jack fighting for the mastery, with the other cowboys coming swiftly to assist him. Before they reached him, he was tying and his hands were up at a call of two minutes. He came back covered with dust and glory, for though he had lost in the contest, the crowd cheered him for his pluck.

Several others tried their skill, but with indifferent success. Buck Henley's score of forty-six seconds remained the lowest. The eyes of all were turned on Jim Guthrie as his name was called. He rode slowly forward, coiling his lariat carefully. His horse stood waiting the word to go, with quivering nostrils. At last they were off, the horse's feet hardly seeming to touch the ground. Jim set the rope whirling above his head. When he was almost up to the steer, he made the throw, catching the animal under its upraised hoof, over the body. Jim had it securely tied in thirty-eight seconds.

"He's beaten his record," shouted one of his friends. How the crowd cheered and how Burt's heart sank within him. It was next to impossible to beat that, he knew.

Newt Halpin was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and a good roper, but he missed his first throw. He was aware that too much time would be required to gather the rope in, coil and throw it again. He therefore rode close by the animal's side, caught its tail and turned his horse sharply to the right, throwing or "tailing" the steer as it is called. It is a feat that requires quickness and great strength. The work of tying was done swiftly, but the time lost in making the unsuccessful throw brought Newt's performance up to one minute and twenty seconds. It was hard, very hard, work.

Then Burt's turn came. He rode bravely up to the line, fingering his rope nervously. He must both coil and throw with the left hand. In a clear voice, he called "Ready." Waiting for the flag to drop, his eyes turned for a second toward the ampitheatre, encountering the gaze of Amarilla, pale-faced, half-standing in her intense anxiety. At sight of her, Burt's heart gave a great bound. Into his nerveless arm, there crept something of its old-time vigor. Mechanically he gathered into it the coils of hemp, spurring the pinto forward for the run. His eyes were focused upon the swift-flying legs of the steer that, instead of running toward the open prairie, had taken an abrupt turn toward the "breaks"—a ravine where a creek flowed in wet weather, but dry at this season. Amarilla, gazing breathlessly, saw the audience rise. "He can't head it off"—"He'll have to jump"—"Will his horse make the leap?" sounded in her ears. She saw the steer go down one side of the ravine with Burt almost upon the brink, then closed her eyes. His words "I'll be in the roping if I die for it!" came back to her with clear distinctness. It seemed an hour that the silence lasted. Then a prolonged cheer burst from the crowd. Amarilla opening her eyes, beheld Burt upon the opposite side of the ravine. With his right arm he was swinging the rope over the neck of the steer as it bounded up the side of the hollow. The tying was done, then an interval and Amarilla, straining her ears to catch the sound of the timekeeper's voice, heard the words:

"Thirty-two seconds."

The ampitheatre shook with mighty rounds of applause. Jim Guthrie mounted his horse and rode away. It was not long before Amarilla saw Burt coming toward her, grasping at the hands thrust forth on all sides of him. He soon reached her side.

"Oh, Amarilla," he said, his face

aglow with his triumph, "you wore my colors after all. That's what made me win."

Amarilla, following his glance, noticed for the first time the pink and white apple blossoms that covered her bosom; but she said nothing—only smiled sweetly, as though she had known all the time that they were there.

The fat man who had sat next to her passed close to them.

"Mighty purty ropin' that," he said, "best I've seen since I used to do a few stunts myself."

WHEN HOWELL GLIBLY CHATS

By Oscar F. Patterson

HOWELL GIBBON descended into the easiest chair with an air of unpleasant expectancy.

"Ah!" he murmured, in pleasant tones, "so it really is a chair after all!"

The young woman upon whom he was calling regarded him somewhat haughtily.

"Of course," Mr. Gibbon proceeded, "I've realized that my memory for names and faces was rather poor; still, I've done my best. But I had such a fatal experience the other night that I writhe yet whenever I think of it. Mrs. Twombley gave one of those reception-musicale evenings of torture, and I went. She is an old friend of my mother's. I had to go.

"I hadn't been there ten minutes when I spied the most stunning creature—one of those girls who look as though they were dressed by a French costumer and posed by a magazine artist. She smiled brilliantly at me, and evidently expected me to come to her."

"Did you go?" asked the girl.

Mr. Gibbon gave her a hurt look.

"'It's been an age since I saw you, Mr. Gibbon,' she murmured.

"'Hasn't it!' I agreed.

"'Why, you nice man!' she said.

"That finished me. I resolved to see it through to the bitter end. As it was a long time since we had met, I concluded that she must be some one I had got acquainted with last summer at the seaside.

"'What have you been doing with yourself since those days by the ocean?'

"'Almost everything.'

"Then I *had* met her at the sea. Like a flash it came over me that she was that lovely Mrs. Amesbury who had been such a belle, and she remembered me! I hunted up details.

"I asked her if she remembered our sand castle we built one morning. She wrinkled her perfect brow and apologized. She really didn't, but did I recall that exciting accident? This was awful, only I hoped she wouldn't keep on the subject, as I had never heard of any accident. So I smiled beguilingly and asked—

"'And how is your husband? Still a golf fiend?'

"That lovely creature simply stiffened. She stared at me icily. Then she arose as though I had been a burglar or had suddenly developed smallpox.

"'I have no husband,' she said. 'I'm not married at all—I thought you knew who I was, but I see you don't.'

"Then she floated away and would not let me explain. Think of the chance I missed! And she wasn't married either—and I've been looking for my affinity so long!"

"It's pitiful," said the girl on whom he was calling. "But how did she know you? And who was she?"

"I don't know who she was," Mr. Gibbon said, gloomily. "I found there was another man named Gibbon there the week after I left. She must have taken me for him. So she needn't have been so high and mighty. I'm looking out for her and some day when I see her I shall say: 'Guess who am I.' Then she'll be sorry."

"Maybe," said the girl, unkindly.

But, perhaps, he was too dense to appreciate the sarcasm.

From a photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco

EDWIN T. EMERY

The well-known young Pacific Coast actor who has been appearing in the title role of the historic romance "The Prince Imperial." Mr. Emery, while one of the youngest American stars has attained a high place in his profession and his work is characterized by that conscientious attention to detail and unquestioned ability which have succeeded in placing him high up in the honor list of the American stage

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THERE is no accounting for prejudice. When the Spanish-American War was on, somehow the susceptible French people were of the impression that the United States were taking up arms against all the Latin races, and that there was no distinction between the Spaniard and the Frenchman, so far as the public sentiment of the people of the New World was concerned. Paris was a hotbed of anti-American sentiment just then, particularly as innumerable Frenchmen had purchased heavily of Spanish bonds at a tremendous discount. At the present time there seems to be something of the same anti-American feeling in Russia, displaying itself, first of all, in the withdrawal of the Russian exhibit at the World's Fair at St. Louis, and the cutting off of a part of the usual course of commerce which accrues to Americans in times of peace. The subject of the Czar seemed to be of the conviction that Americans are to a man pro-Japanese in the latter's struggle to maintain superior authority in the far East. But as America has remained officially neutral, and as we have quite as much trouble of our own as we care to watch over, Russia may be assured that whatever sympathies we may have to expend in behalf of either combatant, will take no more serious form than a few spread-heads in the newspapers and a little private discussion alike in fashionable clubdom and the cracker-barrel brigade of the country corner grocery. Americans as a whole are apt to be just in their conclusions and loyal to their friends. When the popular vote is cast, it will doubtless be seen that what looks like a strong pro-Japanese feeling throughout America is no more influential or widespread than the pro-Russian, and the semblance of it is merely a natural human sympathy for a comparatively weak nation in conflict with one known to be powerful, irresistible and territorially aggressive.

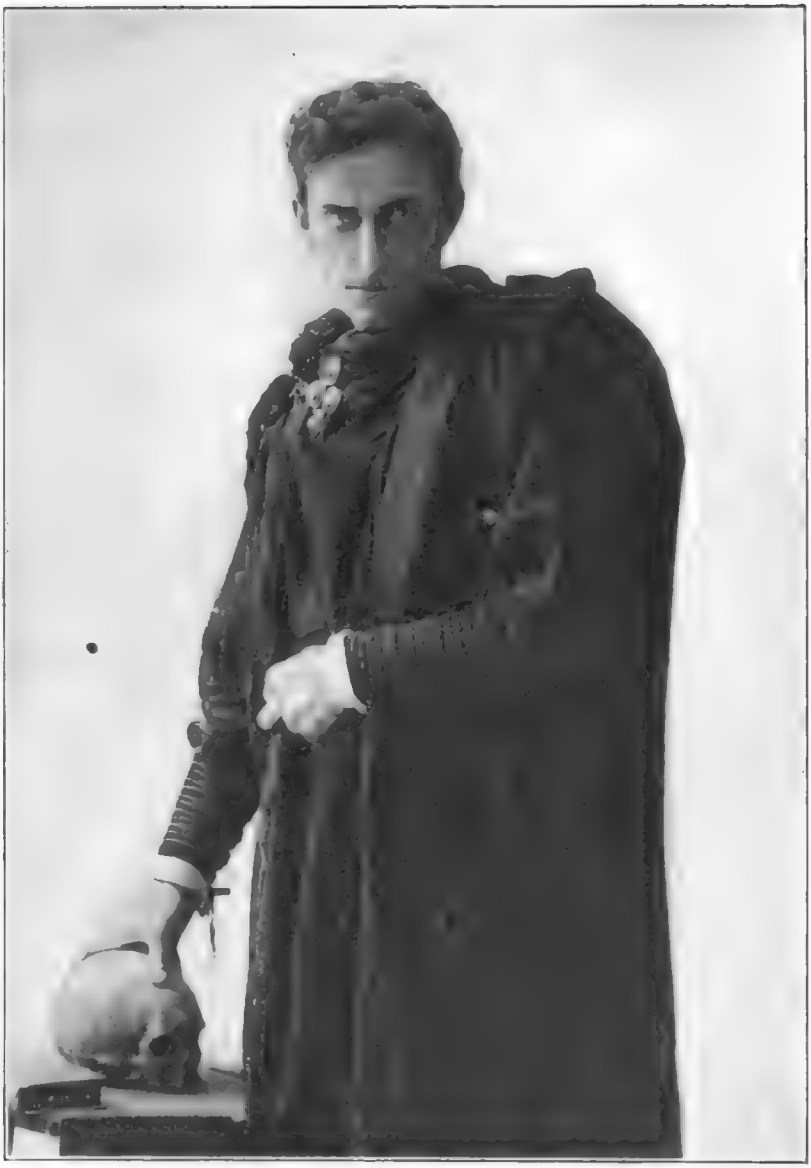
PUBLISHERS of periodicals throughout the country will not take kindly to the proposal of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads to deny to carriers the right to solicit subscriptions for periodicals along the rural routes. For a long time this has been a feature of the service, and made it possible for a carrier of intelligence and general efficiency to undertake the business of Uncle Sam's postal distribution through the remote districts on the meager compensation afforded by the government. In many cases the carrier doubled his salary by gathering in the commissions on magazines, weekly, tri-weekly or daily periodicals, and thereby were three interested parties benefited—the publisher who delights in increased circulation, the carrier who reaps the commission offered by the publisher, and last, and most benefited of all, the subscriber whose intellectual horizon is broadened, his home brightened and his children kept the better informed by the timely visit of a monthly guest such as BROADWAY MAGAZINE, which offers a liberal education in the affairs of the world in a single year's subscription. It has long been the privilege of postmasters in rural districts to act as general news agents and to take subscriptions for the current periodicals, and it would seem that in all fairness the carrier whose life is much harder and whose pay is unproportionately less, should be granted the same opportunity to mete out his year's budget. Aside from any interested concern in the matter, it is an axiom beyond discussion that the more printed knowledge disseminated throughout the country, the higher will be the general standard of rural intelligence.

THE recent death of an educated chimpanzee, "Consul" by name, and the insurance policy which was issued at a high premium on his life—reported to be no less than one hundred thousand dollars—brings up the question of the English method of insuring anything and everything under the sun: a hazard, in fact, in which one lays a high wager to win a big stake. Americans have little idea of British insurance methods. That man would be regarded as insane who stepped up to the office of one of our old line companies and gravely asked to lay a policy for fifty thousand dollars on the life of President Roosevelt, for instance, or who offered to hazard a high premium on the life of a chimpanzee. And yet both are possible in England. Thousands of Britishers hold policies on the life of King Edward who have never even seen his face, and millions sterling are hazarded every month on the most extraordinary insurance wagers imaginable. "Consul" earned for his owner no less than thirty thousand dollars a year, so it would seem that the desire to insure him was a sensible one, even though an American institution would regard the matter in no serious light. But the fact that there are concerns in the world which would insure a mere monkey for such a colossal sum is in itself interesting.

ONE of the efficiencies of a municipal department on such a grand scale as seen in New York, for instance, is the necessary amalgamation of the triple system of parks and streets, the police and the Board of Health—a most splendid union of forces. The recent condemning of a whole block of tenements on the upper East side—familiarly and locally known as "the Lung District" and "Death Row" on account of the shockingly high rate of mortality through consumption in the block—and transforming it into a public park, shows the wisdom of this system. In the first place, the Board ot Health condemned. Next, the Park Commission applied to have the tenements razed and made a public breathing-space for the benefit of the hundred thousand tenement folk about it. Then came the Police Department which enforced the rule and regulation, and behold! New York has a new park. It is to be questioned whether such a triple combination, so swift, energetic, and so progressive, could be found in any other city of the country. At any rate, in a great metropolis where such expedients are of instant importance, the absolute inter-working of the various departments is not only desirable but imperative.

DURING the last severe winter the fire insurance companies have been sorely tried. Many who started the cold spell with a comforting surplus, found themselves at the close of the season with such a deficiency in the strong box that help was solicited from brother institutions; for, be it known, to a reasonable extent, the various companies stand by one another as the banks do while there is a temporary stress or an accidental "run" of frightened depositors. In many cities the fire departments were unable to cope with conflagrations as they were during the cold months of previous years, and the Baltimore disaster was the last straw for many of them. However, the ill wind of the proverb has brought lessons to the administration of large cities, as the lamentable Iroquois disaster brought the owners of theatres to the realization that no possible device for the protection of the patron and player could be spared, and was fruitful of many improvements. The seaport towns, and those which have a large water supply—like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Omaha, and even stricken Baltimore itself, began immediately to plan gigantic systems of mains whereby the lives and the property of the citizens could be protected without depending upon the ordinary supply. To this end the City of New York alone proposes to expend many millions in the establishment of a complete salt-water system of defense against the common foe. The lessons which accrue from great calamities would make a volume alone.

THE loan of nearly five millions of dollars to the St. Louis Exposition places Secretary Leslie M. Shaw in a peculiar predicament. If the contents of the box-office chest are not turned over to the government till such a time as Uncle Sam is fully repaid, we shall be confronted with the spectacle of our distinguished Secretary of the Treasury occupying the box-office of the greatest show on earth. It is to be hoped, however, that the prophecies of the wise ones will be fulfilled, and that the success of the exposition will be assured.



Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.

FORBES ROBERTSON

In his widely discussed interpretation of "*Hamlet*". Mr. Robertson is one of the foremost actors on the English-speaking stage. His portrayal of the moody Dane is generally considered by the most scholarly critics of England and America to be one of the most intellectual presentations of this part ever given by a foreign or native player

"The Little Church Around the Corner"

A CHURCH OF LOVERS' TRYSTS

By Bartow S. Keyl

THE Church of the Transfiguration in East Twenty-ninth Street—with its ever open doors, its quaint old garden shaded by wide-spreading trees, an antiquated stone fountain into which the water drips lazily—is a spot of idyllic freshness and beauty.

The church itself is low and rambling, like some old homestead which has been improved here and there as the family grew. In the cool shadows the tired wayfarer finds a seat where he may retire from the bustle of the hot pavements and meditate in peace. He is neither questioned nor molested. The place is sacred to humanity.

The old church has a speech and individuality of its own. Its very stones, crumbling and moss-covered, give out converse of good and gentle things. "God is Love," it seems to repeat as the leaves overhead rustle, as the drops of water tinkle into the stone basin. The organ peals from within, voices are lifted up in song. "Prayer is love," these voices seem to chant.

Lovers innumerable have entered through its portals and been made happy. The dead have been carried in and received burial. The sick, the poor, the stricken have been relieved and comforted.

Fifty years ago, when the body of the church, a small stone structure, was ready for consecration, a wretched little dog, tormented by a band of street urchins, fled within the open door and crouched in front of the altar.

"A good omen," said the big-hearted, young rector. The dog was given protection and for nine years found a loving and comfortable home.

The little church was in hard straits. For a year previous it had held services in a rented room on Twenty-fourth Street, and in spite of its dire poverty as a congregation, had taken under its guardianship the prisoners and sick of Bellevue Hospital. These waifs of humanity had so far been ignored. At the first meeting of the little congregation, which numbered six, the name of "Church of the Transfiguration" was decided upon, and a ministry of love was advocated by the young pastor, who was destined to grow venerable in years and good deeds in his gentle work. "Our church and means are small," he said, "let our humanity and heart be big."

So when the tiny congregation, somewhat increased in numbers, moved to the modest church in Twenty-ninth Street, so small that it was almost in the thicket of trees that surrounded, the ministry of love continued. It was known then as the "little church with a big heart." The poor made a habit of strolling about its sunny grounds. So offensive did the sight of these humble beneficiaries become to the eyes of neighboring aristocracy that there were threats of tearing down the structure. Indignation reached even a higher pitch when it was discovered during the time of the draft riots that numbers of helpless and sorely persecuted colored people had found shelter and food in the rooms above the chapel.

Years passed. The little church with the big heart was still maintaining its brave struggle against poverty, when a turn came in its affairs. An English actor of good standing had died, and a little body of friends applied to a certain Fifth Avenue church for the privilege of burial services. It was superciliously refused. "We don't bury actors and that class here." The faithful group continued its quest the length of the Avenue. Church after church made the same reply, veiled with more or less courteous sarcasm. In the neighborhood of Twenty-ninth Street, as the little body-guard was again turned away, the fashionable man of God vouchsafed the suggestion "There's a little church around the corner where they do such things."

"God bless the little church around the corner!" said Joe Jefferson.

To the little church hidden in the trees they went with their errand. The poor of the neighborhood was sunning itself in the garden. The door was open then as now. Dr. Houghton, the pastor, now grown somewhat older and graver, received them with brotherly love. The actor's funeral took place from the church. The tiny edifice was crowded to the doors, even the sunny garden was packed with interested humanity whose hearts beat as one in the cause. The little church had found powerful friends—the Stage and the Press. The Stage opened its generous purse strings. The Press heralded its good deeds. The most popular song of the day, played on the street organs, whistled on the corners, sung at every music hall, had for its title "God Bless the Little Church Around the Corner!"

The little church grew apace. Actors and writers took its pews, and still more pews were called for. They made a point of being wedded, of baptizing their children, of bringing their dead within its sacred walls.

The big humanitarianism of Dr. Houghton became the watchword of troubled lovers. At all hours of the day and night he was ready and willing to seal their happiness by marriage, without fee, without questions, without formality. He welcomed them and sent them on their way with a blessing.

Dr. Houghton has long passed away, but has been succeeded by a nephew and namesake who continues the traditions of the church.

"Since God is Love, it is our ministry to bless all lovers and to love," is the keynote of the creed practiced here.

GOD WAS GOOD TO ME

By Marcella Sembrich •

THE first triumph of my life came to me as a little girl when I was given my first violin. I was not called Marcella Sembrich in those days, but Marcella Kadanska. I have always used my mother's name in my public career. My father, Professor Kadanska, who was as poor as he was talented, was a teacher of the piano and violin in the little Polish town of Wisnewcryth. My life was not that of the ordinary child. Almost before I could talk I realized something of the hard struggle my father had to provide us with food and shelter. I remember his taking our wretched piano to pieces and patching it up in various ways with contrivances of his own until he had transformed it into a fairly decent instrument. As he could not afford to buy the music he longed for, he would borrow the scores from his friends, and taught me to copy them correctly and neatly. I recall to-day how I longed to join the children at their games; but all this life was debarred to me. Perched upon a high stool at my father's desk, I would copy music patiently for hours at a time, tired, but oh, so glad to help my dear father!

I was six years of age and had been studying the piano for about two years, when my father came to me with a little violin that he had made for me himself. It was the best he could do, and child as I was, I knew it was deplorably lacking in all the beautiful qualities of my father's instrument—a very modest instrument but I thought it like the voice of an angel when my father played upon it. I was not given to complaining, however, so for two long, weary years I tortured my music-loving soul by trying to make melody out of my poor little home-made violin.

One day a retired army officer came to our house and I played for him. His name was M. Janowief. He was no ordinary man. A musician and composer, he was an enthusiast over the mazurkas and folk-songs of Poland; and although he had but a modest income he devoted the greater part of it to assisting those who showed musical talent. The little Polish girl with her poor little violin appealed to his big, loving heart. He became at once my benefactor and protector, and devoted himself to my education.

On my eighth birthday he prepared a great surprise for me. I dare not think what it must have cost my noble friend in privations and economies. He asked me to play for him, and when I was about to take up my old instrument, he called out, "Wait; to-day we shall have something better." To my astonishment he placed a beautiful violin in my arms, saying simply, "It is yours."

Never shall I forget the emotions of that moment. I felt as though all my breath had left my little body, and as though I had become a great, choking heart. Then I burst into a paroxysm of tears so violent that my father and good friend were forced to threaten to take my already cherished instrument from its tight hold in my arms in order to control me.

The possession of that beautiful violin was not only my first musical triumph over adverse circumstances, but it was without doubt the sweetest and the most marvelous.

My second 'grand evenement' came much later on, when I was about sixteen years of age, and had completed my musical studies —piano and violin—at the Conservatory at Lemberg, of which Professor Stengel, who was destined to become my future husband, was director. It was my good old friend the retired officer who had brought me to the notice of Professor Stengel, and had settled all the preliminaries of my entrance to the Conservatory. That was five years previously. I was now ready to begin my career; it was not quite decided whether it was to be as a violiniste or a pianiste.

To settle this momentous question, the Herr Direcktor proposed to ask a hearing from no less a personage than Franz Liszt, who chanced to be stopping at a neighboring city. I had no special preference; the violin or piano—both were equally dear. To singing I gave no thought, although during the last years at the Conservatory Professor Stengel had been giving me vocal lessons.

On a certain day we reached Vienna, and at the appointed hour entered the music room of Liszt. He was there with a number of other musicians and students. The occasion I knew to be important in influencing my future, but in those days of youthful fearlessness I was a victim neither of timidity nor doubt. Now, after years of public life, I tremble and tremble with terrible nervousness before each appearance. The great master, Liszt, pointed to the piano. Professor Stengel stood near by in order to encourage me. I at once took my seat and dashed off one of the Polish airs I so loved, for it was my ambition to play the music of my country.

"She must be a pianiste," said Liszt. "She will have a career." Then Professor Stengel placed my poor old violin in my hands, the same that had been presented to me by my good friend the retired officer. Professor Stengel nodded his head, as was his custom at the Conservatory exercises as a sign to begin. Obedience was a habit with me. I began at once another beautiful Polish melody. It was so beautiful I forgot where I was. There was a clapping of hands when I had finished.

"The violin! the violin!" someone called out; "she must be a violiniste!" It was Eppstein. He came forward and said: "My dear, let it be the violin; the violin sings more sweetly than the piano."

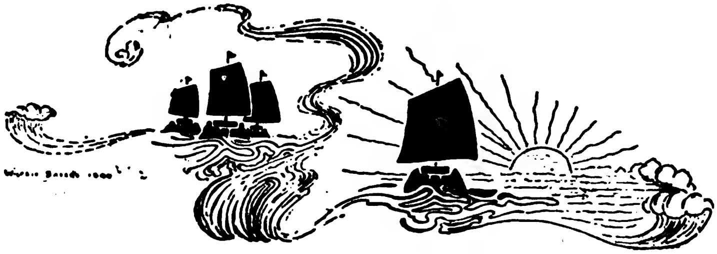
By that time my cheeks were very crimson with excitement, but Professor Stengel was very, very pale as he sat down at the piano.

"Sing, Marcella," he said quietly. Again I obeyed, singing one of our folk-song; and again I forgot where I was, it was so beautiful. This time when I had completed there was a tumult of voices, then Liszt put his hands on my shoulders; his face was close by mine. "Child, you must sing, remember. A voice is the greatest of all gifts!" At that moment I learned for the first time I had a voice. At that moment my career was decided. I was to be a singer—the second great triumph of my life.

Many, many years have passed. I became the wife of Professor Stengel. I sang in all the great opera houses of Europe and America. God was good to me. I have had what the world calls success. It is sweet, this success, because it is the triumph of one's art. Art is a long, long road without an end or a turn. Because of my art I never played like other children, because of my art my girlhood was one of perpetual study, and because of art I am deprived of those pleasures and that freedom enjoyed by other women.

It is perhaps not strange then if I found my third great triumph the reception that was given to my art, the art of the Italian repertoire, in that great centre of German standards, the Vienna Opera House. It was, in a way, the triumph of all my treasured ideals, the triumph of the voice over the modern orchestral opera. My training is that of the old *bel canto* school, in which the singing voice is the divine gift that demands a reverent hearing. One comes to hear it—it must be heard. The trend of latter-day opera is to make the voice one of the orchestral instruments, no more, no less.

These operas are superb creations, but those who love the voice will perhaps not blame me when I count among my great triumphs my happy, happy season in German Vienna.



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ELECTRA

The Motor Maid

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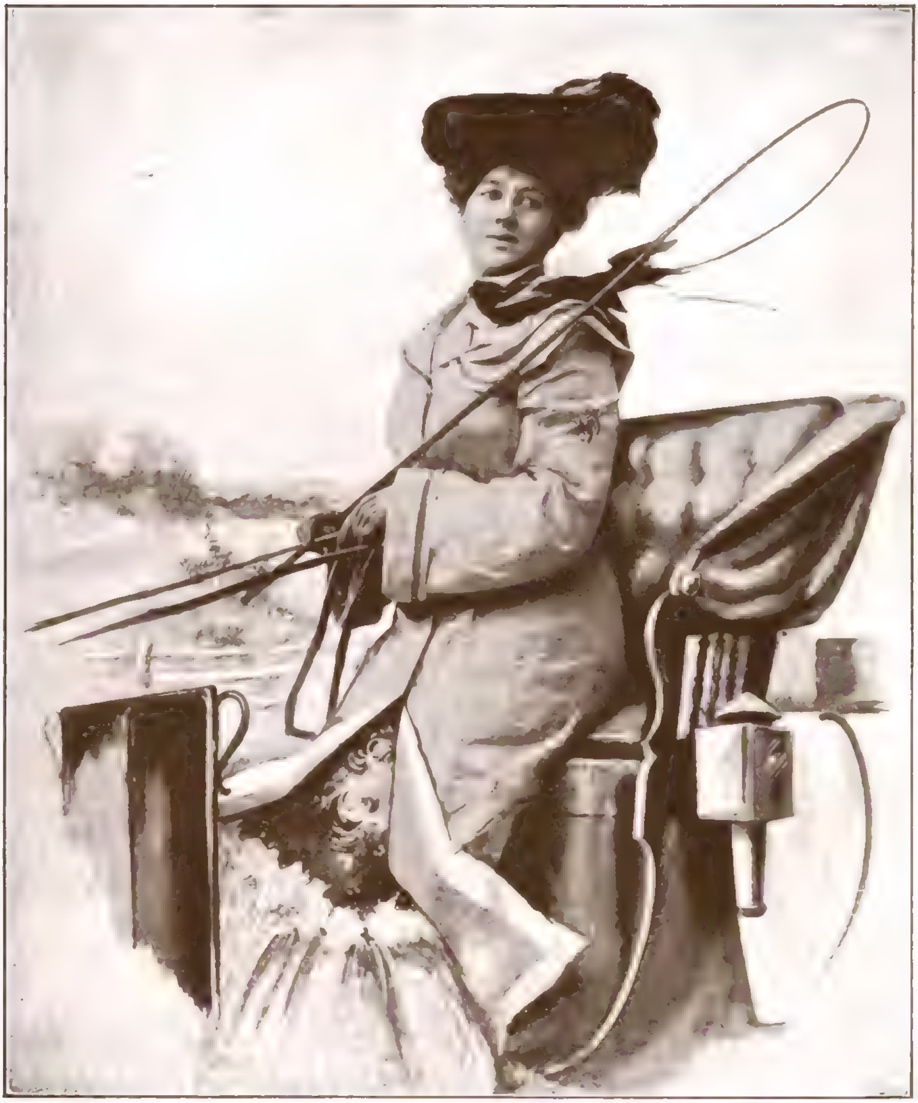

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ALCYONE

Heroine of the Ribbons

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CELÆNO

The Water Witch

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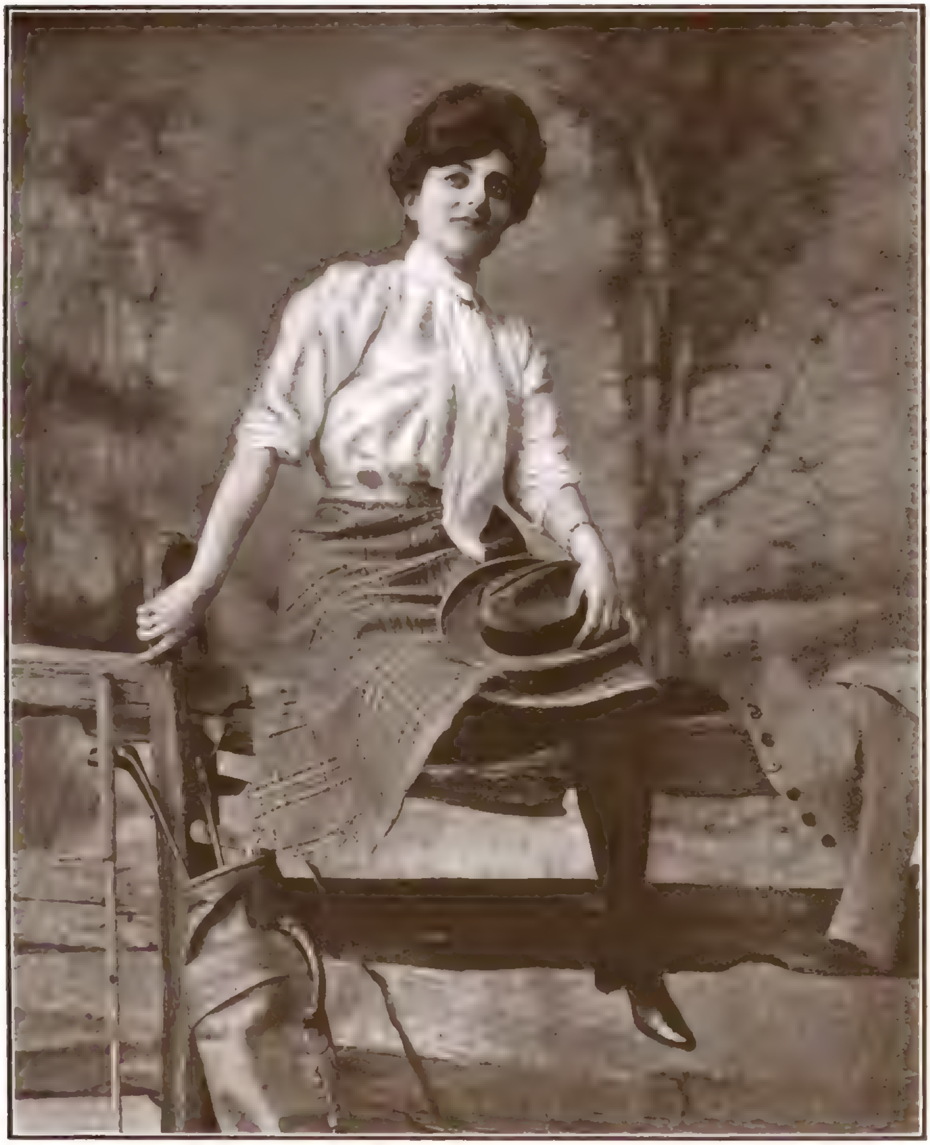

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MAIA

The Golf Goddess

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STEROPE

The Pride of the Polo field

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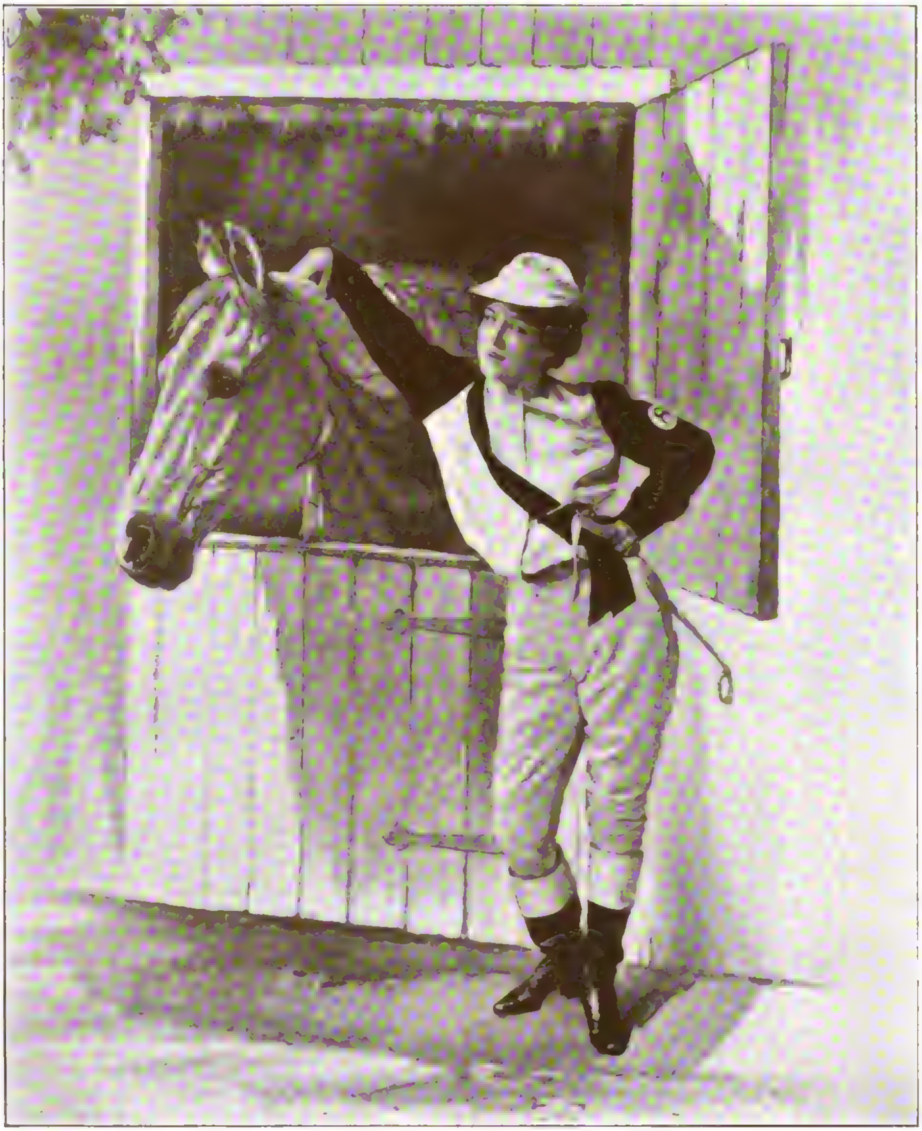

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MEROPE

Princess of the Paddock

THE SEVEN PLEIADES OF SUMMER SPORTS

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TAYGETA

Mascot of the Mountains

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR MAY, 1904

TABLE OF CONTENTS

"FROM RICHES TO POVERTY" .... Frontispiece
From a Salon painting by .... **A. A. Anderson**

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES, PRINTED IN COLOR:
THE SEVEN PLEIADES OF SUMMER SPORTS

THE GREAT STOCK EXCHANGES OF THE WORLD .. **Charles Edward Gauss** ... 109
Illustrated from photographs of the great Bourses of Europe

THE MAN WHO SAW LINCOLN SHOT 117
Being the personal experience of William Withers, Jr., leader of the Orchestra at Ford's Theatre, April 14, 1865

A. A. ANDERSON, PAINTER AND CITIZEN ...... **Elmer S. Dean** 123
With twelve reproductions of his most famous paintings

UNCLE SAM'S PLAIN DUTY IN SANTO DOMINGO ... **Philip Reeves** 129
Illustrated with recent snapshots of prominent places on the Island

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE AS AN EXACT SCIENCE .... **William B. Sommers** 134
Experiments with a Turkish telepathist, with special illustrations

WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN'S DRESS COSTS AT HOME AND ABROAD .... **Elizabeth Comyn** 138
With eight special photographs showing artistic designs of imported gowns, etc.

OLD RARE BEN GREET .... **Shayde O'Beaumont** 148
An interview

IS PALMISTRY A FRAUD? .... **Herbert Vivian and Others** 150
A symposium. Illustrated

FORBES ROBERTSON—"HAMLET"—AN IMPRESSIONIST VIEW .... **E. A. Froehlich** 154
With portrait

FIDELITY AND ART IN CHILD PHOTOGRAPHY ... **Helen Rowland** 156
Illustrated with special photographic Art Studies of Child Life.

THE LAW AT SHANNON'S. A Story .... **Edgar Welton Cooley** 161

SUCCESSFUL WOMEN IN QUEER OCCUPATIONS. **Lucy M. Dix** 165
With six special photographic illustrations

CONSTANT DRIPPING WEARS A STONE. A Story. . **G. L. Vanderbek** 170

SPECIAL FICTION SECTION:
A Pair of Green Eyes .... **Robert Mackay** 171
A Love Conspiracy .... **Else Castelberg** 176
The Silence of Jane Lomax .... **Eugene L. Didier** 181
Ancestral Limitations .... **T. Blair Eaton** 185

HARDY PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER 187
Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, Speaker of the House.

THE HON. CHARLES DICK, OF OHIO 188
Upon whom fell the mantle of Hanna.

EDITORIAL 189

THE TRIALS OF A MOB TRAINER .... **William A. Brady** 190
With portrait and illustration

A RESUME OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON 192
With 40 portraits of stage celebrities.

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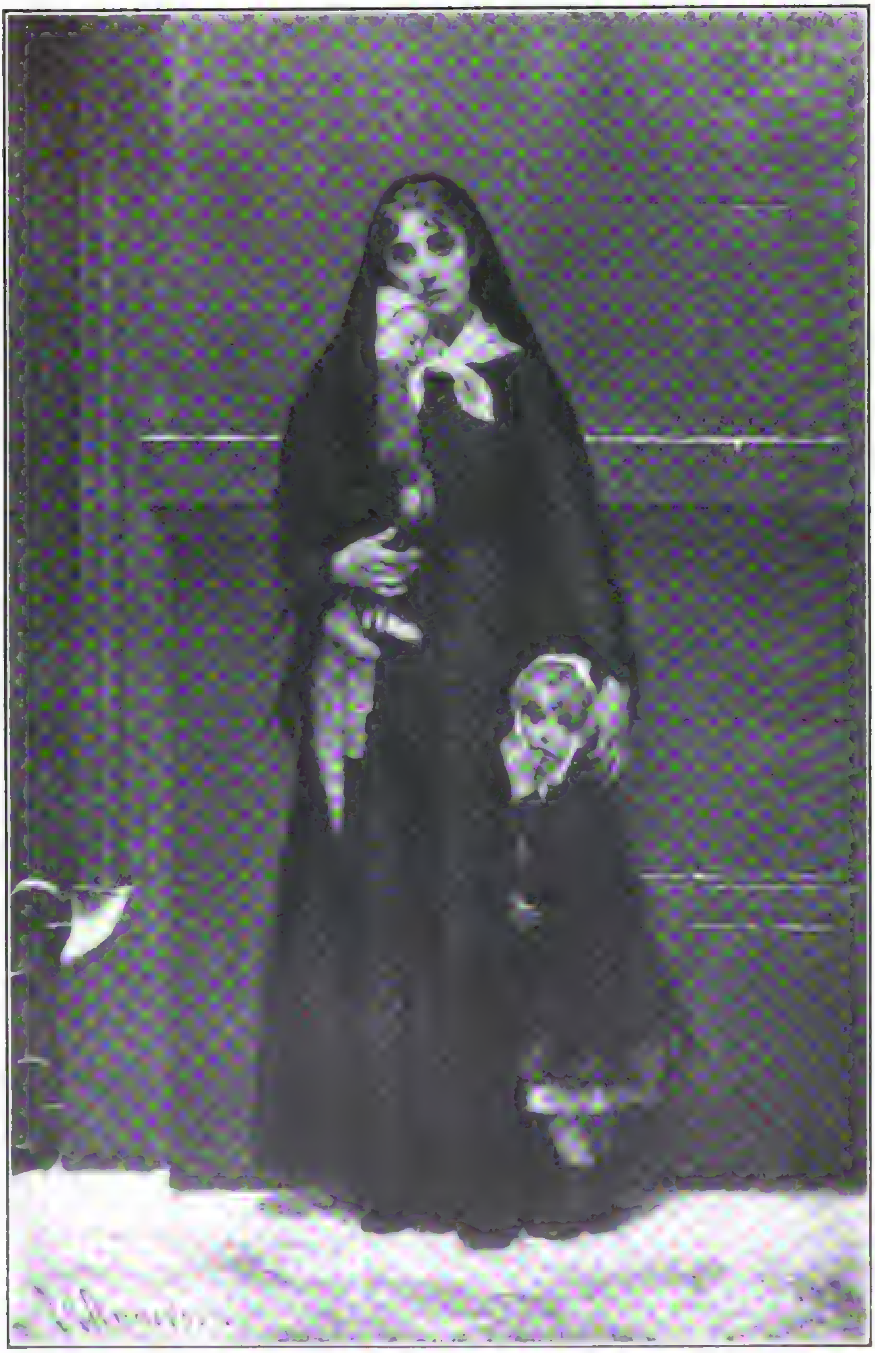

From a celebrated Paris Salon painting, by Abraham A. Anderson, of New York

"FROM RICHES TO POVERTY"

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII MAY, 1904 No. 2

THE GREAT STOCK EXCHANGES OF THE WORLD

By Charles Edward Gauss

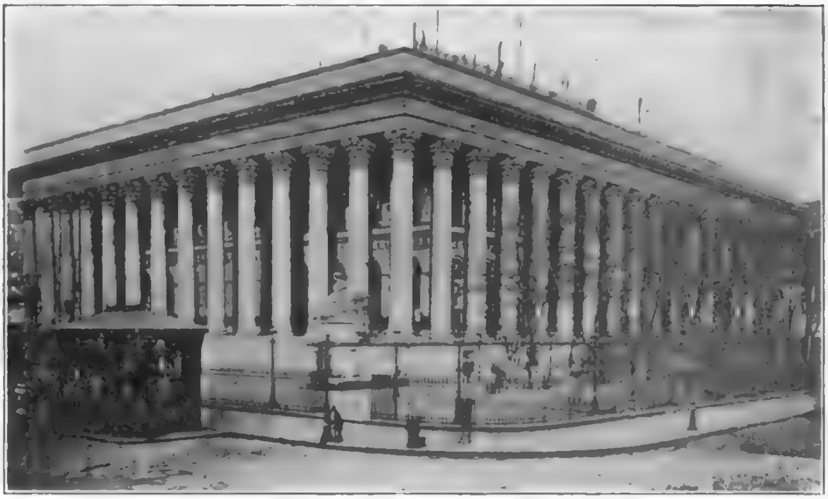
Manager of a large Wall Street Banking and Brokerage House, New York

SCHEMES and expedients for speedy and efficient means for the transaction of local, national, and even international business offer such a bewildering diversity of methods, details, and points of differentiation that it is possible here merely to touch upon the salient features of the various stock exchanges of the world, upon which rests such a large share of the prosperity of nations.

A copious volume could be written upon the inner workings of every exchange of the globe, and the inexhaustible subject merely outlined. However, an informal survey of the vast field of international stock activity cannot but be of interest to the professional trader and the "outsider" alike; for, strange to say, the history of the great Bourse movements of the past is little known even to successful traders—even those who may be called the segments of the charmed circle of finance; and I have been surprised, with a quarter-century's experience on the New York Stock Exchange, to realize with what indifference and imperfect knowledge of facts many of my co-workers in this stirring field of money conquest review the great Bourse machineries of continental Europe, or even the secret workings of our own centre of exchange. To be-

The Royal Exchange of London

The only foreign market dealing largely in American securities. Built in 1564-70, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in 1700, and again remodelled by Tite in 1842. Save the New York Stock Exchange, more business is transacted here than in any other market of the world



The Paris Bourse

Built in 1808-27 by Brougniard and Laburre. Chief centre of all European securities, English Consols, French **rentes,** Spanish bonds, Russian mines, etc. Controlled by a Board of seventy appointees of the President of the Republic, who are individually and collectively responsible for all Bourse transactions

gin with, then, let us inquire into the history of these exchanges, and how they have developed from crude and simple methods into the great reciprocal system involving incomputable millions and the financial destinies of kingdoms and republics alike.

The beginning of the Bourse dates back to very ancient times. It developed from personal intercourse of buyers and sellers in various departments of industry. Regular organizations of merchants for the transaction of their business were well known in the middle ages, and even in old Rome in the "Collegia Mercatorum"; and the Latin poets, Martial and Juvenal mention the uses of the porticos of the Temples of Minerva and Mars as foregathering places for the transaction of this business. In later times, these embryonic exchanges were woven into more definite forms by State laws, and through the process of evolution became permanent organizations for not only local but international trade.

The original name Borse, still retained in its early orthography in Germany, had its beginning in the sixteenth century in the city of Bruges, Belgium, where a family, Van der Burse, traders, used as a trademark three purses sculptured in stone. The family flourished mightily and the name has been retained, with some modifications, to this day.

The first legally organized Borses on a larger scale were established in Antwerp in 1531, in Toulouse 1546, Rouen 1566, and after this in London. Here, through the instrumentality of Sir Thomas Gresham, court banker under Queen Elizabeth, in 1566, the first Borse building (Royal Exchange) was built. Then followed that of Amsterdam in 1608.

The Paris Bourse was not organized until 1724. It was located in the Hotel Nevers, now the National Library. The present Bourse was opened in 1826.

Of course in those early days it was very difficult for these continental exchanges to keep in touch with one another and with the commercial dealers of England. Means of communication were so crude that large fortunes were often gathered up by the Rothschilds and others who had swift horses and fleets of fast-sailing vessels ever ready to make a dash to some distant Bourse and accomplish a grand *coup*. However, the cable, telegraph, and telephone to-day have made these opportunities less certain and profitable, and quotations in all the great exchanges of Europe vary only slightly, particularly with the standard securities.

The Paris Bourse is a virtual monopoly. It is controlled by seventy men, under the *Code de Commerce*, with special laws supervised and enforced through the Board. Through these seventy "agents" all the heavy work is done on commission exactly

The Stock Exchange of Berlin

Built in 1859–64 by Hitzig, and enlarged in 1880-3. Under supervision of Ministry of Commerce and controlled by a Borse commission. Leading centre for European bonds and industrials

as with the thousand or more brokers who compose the membership of the New York Stock Exchange. Membership in the Paris Bourse, however, is a very serious affair comparatively, for the reason that the appointment must be sanctioned by the President of the republic, and costs in the neighborhood of half a million dollars instead of eighty thousand as with us. This government office, for such it is, also carries with it immense prerogatives. More than that, and far more important to the public, this monopolistic band of "agents," individually and collectively, is responsible for every business transaction executed by any member of the body. No "agent" dares make a personal speculative investment on penalty of expulsion.

Thus it is practically impossible for an investor to lose his money through the failure of any member of the Bourse to make good. Although the rate of profits is comparatively small, the opportunities for plunging, "watering," and general manipulation is minimized. However, there are always "wet-feet" brokers, as the "curbstone" fraternity is called, who will satisfy even a Frenchman's longing to make something out of nothing at a big risk, and these abound everywhere. Another excellent preventative of wholesale plunging is a law which forbids carrying stock on margins; for the tax department sees to it most rigidly that every transfer is recorded, and those transfers can only be accomplished by putting up the cash on the one hand and positive delivery of the goods on the other, and all within twenty-four hours, under heavy penalties of fine and imprisonment in case of failure. This was one of the excellent statutes established by the third Napoleon to stem somewhat the tide of wildcat speculation which was inundating France to its inevitable ruin.

American stocks, of course, do not have much standing in the Bourse of Paris, nor, for that matter, in any of the continental exchanges. The London Exchange stands quite alone in its temerity to deal extensively in Wall Street securities. The Paris Bourse, like those of other continental money centres, deals principally with French and Spanish railways, trust companies, insurance, British consols, Italian, Austrian, or South American bonds, Russian mining stock, Suez stock, and the thousand and one electric-light, street-railway, and industrials of a purely local character.

As for Germany, Hamburg has been the most important Borse centre since the sixteenth century. In other German cities, however, exchanges were first organized in the eighteenth century, Frankfort-on-the-Main and Lepizig taking the lead.

The first German exchanges were merely for trading in merchandise. Their impor-

Interior of the Antwerp Stock Exchange

Built in 1531 by Dimin Van Waghemakere, and enlarged in 1869-72 by Van Schadde. Outgrowth of the primitive Borse system of the middle ages.

tance lay in the fact that merchants could sell on orders, no longer making it necessary to sell and buy directly. In the development of larger enterprises, the Borse itself developed and grew till it became an indispensable adjunct of daily financial affairs.

The object of the Borse rests on the possible concentration of bids and asks, and enables the business man to properly judge from the variations and fluctuation of the market. Borses in small places are in the main independent of big Borses, as they deal in special wares or stocks which are not much sought after on the big exchanges.

One Borse operates upon and is affected by another, in the manner of quotations on stocks, bonds, and articles of commerce. Through the medium of the telegraph and the activity of the arbitration of exchanges, communication between Borses is so well established that quotations in each vary only very slightly the length and breadth of Europe.

Exchanges are influenced by the financial condition of governments and the political situation—often unjustly so. Often great excitement is caused by the dissemination of false rumors, causing prices to rise or fall on the spur of the moment, to the loss or gain of many traders. While originators of false rumors are severely punished when detected, news which cannot be substantiated is always taken with the proverbial grain of salt. If traders do accept them as true, and they afterward prove false, they have only themselves to blame.

The statutes regulating exchanges vary in different countries. Many exchanges are independent, partaking of the character of private corporations, as in England and America, for instance; others again are under State supervision, the government acting as a sort of mediator and overseer in all crises. In Germany, the organization of the Borse, as well as the rules and regulations, with their amendments, are under the supervision of the Minister of Commerce, who is held in strictest account, as he holds others in due responsibility for every transaction. The direction and guidance of the Berlin Borse is under control of the directory of the Berlin Merchants' Association, which constitutes a Borse Commission. This is divided into two sections, or departments, one for the money exchange and the other for the commercial.

In Austria the exchanges are also under government supervision through a Borse Commissioner. In Vienna the latter consists of a "Börsenkammer" of twenty-four members, "Börseraten," who elect a president and two vice-presidents for a period of three years. To become a member of the Vienna Borse, a "visitation" of

The Brussels Stock Exchange

Built by Suys, and one of the most dignified and beautiful of all European exchanges. Centre for continental securities as well as some South American and African

three years, with a paid-up admission card, is required.

In England, the Exchange is an organization of what might be called a private character. It has a constitution enacted by itself, and is independent of any government supervision. The London Exchange has a directory of thirty persons, elected from those who have been members for a period of five years. Membership to the Exchange is obtained by means of the proposal of three members who have been connected with the organization for four or more years, and a surety of five hundred pounds for four years is also required.

In Berlin and Vienna, to become a member of the Borse it is necessary to be recommended by three members of the Merchants' Association, and an admission card for a specified time is given. After bankruptcy, a member has to wait until an understanding is reached or a fine imposed and paid, before reinstatement. Exchanges throughout Europe are usually supported by the city or the State in which they are located, provided that their own admission fees do not cover the cost or running expenses.

Of the greatest Bourse of the world, the New York Stock Exchange, where more business is transacted than in all the exchanges on the globe, the public is already too well informed for me to dilate at any length. It was established as a permanent institution in 1793, and its monetary system received its initiative in the admirable financial scheme of that past-master of the money science, Alexander Hamilton.

The recent depression in the Street is a logical sequence of colossal trading on the part of a public which takes without reservation the word of the broker, and is characteristic of the points of differentiation between European methods and ours. Brokers here are in no wise responsible to a supreme power nor under government inspection, so the license offered for all tricks of manipulation is increased into infinitude, often to ruin. In the purchase of nothing for man's material needs is there so little judgment exercised by the "outsider"—so little personal study of the various securities on the market, as in stocks—and it is no wonder that hordes of confiding investors have, through their ignorance, offered themselves as willing victims to the wiles and machinations of the trained "insiders," whose rapacity and unscrupulous greed have lowered the country's confidence in the whole established federation known as Wall Street—a calamity from which it will take years to recover.

No one can for a moment doubt that whereas the Paris Bourse is governed by a

The Vienna Stock Exchange

An imposing pile of the renaissance period. Centre of exchange for southern European securities and industrials, operated under the direction of a "Borsenkammer" composed of twenty-four members

virtual monopoly of seventy men, the vaster system of this metropolis of the Western hemisphere is under the manipulation of a single master mind. There are cliques and rings, factions and unified forces in every department of the great system, but it is all under the guidance and direction, and entirely at the mercy of a one-man power whose relentless hand sways the destiny of every stock on the list, and all with the skill and strategy of an Alexander.

It is not necessary here to name this supreme seneschal of the Street, since we are discussing these subjects impersonally. Nevertheless, no careful student of Wall Street affairs through a term of a quarter of a century, as the writer has been, can but be convinced that this mighty system, with all its ramifications, interstate and international, is under a single head.

I know that this will be taken on probation with considerable scepticism; but the facts remain just the same, and a little inquiry into the situation convinces us of the truth of this explanation of otherwise inexplicable Wall Street phenomena.

Why is it that such small events will now and then have the effect of raising or lowering values far beyond the natural consequences of that event? Again, why is it that some apparently colossal happening, which bears directly upon the whole list of stocks, seems ineffectual and without the power of swaying values more than a point or two when the shrewdest prophets would naturally predict a resultant rise or fall of ten to twenty points? This certainly gives the strongest evidence that somewhere some one man is seated aloof like Pythagoras, surveying the whole field, apparently the least concerned and yet directing its energies and manœuvering its constituent army of speculators like the mightiest chess expert of modern times.

The perturbations of Jupiter were known long before they led to the final discovery of the planet Neptune in our system, and thus the primal causes of such important celestial variations are no longer enigmas, puzzling the brains of learned men.

The same may be said of speculation in Wall Street. The absolutely unaccountable perturbations of Wall Street stocks find in the discovery of this one ruling influence a solution of the whole stiuation. I will set many minds at rest at once by affirming that it is no representative of a colossal aggregation of wealth-producing corporations like Mr. Rockefeller; nor a man whose schemes of unification reach abroad over two continents, like Mr. Morgan; nor yet one whose three score of years in the Street and twice as many accumulated millions give him grave authority in matters pertain-

The New York Stock Exchange

Recently completed, whose aggregate business exceeds that of all the Bourses of continental Europe combined

ing to values, like Mr. Sage; nor yet a plunger like Mr. Gates. This person is not one whose mental scope grasps a situation of world-wide magnitude, nor is he possessed of fabulous millions. Yet speaking from a purely speculative standpoint, he is more powerful than they all, more feared, more closely watched and yet least apprehended, for his work is done in utmost secrecy and silence, but with such exceeding thoroughness that the ticker every day reels out yard upon yard of what might be called his personal history.

Men of great wealth who buy their securities, store them in their strong boxes and are off for a cruise through the Mediterranean, or a shooting trip through Montana, are little affected by this man's powerful rulings. The general public is likewise little concerned in the career of this individual whom time and history will prove to be one of the present great factors in the progress of the world. Among brokers, however—they who depend upon the vast army of speculators for their livelihood—this man inspires more awe, fear, and speculation than any of the millions of the Vanderbilts or the mergers of Harriman or Hill. He knows only Wall Street, but he knows it as Paderewski knows his keyboard, and he plays it with a force and precision that exceeds anything of the kind in ancient or modern times. Who this Titan of the ticker may be I will leave the reader to guess. Thousands of the "outsider" ranks may surmise, but only a few on the inside have any real and substantial knowledge and profit thereby.

WERE MILLIONS MINE

By George Barton Whyte

I love at eve to sit and muse
Before the hearth-logs blazing bright;
A pipe to drive away the blues,
A cup of fragrant tea in sight.
There giving Fancy aerie flight,
Like incense at this homely shrine,
Wreathe smoke-rings up, and through them write
The things I'd do were millions mine.

My heart's too big, it can't refuse,
Till my poor purse is empty quite;
I daren't say "Nay" to him who woos
With hand alms-asking, faint and white.
And oft my left hand to the right
Outstretches with a pleading sign;
Ah, then I dream with keen delight
The things I'd do were millions mine.

To give the poor their honest dues.
The world's broad brotherhood unite;
To crush King Greed who dares to use
Man as his slave and parasite.
To heal the sick and cast my mite
Just where 'twould root like fruitful vine—
Lord! what full measure would requite
The things I'd do were millions mine?

ENVOI:

And so at eve I sit and muse
On life, and read between the line;
All ends in smoke of sombre hues—
The things I'd do were millions mine.

THE MAN WHO SAW LINCOLN SHOT

THE THRILLING TRUTH FOR THE FIRST TIME TOLD BY A LIVING EYE-WITNESS, WILLIAM WITHERS, JR., ORCHESTRA-LEADER OF FORD'S THEATRE ON THE FATAL NIGHT, APRIL 14, 1865.

IT is given to few men to witness the supreme tragedies which turn the tide in the affairs of nations, much less to live to tell the tale to two generations, and to leave an imperishable record, unimpeachable in authority, unapproachable for its vividness and strength.

Such a man lives in the suburbs of New York to-day. He not only witnessed the crime which shook the foundations of the Union—"the shot heard 'round the world"—but he also bears more than a vivid memory of the shocking event; the scars from the dagger of John Wilkes Booth, who, in his mad flight to refuge, struck Withers down as he obstructed the assassin's way, and in the melée following the assault on the Chief Executive, was himself mistaken for the murderer, and narrowly escaped lynching "without benefit of clergy," at the hands of an infuriated mob.

That man is William Withers, Jr., leader of Ford's Theatre orchestra during three administrations, personal friend of the President's son, daily associate with John Wilkes Booth, and whose name is seen on the playbill as composer of the music of the patriotic song, "Honor to the Soldiers"—a tribute to the President which, alas, he was destined never to hear.

Now, under his own vine and fig-tree, as it were, the musician recently celebrated the thirty-ninth anniversary of the event which changed the whole course of a nation's progress and affected its destiny as no man can estimate. There, in fond retirement, companioned by his beloved Stradivarius and his pet dogs, Mr. Withers recalls the troublous years of the Rebellion, and particularly that day when the news of Lee's surrender reached the capital and set the city aflame with excitement and enthusiasm, for it meant the termination of a long and bloody struggle.

Abraham Lincoln
From an old painting

Few people are living to-day who can truthfully say that they were among the audience in Ford's Theatre on that epoch-making night. Of these, fewer still have more than a confused idea of the panic, the scenes of terror, the collision of factions and forces and the thirst for vengeance that roused bloody passions on every hand. It was by special intervention of Providence that more people were not crushed to death in the struggle.

It had been arranged by the conspirators that when the shot was fired, one of the outlaws, Edward Spangler by name, was to turn off the gas, leaving the theatre in total darkness. In the excitement bound to follow, Booth and his fellows hoped to make their escape to the street by the rear exit, and thence by horse to the refuge of the Confederate South. If the plan had been carried out, the great auditorium thus thrown into sudden darkness, an inevitable stampede would have added to other horrors, and the result would have been the

William Withers, Jr.

Under his own vine and fig-tree with his pets and his priceless Stradivarius violin

death and maiming of hundreds. The depth of infamy on the part of these fiends was seen in this plan of escape at all cost, even at the sacrifice of innocents.

It is owing to William Withers, Jr., more than to any other one man, that the conspirators failed in this diabolical plan. Strange as it may seem, the song which was to have been sung that night by Laura Keene in honor of the Chief Executive's presence there was the direct means of preventing a certain calamity.

As is well known in history, "Our American Cousin" was the play on the bills at Ford's Theatre on the night, April 14,1865, and President Lincoln had engaged a box for the evening. As if Providence would crown a great life-labor fittingly, on that selfsame day the country was startled with the news of the relinquishing of the last stronghold of the Southern Confederacy, the virtual termination of the war. The cabinet had held a meeting, and at the close of the stirring session, Mr. Lincoln had asked any of the members who so wished to accompany him to the theatre. None of them, however, was able to accept. The President's party was made up of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, their son "Tad," Major H. R. Rathbone, Senator and Miss Harris.

Mr. Withers arrived at the theatre about half-past seven. He was just entering the stage door when he encountered John Wilkes Booth. The latter was standing near the open part, and greeted the leader familiarly. "Hello, Billy!" said Booth, "come in and have a drink." The actor was in his shirt sleeves, his coat hanging over his arm, for the evening was quite warm. The two went into the café adjoining the theatre. It was kept by one Taltavull. The latter was loaning to the management his large flag with which to drape the President's box—that flag which, as all the world knows, within in hour, played such an important part in the memorable tragedy. After the refreshment, Withers took leave of Booth who, the former affirms, was perfectly sober and showed no trace of undue excitement.

When it was known that the President had engaged a box for that evening, Mr. H. B. Phillips, the song-writer, penned a patriotic effusion entitled, "Honor to our Soldiers." Mr. Withers composed the music. It was arranged that Miss Keene, the star, should sing this original tribute between the first and second acts, the entire company joining in the chorus. The song had been rehearsed a number of times, and the chorus was thoroughly drilled.

The footlights flared up for the overture just as Maestro Withers emerged from under the stage. President Lincoln's party was just entering the principal box, and the house forthwith broke into an uproarious demonstration. Mr. Withers, who had occupied the position of orchestra leader during the terms of both Pierce and Buchanan, explains that both those Presidents always acknowledged the applause of the audience with a stately bow. President Lincoln, on the contrary, ever maintained an austere and dignified demeanor, never once giving recognition to the tributes which always greeted his presence at the theatre.

On this occasion it was different. The news of Lee's surrender and a prospect of a speedy termination of a disastrous war evidently had removed a great burden from the President's mind. He looked radiant and victorious; and when the audience arose *en masse* and cheered him to the echo, he broke his rigorous custom, drew back the curtain of the box which screened him from the audience, and leaning over the rail, bowed and smiled his acknowledgements with great dignity and charm. Little "Tad," who belonged to the band of the President's Guard, and was taking lessons on the drum from Mr. Withers, leaned out of the box, and pointing his finger at the orchestra-leader, exclaimed delightedly, in his stuttering, childish voice, heard all over the house, "Oh, papa, see! t-t-there is M-M-Mr. W-W-Withers." Thereupon the President again leaned forward to please "Tad," who was the idol of his heart, and nodded good-naturedly to the man in the chair. This tribute to the leader remains dear to his memory.

During all this time, Wilkes Booth was standing against the rail which divided the foyer from the parquet. He was standing erect, his arms folded, hat in hand, and appeared to be the most unconcerned spectator in all that bustling throng. What were his thoughts, what was his inspiration, what were his resolves? God alone knew. His face was inscrutable, his whole demeanor forceful. Booth was a born actor, as well on the great stage of life, whereon he was destined to play the great villain's part, as on the mimic stage where he thrilled thousands with the magic of his art. Never did he show this more conclusively than now.

The play progressed. When the curtain fell on the first act of the play, the orchestra struck up the first measure of the song "Honor to Our Soldiers." Miss Keene, however, failed to appear. Instantly the stage manager sent word to the leader that, owing to the excitement attendant upon the President's presence, Miss Keene was not able to sing just then, but that she would come on between the second and third acts for the interpolation. On receiving this message, the leader went on with the regular musical programme.

The curtain went up on the second act, and Withers, turning in his seat, glanced out over the audience. Booth had now left the foyer. He was standing in the balcony about ten feet from the entrance to the President's box. Still was his face imperturbably calm, his jaws set a little tighter, his face a trifle whiter, perhaps, beads of sweat glistening among the curling locks along the pallid breadth of his brow.. He appeared to be in deep thought.

The applause died away with the fall of the curtain on the second act. The orchestra again struck up the notes of "Honor to Our Soldiers." Alas, no better were the results than before. Miss Keene was trembling in the wings. She was afraid that the demonstration bound to follow during her song would unnerve her, and she would break down. Then came a second message from the stage manager, offering another apology, and requesting Mr. Withers to strike up the music immediately after the drop of the final curtain which would be raised again, the entire company to appear with Miss Keene and give the song with fervor and spirit, regardless of consequences. A message was also sent to the President, requesting him to remain a moment to hear this special number—a tribute, alas, he was destined never to hear.

The orchestra-leader by this time was thoroughly put out by these unforeseen episodes. After the raising of the curtain he left his seat and made his way down under and back of the stage to demand an explanation of the stage manager.

Not finding the latter at once, Mr. Withers moved over to the prompter's desk in the wing. J. B. Wright was on duty in that capacity. The "governor" of the gas machine which controlled all the lights in the building, was enclosed in a box close to the prompter's desk. The cover was off this receptacle, and standing very close to it was Edward Spangler. He was the assistant stage carpenter, and later proved to be one of the conspirators. Spangler was in such a position that Withers could not reach the prompter's desk. "Stand aside, please," commanded the leader. Spangler did not move. An angry scowl spread over his face. He was very pale. "Your position is not here, sir!" said his superior, forcing himself by. "What are you doing here, away from your station? Go where you belong."

The listener seemed dreaming. He stood still, swaying for a moment, then started away, muttering in an undertone. Nothing more was thought of this trifling incident at the time, but what a vital crisis it was in the lives of hundreds—aye, of thousands!

Mr. Withers now approached the prompter. "What's the matter?" he whispered, "Why have they not sung that song?"

"Miss Keene is very nervous, for some unaccountable reason." said the prompter. "It will be sung at the close of the performance."

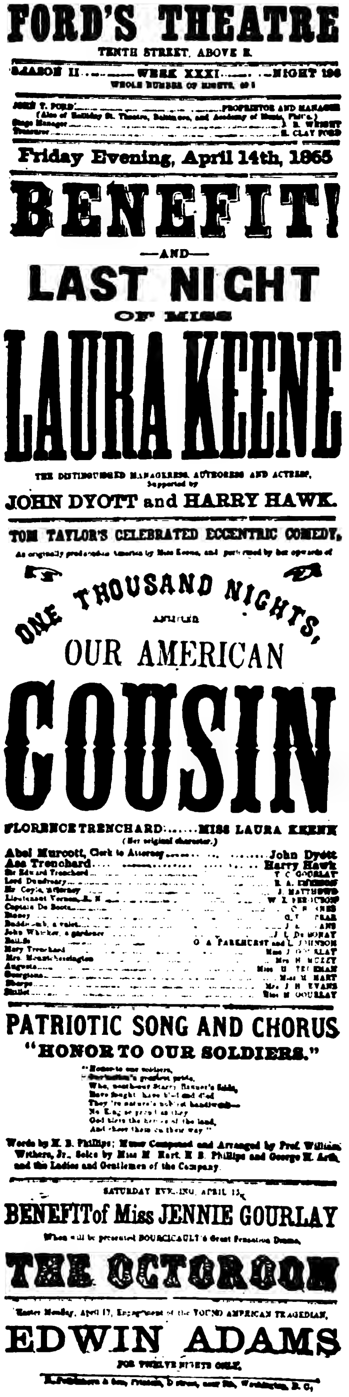
Could it be that by a woman's gift of prophecy, the great actress divined one of the dread tragedies of the world. Who knows?

Withers, not satisfied with this explanation, was bent on arguing further.

"I am sorry," he said. "The full effect of the song would be utterly lost."

But the prompter was too busy to listen, and made an impatient gesture.

The leader then retreated a step, replaced the cover on the gas-governor box and



FORD'S THEATRE
TENTH STREET, ABOVE E.
SEASON II……WEEK XXXI……NIGHT 196
JOHN T. FORD……PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
(Also of Holliday St. Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Phil'a.)
Stage Manager……J. B. WRIGHT
Treasurer……H. CLAY FORD

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!
—AND—
LAST NIGHT
OF MISS
LAURA KEENE
THE DISTINGUISHED MANAGERESS, AUTHORESS AND ACTRESS,
Supported by
JOHN DYOTT and HARRY HAWK.

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY,
ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,
OUR AMERICAN
COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD……MISS LAURA KEENE
(Her original character.)
Abel Murcott, Clerk to Attorney……John Dyott
Asa Trenchard……Harry Hawk

PATRIOTIC SONG AND CHORUS
"HONOR TO OUR SOLDIERS."

Words by H. B. Phillips; Music Composed and Arranged by Prof. William Withers, Jr., Solos by Miss M. Hart, H. B. Phillips and George M. Arth, and the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15,
BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY
When will be presented BOUCICAULT'S Great Sensation Drama,
THE OCTOROON

Easter Monday, April 17, Engagement of the YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN,
EDWIN ADAMS
FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY.

The actual program used on the night of Lincoln's assassination, containing the first verse of Professor Withers' song sat down upon it. Turning inadvertently, he caught sight of the haggard face and gleaming eyes of stage carpenter Spangler. The man's countenance against the dark shadows shone ghastly. He seemed to be under the influence of some powerful drug. Just then the stage manager's whistle blew, and Spangler slunk back into the depths behind the scenes, for he was also supposed to lend a hand at shifting.

After a time, Withers arose and started down past the wings toward the entrance out upon the stage, pondering upon this ominous series of events the while. Suddenly, during the rush and noise of the play, through a gap between the curtains of the President's box, seen through a chink beyond, Withers saw a flash of light, and a pistol shot rang out keen and clear. An awful silence followed. Withers dashed forward toward the proscenium door. Instantly it was flung open from the other side, and Wilkes Booth, the picture of fury, rage and despair incarnate, plunged into the passage. What a transformation! He seemed to see nothing, heed nothing, struggling painfully with a broken leg (for he had tripped over the American flag in his leap from the President's box to the stage), and came forward, slashing blindly right and left, his eyes glinting the fires of madness, his hair dishevelled, his coat torn and awry.

The evening dress coat worn by the orchestra-leader, showing the slits of the knife blade made by Wilkes Booth during his escape from the theatre on that dread night

"Out of the way!" he shrieked. "Let me pass, or I'll kill, kill!" bending forward with lowering head like an infuriate bull, swinging his dagger here and there through the now darksome passage like one blind. His very first blow caught Withers in the back of the neck, the second thrust landing just under the right shoulder blade. It felled the victim to the floor.

Booth stooped over the prostrate form and for the instant seemed to recognize his old friend, who was unwittingly the first to obstruct the assassin's flight to safety. "God, Billy Withers!" he cried hoarsely, made a flying leap and struck straightway through the terrified ranks of the stage hands to the rear. On this desperate retreat he went out of his way so far as to reach for the gas-governor to shut off the lights; but, alas, for him, he threw the governor around so hard that it broke off short without even dimming the jets. From where Withers lay, stunned and bleeding, he saw Booth bolt for the rear door, open it, and by the street lamp's glow, saw him dash toward a man in waiting there—a character familiar to them all, and known as "Peanut John." The latter was holding a saddle horse in readiness.

At this climax of events, Harry Hawke, who was playing the part of *Asa Trenchard*, came rushing through the passageway. He was in hot pursuit of Booth. Naturally he stumbled and fell headlong over the prostrate form of Withers. "Oh, God; Billy!" he moaned, rolling in the dust. "The President is shot, the President is shot!" Then for the first time Withers realized what that flash of light and the accompanying report really meant. The blood froze in his bosom. The great dim stage seemed to whirl and heave and lunge beneath him. He tried to cry out, but could not make a sound. In his heated brain he kept repeating insanely, "Lincoln shot, Lincoln shot!" For a few moments he utterly lost consciousness; then suddenly half a dozen detectives came stumbling in upon him, thinking that he was the assassin, seized him bodily, and dragged him, faint and bleeding, through the rear door to the street.

An awful scene here met the leader's gaze. The whole City of Washington seemed to belch forth from every crevice and cranny of the capital's palaces and rookeries. It was a human conflagration. Beholding the blood-bedaubed figure in the detectives' clutches, they, too, became possessed of the same illusion, they screamed like maniacs, "Hang him! Lynch the d—d dog! Help, help! Lynch him, lynch him! Ropes, ropes!" A score of the boldest pressed forward and laid violent hands upon the fainting musician.

"No, no, no!" moaned Withers faintly, struggling with his captors. "You've got the wrong man. I am not the assassin. I am 'Billy' Withers, leader of the orchestra. Does nobody know me? It was not I who killed the President. It was Wilkes Booth—before God, it was Wilkes Booth! See, he stabbed me—stabbed me in the dark when I blocked his way. See, see!" and he held up the dripping rags to convince the mob.

But the mob did not wish to be convinced. The mob wanted vengeance—upon anybody, upon anything, so long as it was a blood atonement. The press of thousands surged and roared like an angry sea. Pistol-barrels glinted here and there through the dense and populous shadows. Every man was on the defensive—ready to slay on the slightest provocation. It looked like a foregone conclusion that Withers would be snatched down into the turbulent mass and literally torn limb from limb. Several friends passed near, but none recognized the bedraggled and frightful caricature of a man held there in the detectives' clutches, and he himself was too weak to cry out above the tumult of the gathering throngs. The detectives were rifling his pockets for incriminating evidence. If he was not the arch-conspirator, he was in league with them, so they thought.

In the midst of these scenes, at the very crisis, came deliverance in the person of the Mayor of the City of Washington. He it was who demanded that, guilty or innocent, Withers should be taken into custody to save instant bloodshed. Thus, within a few moments, was the exhausted musician landed finally behind bars, and there fell upon the stone floor of his cell in a dead faint.

So great was the excitement and so intimately concerned for his own safety was every inhabitant of the capital of that dread-seized night, it was many hours before Withers was finally identified and released, and he went away, his broadcloth evening dress suit (still preserved), torn to rags. By a hair's breadth was the musician's life saved.

Edward Spangler, the conspirator whose part it was to shut off the gas at the signal of the fatal shot, died on the 19th of February, 1874, at the residence of a doctor, of Maryland, a co-conspirator with whom he suffered imprisonment. Before his death, Spangler made a confession relating his part in the plot. He said that he had removed the cover of the gas-governor box to facilitate putting out the lights, and that Mr. Withers ordered him away. His replacing the cover of the box and sitting down upon it effectually prevented the carrying out of that part of the plot, and the probable murder of hundreds more.

The song which played such an important part in the tragedy of that night, and which the martyred President never heard, has never been published, save the few lines seen on the programme reproduced here, together with the composer's name. The words are as follows:

HONOR TO OUR SOLDIERS

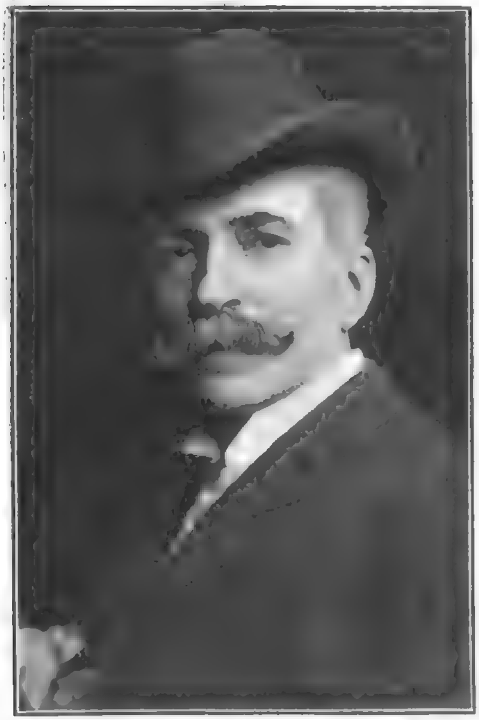
Honor to our Soldiers,
  Who for their country toil
And fight, the Union to preserve,
  With blood defend its soil.
Cheered on by leaders whom they love,
  They've fought with heart and hand
To make Rebellion lose its sway
  In this, our native land.
    Chorus—Repeat.

Honor to our Soldiers,
  The Nation's greatest pride,
Who 'neath the starry banner's folds
  Have fought, have bled, and died.
They're Nature's noblest handiwork,
  No king so proud as they;
God help the heroes of our land
  And cheer them on their way.

Honor to our Soldiers,
  Their victories ne'er shall cease
Until our foes surrender
  And bless our land with peace.
Our navy, too, shall have its fame,
  Our flag shall ne'er be furled
Until our foes at home—abroad—
  Shall feel we dare the world.

A. A. ANDERSON, PAINTER AND CITIZEN

By Elmer S. Dean



A. A Anderson

From a recent portrait by Hollinger

IT is rare that a combination of artistic faculties and practical talents combine in one person so successfully as in the case of the painter, poet, financier and philanthropist, Abraham Archibald Anderson, citizen of New York, hunter, traveler and ranchman. Mr. Anderson's career has been nothing short of charmed. He has enjoyed advantages beyond the common privileges of young men, and happily he has made the most of them. He is a descendant of a Scotch family of the Revolutionary period, and received his early education for the most part abroad.

It was while studying in Paris that Mr. Anderson's talents as an artist were discovered. He entered the studio of Cabanel, the great draughtsman, and set seriously to work to carve for himself a name. Afterward he became a pupil of the great portrait painter, Bonnant, whose work is marked for realism and strength. Still again in the atelier of Cormon, and under the tutelage of the famous sculptor Godin, Mr. Anderson perfected his skill in portraiture and ideal figure painting.

It is not certain which of these masters influenced the distinguished pupil the most, but it is plain that he assimilated the spirit of them all. His portrait work combines dignity and grace, with now and then a note of genuine inspiration. His portraits of women have an intuitive charm and refinement, and those of men are characterized by a certain lofty intellectuality that at once engages the interest and compels respect.

Many of these paintings were exhibited in the Salon of Paris, notably the portraits of Major-General Howard, Governor Morgan, Alexander Mitchell of Wisconsin, Thomas A. Edison, Bishop Cleveland Coxe, ex-Secretary of War Elihu Root, President Charles Stewart Smith of the New York Chamber of Commerce, John Wanamaker, and many others.

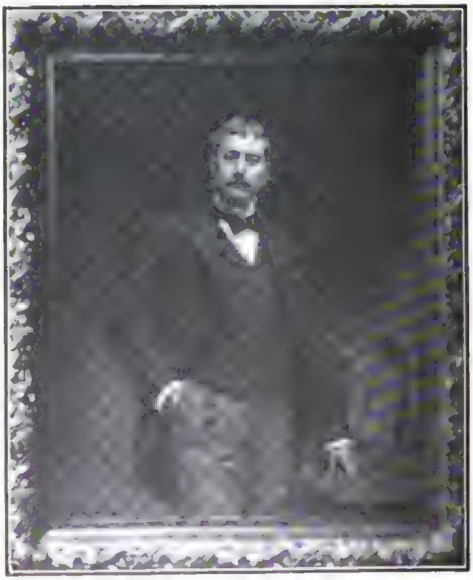
The Moorish corner in Mr. Anderson's studio

A portrait of Mr. Anderson

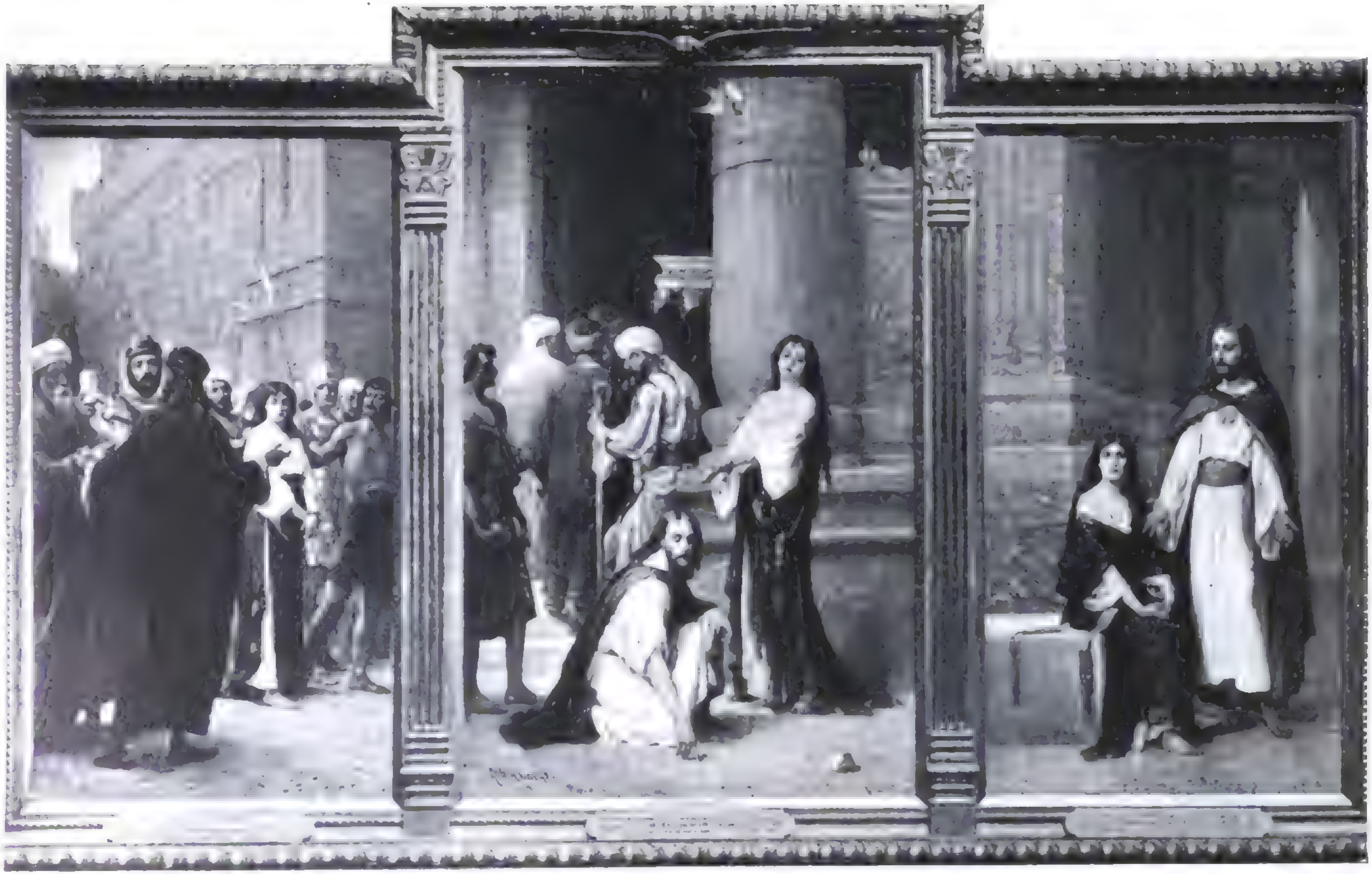
Painted by a celebrated French artist

Although very successful as a portrait painter, Mr. Anderson has not neglected to develop his talents in the direction of pure idealism. His "Morning After the Ball," exhibited in the Paris Salon, created a great sensation on account of its originality of conception and its harmony of color. It was purchased by Mr. Edison. "The Convalescent" is another example of Mr. Anderson's flight into the realms of the ideal, and is perhaps even more widely known and admired. His *chef d'œuvre* is the scriptural painting which bears the title "Neither Do I Condemn Thee," and is a colossal work in three panels, a magnificent conception executed in a sublime manner.

It was in 1890, while studying with Raphael Collin, that Mr. Anderson conceived the idea of establishing a society, on an effective plan of organization and management, for affording to American artists in Paris the facilities of intercourse, coöperation and mutual assistance. It was estimated at that time that there were some fifteen hundred Americans pursuing art studies in the Latin Quarter, a number which has since been increased to fully two thousand. To many, if not most of these young men, strangers in a strange land, unfamiliar or but imperfectly acquainted with the language, and relying upon problematical opportunities, the circumstances of life



Mr. Anderson's recent portrait of ex-Secretary Elihu Root



The celebrated Salon picture

A scriptural composition illustrating the Eighth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John

The Gothic dining-room

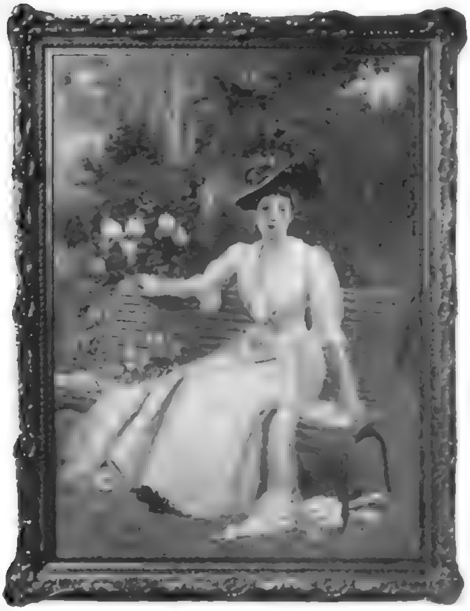
in Paris were peculiarly hard, and involved also much misdirected energy and misunderstanding of the conditions of success. As a labor of pure generosity and sympathy Mr. Anderson undertook the organization of the American Art Association of Paris, and with such good judgment and management that the Association at once received the necessary co-operation, proving a great success from the start. It has had a career of uninterrupted prosperity and usefulness, abundantly realizing all the aims of its founder. Mr. Anderson was for a number of years (while residing in Paris) its President, and is now its Honorary President.

The grand portal of the Venetian church in the studio

The portrait painters of America are not surpassed by any in the world, and indeed probably outrank all their competitors. At a dinner given by Mr. Anderson in December, 1901, to some twenty well-known portrait painters, the plan of organizing an association to be devoted to the interests of the art of portraiture was discussed. This resulted in the establishment of the Portrait Society of America, with Eastman Johnson as President, A. A. Anderson, Vice-president; Herbert Vos, Secretary, and the following Board of Council: William M. Chase, B. C. Porter, George C. Munzig, Frederick Vinton, William Thorn and Irving R. Wiles.

The library with trophies of the Wyoming hunt

In the erection of the new studio building in New York City, fronting Bryant Park at Sixth Avenue and Fortieth Street, Mr. Anderson was influenced by a keen understanding of the requirements, in respect of facilities and surroundings, contributory to artistic work of the first order, and also by a strong confidence in the substantial appreciation of such an enterprise by artists of eminent rank. Speaking of his motives in this matter, Mr. Anderson said in a recent interview: "An artist, even more than most people, should have pleasant, even luxurious surroundings. It strengthens the imagination. This is not only true of painting, but of all fine arts, music, sculpture, and, I believe, even poetry. At least, I do not believe that poetry suffers by having a pleasant place to work and eat and sleep in, and it is a notorious fact that luxury, prodigal luxury, is es-



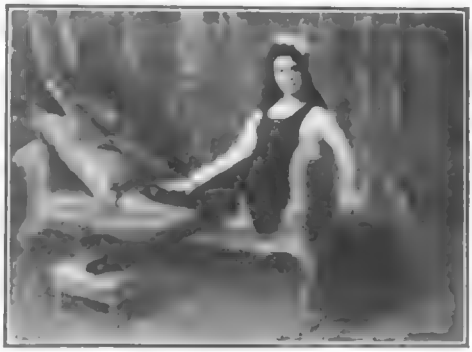
A society belle of New York and Newport

sential to the musician—at least to the vocalist. Pleasant and congenial surroundings are essential, imperative to the grand opera star; then why not to the painter of pictures? The artists who have made fame for themselves in garrets and in shabby, ill-lighted studios, have done so in spite of those obstacles and discomforts, and not through any virtue which they imparted to the sufferers. The more attractive and convenient an artist's studio is the better work he will be able to do in it."

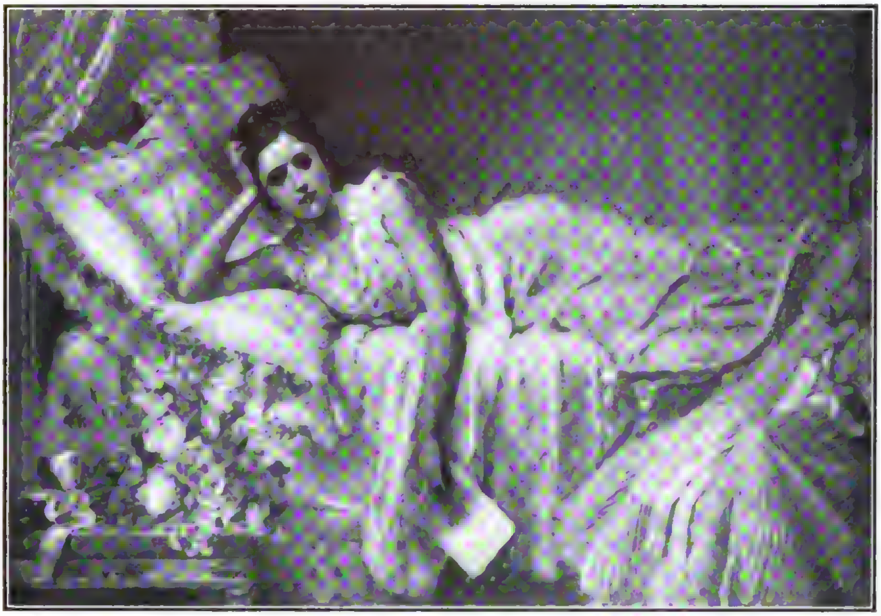
The Bryant Park Studio Building is a structure of eight stories, entirely planned, designed, constructed and equipped by Mr. Anderson. It contains forty studios, or rather studio suites, arranged and equipped with minute attention to the tastes and working needs of their artist tenants. Recent occupants include Sir Philip Burne-Jones, London, Hubert Vos, Holland, Richard Hall, London, José Frappa, of Paris, Ernest Thompson-Seton, Samuel Coleman, Samuel Isham, Stanley Todd, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and others known to fame. Mr. Anderson's studio and its suite occupy two floors at the top of the building. The whole, for elegance and refinement of appointment, and for profusion of art treasures and accessories, such as decorative objects and furnishings, gathered from all parts of the world and representing all civilizations (many of them almost priceless), constitutes an artist's home perhaps the most remarkable of its kind in the world. Here Mr. Anderson spends his working life—and he is a worker industrious, systematic and enthusiastic.

Mr. Anderson is the owner of a ranch of some ten thousand acres in Wyoming on the borders of Yellowstone Park. Here he spends several months of each year. Largely through his efforts the recent Congressional legislation was passed, setting apart the new Teton and Yellowstone Forest Preserves (to which his ranch is adjacent), comprising six million acres in the State of Wyoming. Of these Preserves Mr. Anderson was appointed Special Superintendent by President Roosevelt on June 21, 1902, an official position which confers upon him jurisdiction over the entire region and authority for the policing of the grounds, the protection of game, and the general administration of this extensive and magnificent Government domain.

It will be seen that one of the guiding purposes of Mr. Anderson's career has been that of substantial usefulness. His individual reputation as an artist has long been established on a secure foundation, the result of careful and prolonged study in early life, conscientious work, and the best application of his talents and energies at all times. The characteristics which have gained for him his personal success and distinction in art have been at the foundation of everything he has undertaken along the lines of useful activity. Governed by a keen sense of the practical, he has been judicious in the selection of the special

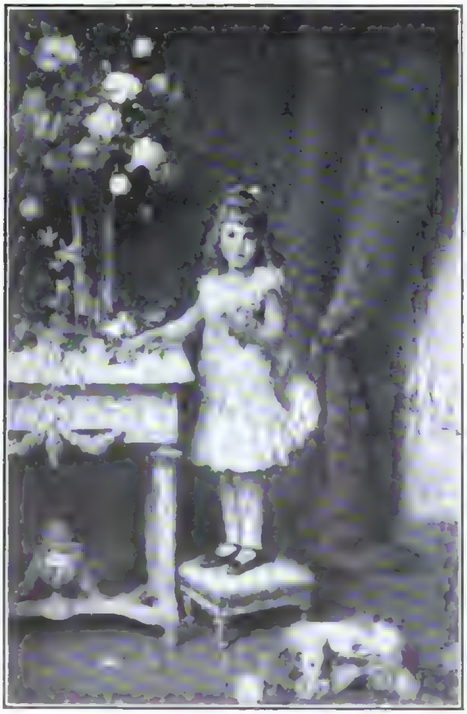


One of Mr. Anderson's charming child portraits



The famous Salon painting, "The Convalescent"

directions for the exercise of his influence, and from these selections he has the great satisfaction of witnessing solid results, which moreover are not of the ephemeral order but promise wide developments for the future.



A portrait of Miss Wannamaker of Philadelphia

Mr. Anderson is a member of many leading clubs and societies, including the Union League, Automobile Club of America, Lambs' Club, League of American Sportsmen (of which he is Vice-president), New York Society for the Protection of Game, National Geographical Society of America, New York Academy of Science, New York Zoological Gardens, American Art Association of Paris (of which he has been elected Honorary President for life), Fairfield County Golf Club, Lakewood Country Club, New York Riding Club, and Portrait Society of America (being Vice-president of the latter).

As will be seen by the accompanying illustrations, Mr. Anderson's work is characterized by a subtle refinement, and that charm of repose which comes with long study and dwelling upon an idea until it has evolved its natural color sequence. There is nothing hasty or uncertain, sketchy or spectacular in his work, but the true note is struck at the very outset and maintained to the sweep of color. In these strenuous times such reserve, indeed, constitutes a virtue.

UNCLE SAM'S PLAIN DUTY IN SANTO DOMINGO

By Philip Reeves

IT began as an opera bouffe, it is ending in tragedy. It began as a jest, it is developed into deadly earnest. For two decades the little "Gem of the Antilles" has been the butt of the political wags of all nations; to-day its problem is no longer a joke; it is a death struggle. Torn and bleeding at her very heart, the prey to unscrupulous demagogues and revolutionists, her credit gone, her trade at a standstill and confidence lost, Santo Domingo faces an internal crisis and a conflict with usurers and political intriguants on every hand. It is the most pitiable picture in all the Western hemisphere, and what makes it still more pitiable is to see Uncle Sam standing helplessly by, either too fearful of the force of extraneous circumstances or too apathetic in the security of his own prosperity, to interfere.

One of the regulars which ply between the United States and Santo Domingo

To and from the shore of the Island

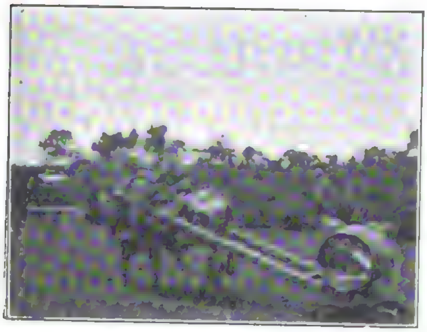
Let us look at this picture a moment. It is worth close study.

The national debt of Santo Domingo is something less than thirty millions—a paltry sum to put any reputedly wealthy individual into pawn, to say nothing of a nation whose assets are so vast that under proper management the debt could be wiped out in six months. The greater part of this debt was contracted by that arch-traitor and all-round brigand President Ulises Heureaux. He, fortunately for the island, shuffled off under the benign auspices of an assassin's knife at Moca, some few years ago.

A shore fort, a relic of the period of Columbus

Heureaux elected himself President eight consecutive times, and this, in spite of the fact that the Constitution of the island republic made even a presidential third term impossible. For nearly twenty years Heureaux held the entire republic in a state of terrorism.

Heureaux handled all the funds, collected all the revenues, and even printed his paper money in a convenient wing of his own executive mansion. When a planter demanded a road to be built through a difficult part of the country, at an expense, let us say, of one hundred thousand dollars, Heureaux immediately made it the excuse for issuing bonds to the extent of one million. These bonds were floated by brokers who were altogether too wise to attempt to market them in America. Instead, they negotiatied them in Belgium, Holland, England, Germany and France, parceling them out to poor people and raking off a stupendous commission. Of the million-dollar bond issue, perhaps one-quarter in cash reached the hands of President Heureaux. The road was built, for the one hundred thousand dollars, his own private commission on the same being four times the cost of this public improvement. This is merely an illustration of the shameful condition of affairs under the administration of this amazing manipulator. Statistics show that for every dollar of the bond issue bearing the name of Santo Domingo, not more than four per cent. in actual cash ever reached the exchequer and was appropriated to the legitimate improvement of the country.



Primitive agricultural methods

This would all be laughable were it not for the crime which naturally followed—namely, the robbing of poor foreigners of their hard earnings, giving them nothing in return. For four years now not one-tenth of one per cent. of the interest has been paid on these bonds. Very naturally those who have been so robbed have proceeded to their respective governments, protested against such brigandage, and demanded that some restitution be made. How are these demands met? Let us inquire.

More deeply inground in the very marrow of the various races of the East Indian islands and the republics south of them—even more perhaps than in the citizens of the United States themselves—are the principles involved in the Monroe Doctrine. This has been the breastwork behind which every form of financial trickery against European nations has been perpetrated. When a foreigner is hoodwinked and duped out of his belongings, the island republic merely says, in the language of Tweed, "Well, what are you going to do about it? You can come and take any movables that you find lying around; but, remember, when you attempt to take possession of so much soil as would serve to plant a flag the size of a postage stamp, you have to deal with the great White Republic of the North!" The United States, "the great White Republic," is then at once the terror and the shield of the West Indian revolutionist and financial bandit. It is for that reason that these nations have called upon Uncle Sam to assist them in some measure to recover what rightfully belongs to their subjects. Naturally, Uncle Sam says, "Excuse me, but I am not in the debt-collecting business, and inasmuch as I did not guarantee the bonds, I not only will not collect the debt by force of my own arms, nor shall I allow you, except within the bounds of the Monroe Doctrine. Meanwhile, the island languishes

A railway station and warehouses of the island

Citadel of Santo Domingo City

Fort at Santo Diago

for lack of funds, and confidence having been utterly lost, the resident planter or laborer, who else would be prosperous and industrious, falls into the general ranks of the reign-of-terror revolutionists.

Since the death of Heureaux there have been nine changes of administration. Three of them took place within a single week! This would be ridiculous, also, were it not a matter of very serious concern to us as well as to the welfare of the island itself. Revolution after revolution has torn the country financially into shreds —a land for its size so rich that it could produce actual assets second to none in the world.

And almost every President since Heureaux has followed that blood-letter's infamous precedent. He has gone into the office for the pure sake of plunder, and he has come out of it as much richer as the exchequer would stand. Juan Isidro Jimenez, who succeeded Heureaux the next President but one, is said to have cleaned up the neat little nest egg of one million dollars in less than two terms of office. Last seen he was betaking himself to safety with all speed, a band of opposition revolutionists at his heels. Here is a glorious specimen of your island republic president, a man who has, perhaps, the most adherents of any man in the country. Let us look into the savory history of Juan Isidro.

Some fine old Spanish architecture

Jimenez was a dye-wood exporter who grew rich during the administration of Heureaux, and thus very naturally was one of the chief victims of that President's jealousy and rapacity. He bled Jimenez right royally; and when he found he could bleed him no more, invited him to banquet at the executive mansion. Now, an invitation to dine with the President had been in a number of instances tantamount to an invitation to a man's own funeral. Of course, Jimenez politely pleaded a previous engagement. The answer came back from the President that he either must come to dinner or get off the island. Wisely he did the latter.

Tomb of Columbus under perpetual guard

Abandoning everything to be confiscated by his enemy, Jimenez went to Cuba. There he became a strong adherent of the Cuban cause and a personal friend of Gomez. Shortly after this he bobbed up serenely in Washington, and in some manner which will never be explained, he hypnotized the American Government into giving him a small government vessel, and arms and ammunition to the value of half a million dollars. With this, so it was said, he was to make a secret expedition around through the Windward Passage to Gomez in Cuba, where he was to turn over these munitions and accoutrements of war to the Cuban insurgents.

Did he do so? Not Juan Isidro. On the contrary, he sailed straight away to Santo Domingo, where he had previously conspired to have several hundred of his followers meet him, advance and take the

Old Cathedral, Santo Domingo City

citadel by storm or stratagem, and to move on to the capital, "remove" Heureaux, and assume the head of the government. The plan utterly miscarried. Three of his men were killed in the attack, the rest put to rout. Jimenez himself retreated to the vessel loaned him by the United States Government. In this refuge he sailed straight to Inagua, a British possession. There all hands were placed under arrest upon the charge of violation of the British Foreign Enlistment Act, for having taken a British pilot on an expedition of war against a country with which Her Majesty was at peace, and also to inquire into this amazing paradox.

Jimenez would have received a severe sentence had not his blundering enemy, Heureaux, steamed over from his island domain and openly offered one hundred thousand dollars in cash for the conviction of his foe! This so prejudiced the case in favor of the prisoner that he and all the others were reluctantly set free. Meanwhile the vessel was taken in charge by the United States authorities and Jimenez slipped over into Cuba into hiding.

Much more would have been heard of this scandalous affair had not our own declaration of war against Spain followed shortly after. But what powers of persuasion the conspirator Jimenez exercised upon our government to be allowed to take a million dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's property and proceed upon a personal filibustering expedition, remains and ever will remain, a subcellar secret of our State Department. After the assassination of Heureaux, however, Jimenez returned triumphantly to the island, and then became the chief executive. He gathered up a neat little fortune, salting it away elsewhere till such a time as he should be required to step down and out at the muzzles of a new revolutionary faction. This, of course, was inevitable, and the whereabouts of the distinguished "General" are unknown to-day.

Naturally, every incoming President makes a strong bid for popular favor by declaring that he will solve the financial difficulties of his country, which virtually means that by adroit strategy he will succeed in evading the payment of the interest on the bonds issued by Heureaux and his successors.

There is only one way, however, that the actual debt will be justly paid. That method implies an entire restoration of public confidence. Restoration of confidence means a fixed and stable government. Last of all, a stable government implies the intervention of a superior power, and that speedily, before the country reverts to actual savagery and ruin. Logically the one and only government to accomplish this is the United States.

Ruins of one of the old Palaces of the Spanish period

The herculean task of cleaning the forty stables of Augeas was an afternoon's knitting compared with cleaning up the financial, political and civil affairs of Santo Domingo. And yet the United States has undertaken more difficult problems than that and won out handsomely. In the Philippines, in Hawaii, in Porto Rico and in Cuba, Uncle Sam has faced conditions which are far more terrifying. It is not necessary to stir the hot-bloods with the alarming idea that Uncle Sam is going to take the island by force and make it a territorial dependent. His treatment of Porto Rico and of Cuba puts a quietus on that idea. None but the most ignorant, suspicious and prejudiced Anglo-Saxon-baiter will contend for one moment that as an actual asset Uncle Sam has any use for Santo Domingo. However, he has erected the strong wall of the Doctrine, and it is up to him to maintain it or to abandon it—maintain it by force of arms, if he must, or let it crumble under the pressure of European forces righteously eager to see justice done their own subjects at any cost. The interest of the suffering islanders themselves, the widows and orphans robbed by infamous bond swindles abroad, no less than Uncle Sam's own integrity, demand the exercise of a strong arm at once, without hesitation, subterfuge or fear. Our naval forces there at present do not demonstrate the doctrine of force in any appreciable degree. Even the murder of one of the engineers of the "Yankee" is yet unavenged, and one of the officers of that vessel displayed the pervading spirit of apathy and lack of patriotism rife when, in answer to the question, "Was it not a shame that Johnson should be killed thus in cold blood?" calmly replied, "Well, what of it? That is what he's here for!" A noble sentiment, indeed, is this, coming from a naval officer on duty in the name of these United States in a time of deep distress.

It has been heralded with some authority that President Roosevelt intends to announce the full protectorate over the island after the fall election, and in the meantime will hold over the republic the strong arm of the law in the interest of peace. He certainly could not accomplish this much sooner, even if he desired, since the commission appointed by the President has not yet arrived at its decision, nor is the time elapsed in which the provisional government of Morales may make a reply. This will doubtless take place within a month or six weeks, so that we can safely assert that a full and adequate solution of the problem (so far as it involves the United States for the present), will be forthcoming by the middle of June.

The three important personages who are the chief factors in this settlement were chosen for their wisdom and experience in diplomatic matters—Judge Grey, of Delaware, a man deeply versed in international law; Señor Galvan, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs of Santo Domingo, and a lawyer of great shrewdness and perspicacity, and ex-Speaker of the House John G. Carlisle, whose talents and abilities are well known at home and abroad. In the meantime, without adequate protection, the island remains in its semi-barbarous state, with liability of bloodshed and terrorism continuing in aggravated form, to the destruction of valuable properties and the loss of many lives.

The matter sums itself to this. In no half-hearted way must Uncle Sam set his foot down and declare once and for all that these internal dissensions must cease. Let marines be landed at every important port to maintain law and order, and let competent and reliable men be placed in charge of every custom house on the island republic.

Let the United States Government guarantee the payment of every dollar of paltry indebtedness, and keep a hand on the customs throttle until they are paid to the last dime, and as long thereafter as it will be necessary for the islanders to go back to their plantations, rebuild their railroads, restock their storehouses and resume the great task of reconstruction. This is what was done with Hawaii, with Cuba and with Porto Rico, and what wonderful progress industrially, educationally and civilly have they made during even this short season of peace! This is what must be done with Santo Domingo. It can all be accomplished without bloodshed—nay, with the hearty co-operation of every loyal islander who has the good of his country at heart. This alone will restore confidence, pay just claims, encourage foreign investors and bring about the ultimate salvation of one of the fairest gardens of the world.

Photographs by Reynolds, New York

The Telepathist in his study

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE AS AN EXACT SCIENCE

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE TURKISH TELEPATHIST, ASCANDER MASSAAD BEY

By William D. Sommers

IT was at an Oriental dinner that I first met Ascander Massaad Bey. Our host, a native of the Lebanon district, and a wealthy merchant of the metropolis, paid him considerable respect—more, I thought, than was due him merely as an attaché of the Turkish Consulate. "Who is your mysterious friend with the midnight eyes and the abstraction of a Simon Stylites on his pillar-top?" I inquired irreverently. "If silence is golden, he must be an Oriental millionaire." "You are facetious," said my host. "He is a very interesting man—one of the most remarkable of his time. Listen! Next Sunday, will you join us for a stroll by the seaside? I have a surprise for you. He is possessed of astonishing powers. They defy science. Society has just discovered him. The other night he gave a demonstration of his talents at Mr. Vanderbilt's, and again at the home of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. Next week he is invited to repeat a test at the home of Mr. Whitney, where he will meet some celebrated men of science." "A second Irving Bishop?" I ventured. "Very different, yet quite as puzzling," was his reply. "But no more at present. Join us on Sunday morning and judge for yourself."

Although I had many misgivings on the question of thought-transference and telepathic phenomena in general (knowing how much fraud there is intermingled with what is actual and trustworthy), I awaited with some impatience the Sunday morning demonstration on the sands of Far Rockaway. I was a little ahead of time, but soon I saw the pair advancing down the sand dunes, the lank, cadaverous figure of Massaad looming up tall and almost phantasmal in the dull morning haze. We

Massaad Bey intent on a problem in mind-reading

spoke of many things, and finally the converse drifted in the direction of the occult. I had spent some time in India and Ceylon myself, endeavoring to master the intricacies of the esoteric, and this paved the way to a certain mutuality. In order to illustrate a point, Massaad Bey suddenly said, "I will walk on while you write a number, a name, and also draw a figure in the sand with your cane." I halted and he moved forward alone perhaps a hundred feet and stood with his back toward me. His head was bowed, and one hand moving over his brow with a sweeping motion. With the other, after my own sand-writing was completed, he drew slowly in the white expanse with his own stick. In fact, his own design was completed almost as soon as my own, and with some interest I hurried forward. Massaad walked on a few paces, then turned about with an expression of inquiry on his face. I came upon the markings in the smooth whiteness and stood staring. There was the very number I had written myself a hundred feet or more away—"987654321"—the name, "Felaha" (the Arabic for farmer's wife), and the design, the American flag with the wrong number of stripes! As may be supposed, I no longer doubted this man's remarkable telepathic powers.

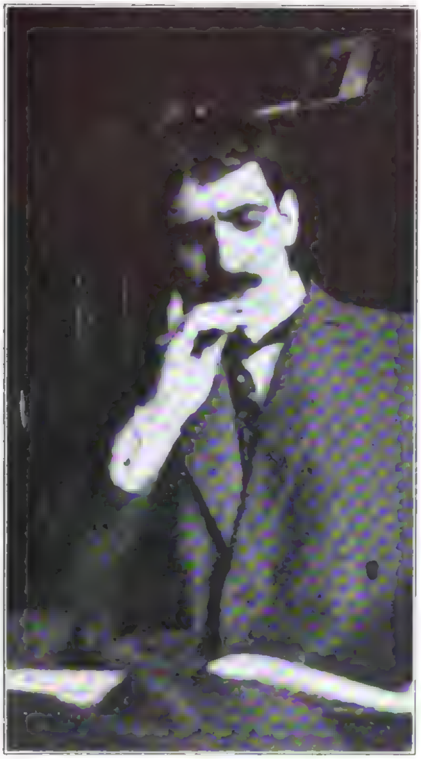
Scores of experiments followed throughout the day, and although Massaad was a strong man, I noted that at the close he was much exhausted, for the mental effort had been very great. I arranged for a meeting at the house of a learned gentleman, an adept in psychology and connected with the Columbia University.

The demonstration took place at the professor's home. He had heard of Massaad Bey, and invited about twenty people to the seance. There were scientists and literary men, some artists and reporters. The experiments were conducted by the learned professor and a friend, also connected with the same institution and an expert and writer on matters pertaining to psychic forces. It was probably the severest test that any telepathist ever encountered.

Some of the experiments lend themselves readily to explanation in print; others do not. The latter were perhaps the most puzzling on account of the peculiar circumstances. Suffice it, I will detail some of the simpler, proceeding to the more abstruse and difficult.

Almost on entering the spacious room where the guests were convened, Massaad

The human hand as a telephone between brain and brain



Catching mental pictures projected through a wall from another room

Bey approached a lady, and said, "If you will give me your hand and concentrate your mind upon something, I will tell you what it is." The lady complied, and immediately the reader added, "You were thinking of a fire that occurred many years ago when you were snatched from your bed and carried through flames to a place of safety. Am I not right?" The lady did not reply. She sat stunned, and the pallor of her cheeks spoke louder than words. Again and again he tried this experiment, failing only once in perhaps a dozen efforts. Later he said, "I wish you all to recall your first names." Then he passed about the room, calling one after another, "Mary," "Margaret," "Helen—no, that's not your name; it is your sister's." Then across the room: "Your name, sir, is Richard; but you and your friend have purposely exchanged names for the moment to test me. Your name is not Reginald, nor is his Richard, but *vice versa*." And both laughingly admitted that it was the truth.

Turning to a lady, the telepathist said, "Tell me the birthday of some one you know very well, and I will tell you his or her name." The lady did so. Massaad seemed puzzled, then laid his finger-tips upon her forehead lightly, his face a study of intense concentration. "You are thinking of two, both born on the same day. One's name is Amelia and the other, Max." "You are right. They were twins," admitted the other

Massaad then called for a pad and pencil, and said to an artist, "Hold my left hand firmly, and with my right I will draw as well as I can the image which you must recall and hold before your mind's eye as clearly as possible. Please be very quiet. I am not a draughtsman, but I think I can follow you."

The artist did as he was bidden, lowering his head and concentrating his mind upon a certain image. Massaad slowly traced it on the pad, and after a considerable interval, the painter looked up and said, "That will do; you have got it. That is an ideal figure on which I am at work at the present time—a sort of composite woman. You have caught the spirit of it exactly."

Later the experimentalist made other designs, and then came the number test. Several persons were asked to set down five numbers, reversing them, subtracting one from the other and concentrating the mind

Massaad Bey in native Turkish dress

One of the recreations in which the Bey is most skilled

on the remainder. This he invariably named without much hesitation. This test the Columbia professor discounted later, however, by affirming that it was more of a mathematical problem than an effort of mind-reading, although his colleague was of the opinion that no powers of mathematical computation alone could achieve the desired result.

Another test involved the separation of one of the party—a lady—to an adjoining room, taking down a book from the shelf, fixing her mind upon a single word upon any page, and returning to the company. Massaad then took her hand lightly and stood deeply wrapped in thought for a moment. Suddenly he left her, passed into the other chamber, took down the identical book, turned to the right page, and somewhat triumphantly announced the word. Afterward, under the influence of a powerful mind, he enacted the poisoning scene of the strolling players in Hamlet—"the thing which caught the conscience of the king." This was one of the most difficult of all.

Ascander Massaad was born in Egypt, and early took up the subject of Oriental mysticism, discovering his telepathic powers at an age when most young men are at their elementary books. He was the petted child of a rich merchant and did much as he pleased. Being of a studious mind, he acquired a certain desultory amount of reading.

Massaad was of an adventurous disposition, and on one occasion attempted to cross a dreary tract of land north of the Lebanon. He was captured by brigands and held for ransom. Displaying some of his powers to the chiefs, mystifying them completely, they counseled together and decided that a man with the ability to read their innermost thoughts was a dangerous person in their encampment, so they not only gave him his freedom, but supplied him with food and safe conduct to the frontier, restoring to him all that they had previously taken from his person.

"Telepathy has many famous converts of recent years," said Massaad, in explaining, as far as he is able, some of the phenomena of thought-transference. "No less personages than men like Sir William Crookes, Bishop Fallows, the Reverend Doctor Savage, Prof. William James, Doctor Quackenbos, Prof. Hyslop, Ian Maclaren, Mark Twain, and hundreds of others have made experiments which show conclusively that telepathy is an accomplished scientific fact.

"It is necessary, first of all, for the objective and the subjective minds to be in normal and reciprocal condition, so that they are highly susceptible to the vibrations of mind-waves, one to the other. Another proof of the scientific soundness of telepathy is that the abnormal is incapable of giving or receiving these impressions, nor could I attain any satisfactory results were I to give a test with one of unsound condition.

"From the remotest times the phenomena of telepathic communication have been subjects of the deepest controversy, and even believed by some enlightened peoples to be gifts directly due to the beneficent Deity, or per contra, the Prince of Evil. To-day, however, thanks to a generation of men of serious scientific earnestness in discovering the profundities of psychic forces, and solutions for them so far as it be possible, telepathy has been taken out of the realm of false supernaturalism and placed in the category with the exact sciences, where it is bound forever to remain."

"True, this is nothing but bands and little discs of silk, but it took as much time to fashion the pieces into a blouse as formerly was given to making an entire wardrobe"

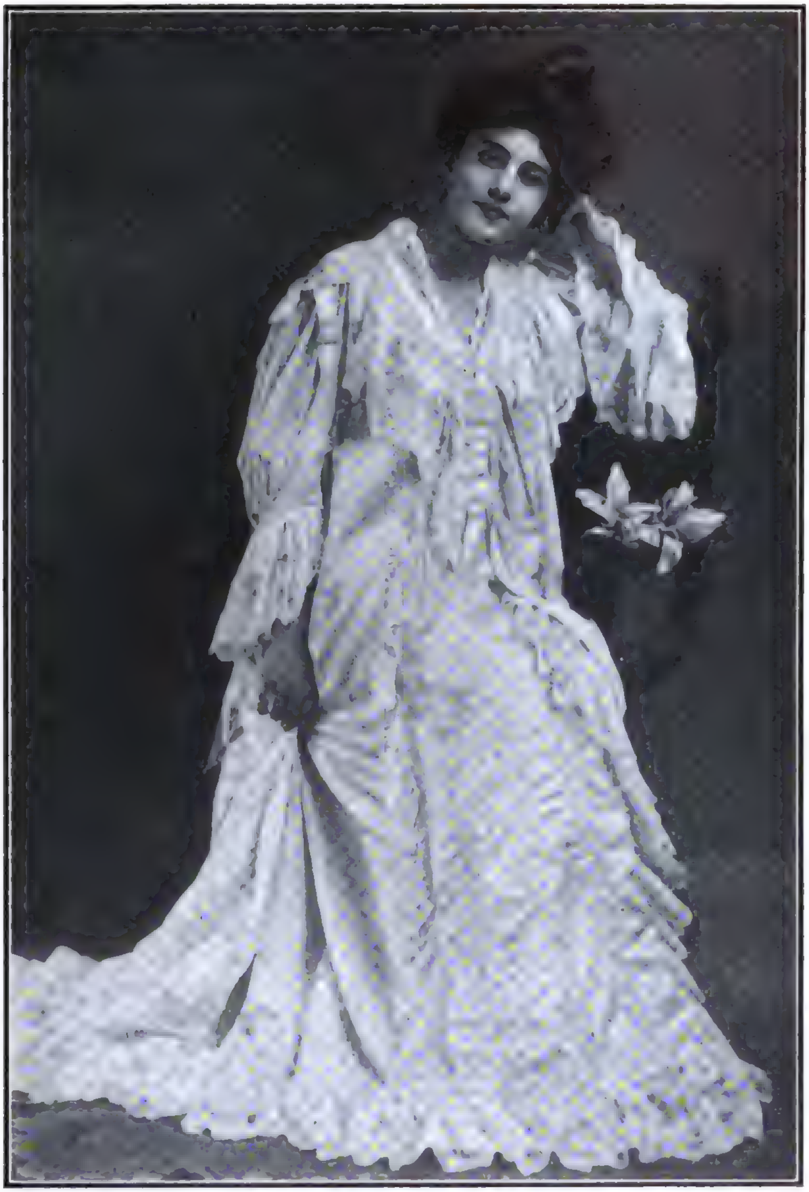
WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN'S DRESS COSTS, AT HOME AND ABROAD

By Elizabeth Comyn

IF woman is left to wrestle alone with the problem of what to wear, it certainly cannot be said to be such a one-sided question when it comes to the cost of what she wears. The yearly expenses of her wardrobe interest men in all the branches that supply her wants. They involve, indeed, the whole nation and tax the best brains of our sister countries over the sea.

Every nook and cranny in the world gives up its rarest and most beautiful spoils to please the fashionable feminine taste, and the amount spent at home, in England and on the continent, on twentieth-century sartorial elegance, to say nothing of the actual necessities of dress, would build well-nigh a hundred navies or keep a standing army that would encircle the earth.

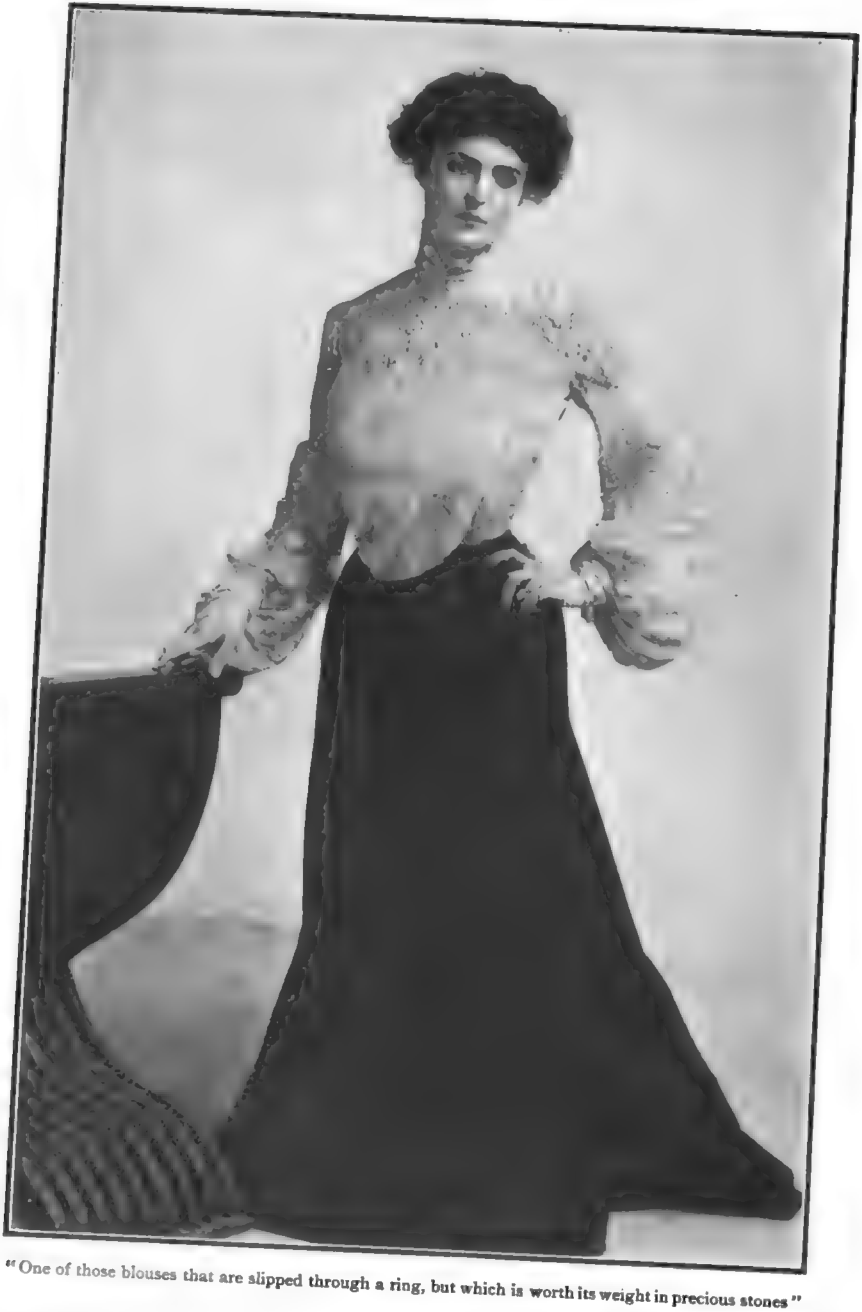
Into New York city alone there is brought



"To the masculine mind this is simple; but there are yards and yards of real lace and ribbon, making it worth a hundred dollars or more"

from abroad more than $200,000,000 worth of articles intended solely for the adornment of milady fair. This does not include the quantities of frocks and frills purchased by those fortunate women who, year after year, journey to Paris for the sake of replenishing their wardrobes.

In this era of fashion it is the exception to see a woman badly dressed. There is probably no better equipped and attired creature in the world than the woman who calls New York her home. She has a way of wearing her clothes that is *chic*, yet not altogether Parisian, smart yet not English, dainty yet not Austrian. Rather a blending of all three, with a dash of American originality and charm that impart to face and figure a rare elegance. Such clothes



"One of those blouses that are slipped through a ring, but which is worth its weight in precious stones"

as hers are too! You feel instinctively that they sound the very costliest note in this whole sartorial gamut, yet the wearer exhibits a grace, ease and unaffectedness that make you pause and wonder how she manages it. This is especially true if you chance to learn that her costume on that particular occasion cost, perhaps, in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars.

The fashionable woman of America believes that good taste, in order to be made the most of, must have an unlimited check book at its command. Not that sweet simplicity in dress has gone out of

"You wonder why this is so attractive, but the modiste knows, for she labored over simple lines and perfect cut until well-nigh distracted"

style, nor that the fair sex insists on wearing ornate creations. Not at all! This very sweet and simple effect is the costliest a woman can choose.

Ours has been called an age of extravagance; odious comparisons have been drawn between the present and the time when Greece was in the zenith of her power and beauty. It is not a pleasant matter to contemplate, for no one likes to think of decadence following so swiftly on the heels of prosperity and consequent luxury. Our progress toward the present passion for extravagance, as we have advanced from frugality to ease and from ease to power, is distinctly marked by the changes in feminine apparel. There never was a time in history when so many women spent so

"A dainty linen afternoon dress on which the needlework has trebled the cost"

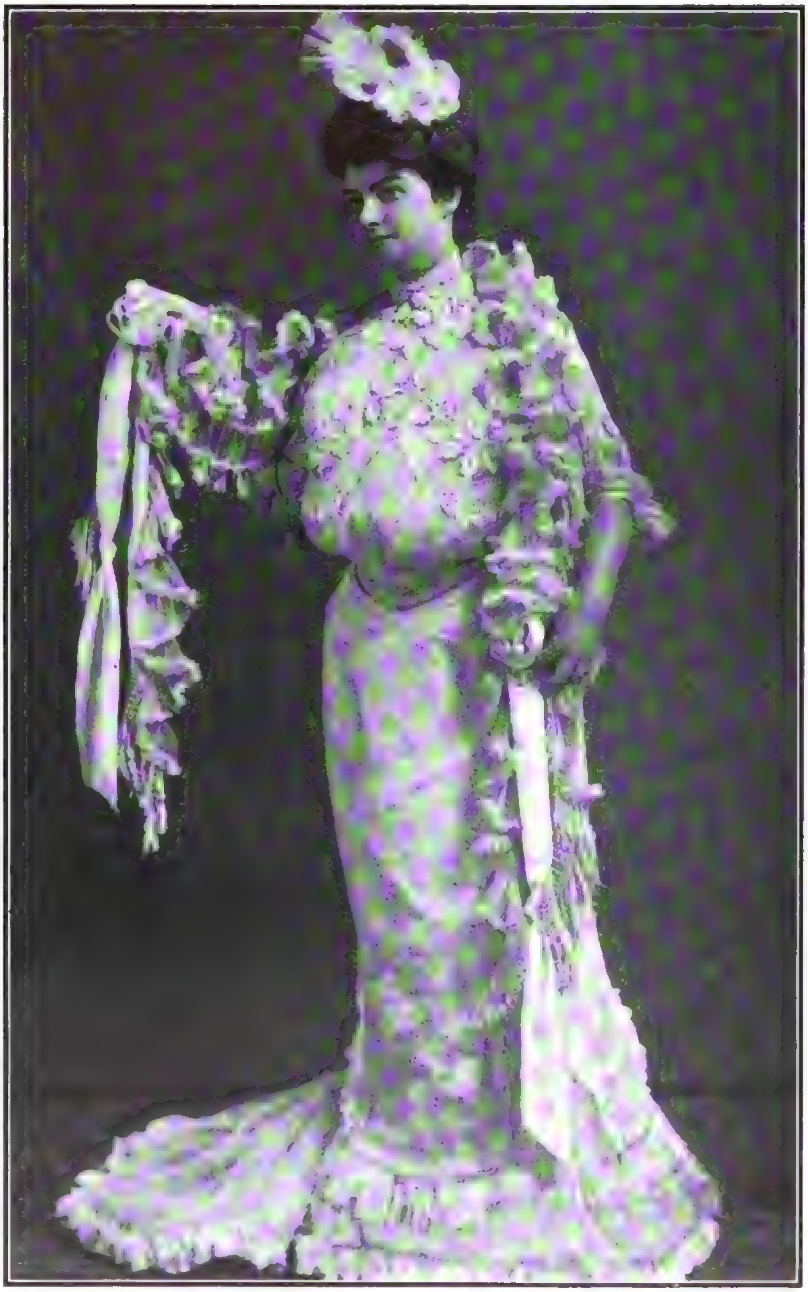
much money on personal adornment. The spending habit has been readily acquired, and so rapidly has it grown and so fast do changes in dress seem expedient, that what eighteen months or a year ago was considered beautiful and eminently satisfactory in dress is now quite commonplace.

There are mothers who recollect when the fashionable trousseau consisted of a dozen of each article of lingerie and a less number of gowns. Such an outfit was a lavish one, and was supposed to last several years. Drouillet, not long ago, received a two hundred thousand dollar order for an American bridal outfit, and the enormous figure for mere dress caused only a tiny ripple of wonderment.

A Chicago woman has gone on record as declaring that she and her daughter spend thirty thousand dollars each, yearly, on dress, and that they could not possibly do with less. The list given by this woman

"Ready for a promenade on Fifth Avenue in the knowledge that this smart taffeta costume is a genuine French importation"

includes what, to her mind, are considered the actual necessities of dress for a fashionable person. There were eight dinner gowns at a cost each of $200 and up; ten evening dresses at an average of $100; five street-dresses at $400; twelve house gowns at various prices, amounting to $1800; twenty-four hats from $50 up, for $1600; six street wraps for $1000; three sets of furs for $500; hand-made lingerie, $500; three dozen pairs of shoes at $10 each, for $360; jewelry at $5000, and accessories at $1100.



"A handsome lace dinner-gown, to which is added one of those trifles that have no apparent use, but which leave little change from a hundred-dollar bill"

This list sounds complete and most elaborate, but it is really very modest in the eyes of one New York woman who belongs to the smart set and who is one of the best dressed in that charmed circle. Lately this favored one of fortune confessed (not publicly, of course, but to friendly ears), that she could not get through a whole year in New York and the usual society resorts, having all the clothes she needs, for any sum short of $75,000 to $100,000. She explains that it isn't because her dresses, hats and coats amount to so much, but that the thousand and one accessories to each costume far exceed the original cost of the gowns; yet all are as much parts of a fashionable costume as the gown which serves as a background for these costly trifles.

To a man this sum for dress sounds appalling; but the woman who has to worry along on $300 a year, and has her dresses made over, turned and made over again, realizes what a hard thing it might be to keep within the tenth of a million limit if she were allowed the ecstatic pleasure of buying what she wanted and thought she needed.

The idea of dressing all in one color, with every article from boots to veil to match, is greatly responsible for the increased cost of dress. Whereas a few years ago a dozen pairs of good shoes would see a fashionable woman through a twelvemonth, now it takes four or five times the number. And so it goes with every detail of dress.

A conservative table of the up-to-date woman's complete wardrobe trebles, in many cases, the so-called extravagant list given out by the previously mentioned Western woman. Beginning with her dresses, she can spend almost any sum. But the woman who goes about a good deal in New York has found that $20,000 is a fair amount of money with which to provide the required changes. Another woman may spend half that amount on a single costume; but a conservative estimate gives that figure as the one paid by the average well-dressed woman for her gowns alone. This would probably include three velvet gowns, one short; two short tailor suits, and two long ones; six silk shirt-waist suits; six linen suits; twelve afternoon dresses; eight restaurant gowns; eight theatre and dinner gowns; ten opera and ball gowns; a coaching costume; a motoring suit; a golf suit; a yachting suit, and a dozen or so negligée and matinée gowns. One hundred dollars is a moderate price to pay for a simple little lace-trimmed negligée, and every time it has to be cleaned a ten-dollar note is added to the original cost.

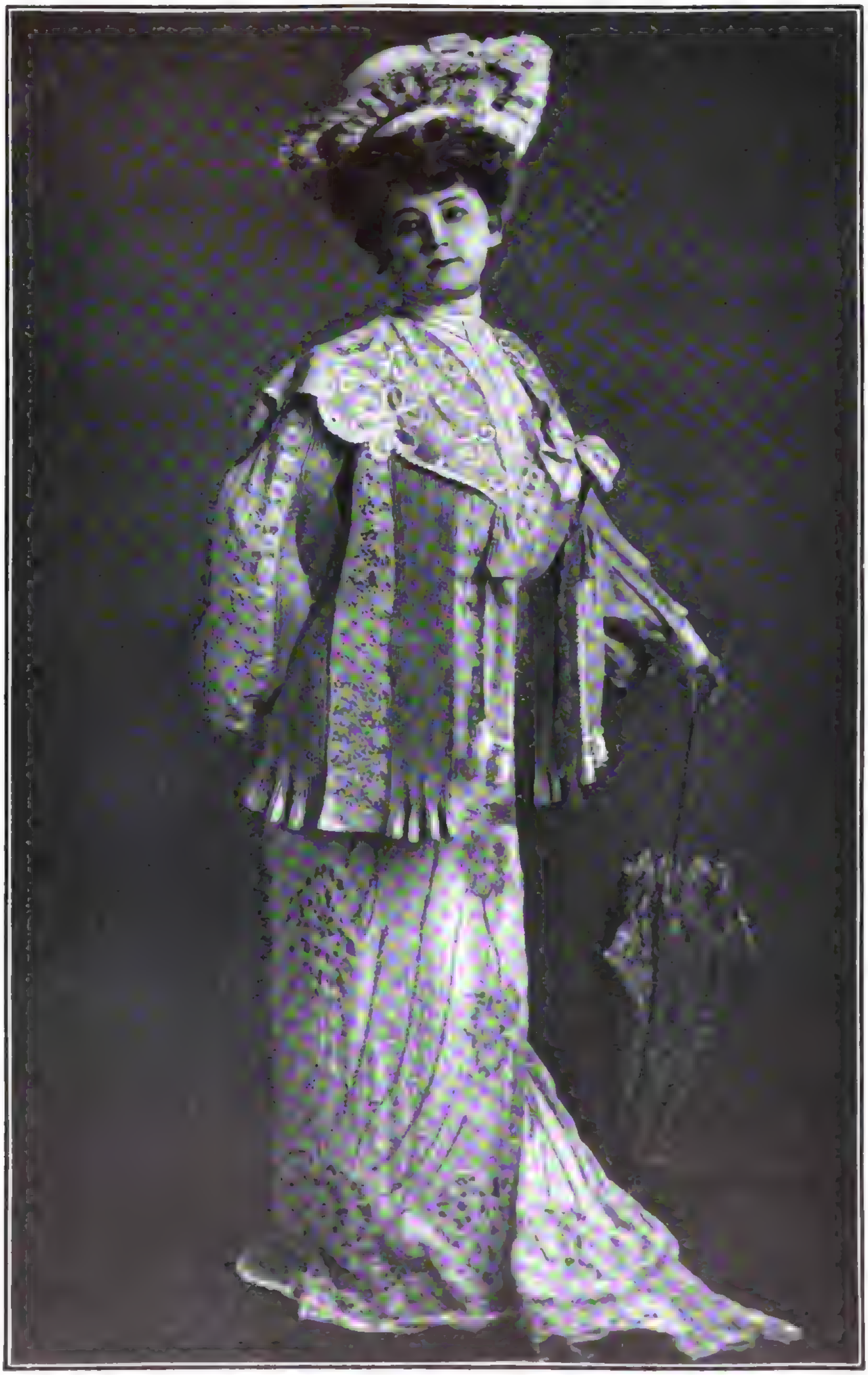
In New York, particularly, wraps of all kinds are necessary. Several hundred dollars are soon swallowed up in service coats and those filmy trifles that are wound around a fair throat or thrown over shapely shoulders more for effect than for actual benefit. A woman who goes out needs theatre coats, long opera coats, short carriage coats, motoring and driving coats, several light fancy silk and linen wraps, stoles of fur and lace, chiffon scarfs and capes, not to mention the ever-necessary rain-coat. Each one of these costs anywhere from fifty dollars to one thousand.

A fashionable woman's hats for one year will probably number a hundred. She will pay anywhere from $35 for a simple little turban to $100 or $150 for a restaurant or carriage confection.

The woman of fashion will also have four or five dozen pairs of shoes, all, more than likely, made to order. There will be walking shoes, low patent-leather ties, riding boots, which never cost less than $25 a pair, golf boots, carriage shoes, pumps, tennis shoes, shoes made to match gowns, and, of course, quantities of evening slippers. Women who drive a good deal like to show their pretty feet, and the low victoria has been the means of introducing dainty carriage shoes ornamented with rare buckles or pretty ribbons. These fancy low shoes show just a bit of dainty silk stockings that peep from under the flounces and frills of an elegant gown, and they look indeed enticing as they rest on the soft carriage foot cushions.

The fad for wearing shoes to match gowns has grown to be a very costly one since white and champagne-colored dresses have been worn. To do the fashion justice one must possess not less than a dozen pairs of light shoes, which take turns at the cleaners' as regularly as do white gloves.

Silk and fine lisle-thread hosiery is bought by the box. It is almost impossible to give an accurate estimate of the number worn during a year by the well-dressed woman. Her evening stockings must be silk, and of the same color as her gown. This necessitates a goodly supply of all colors. The finest are inset with real lace. They are daintily embroidered by hand. The very newest and most expensive snow delicate hand-painted designs. Fifty dollars is a small price to pay for a really fine pair of stockings. One woman who bought a pair of thin black silk ones in



"This would seem like a showy but inexpensive luncheon costume, but it was specially designed, and cost enough to build a small bungalow in the Adirondacks this Summer"

Paris, paid a hundred francs for them and wore them once, when the lace pulled away from the silk, utterly ruining them for further use. This is a frequent occurrence so that the feminine wearer has learned to smile cheerfully and not think of the wasted money. After all, such trifles are small indeed to one who spends many thousands annually.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are wafted away each year on the billowy sea of lingerie. A single order of filmy, cobwebby lace-trimmed batiste could be carried in one arm and almost drawn through a finger ring. You can usually judge a woman's bank account, and incidentally her aspirations to that inner elegance which marks the luxurious woman, by lingerie, for almost any woman would rather clothe herself in pretty underwear than deck herself in jewels. Nine out of ten women will strain their purse strings almost to the bursting point to procure the daintiest articles of this description.

Silk petticoats have borne the blame of being one of the greatest extravagances in dress, but they are by no means so costly in the end as fine white embroidered batiste petticoats. These are to be had for fifty dollars and upward, and after wearing once or twice, are ready for a tubbing. A little of this treatment, however delicate, soon ends their days of usefulness, to say nothing or ruining their beauty.

In addition to the above, which are regarded as actual necessities of dress, their cost depending on the purse and taste of the individual, there are countless trifles, light as air, perhaps, but without which the fashionable woman could not possibly make her impression, all of which go to swell the sum total expended on dress. Blouses, sheer and dainty, for which milady pays from $75 to $150, are worn once or twice, and then carelessly tossed aside for something fresher and newer. There are gloves, handkerchiefs, neckwear, purses, belts, sun shades, umbrellas, toilet preparations, lorgnettes and chains, La Vallière novelties, bracelets, fancy jeweled combs, buttons, cuff links, pins, veils and so on *ad infinitum.*

Much of the entire feminine wardrobe is imported, and those women who do not go abroad to purchase Paris creations are able to buy them right here in New York. The manager of one of the largest dressmaking establishments says that his house spends annually $100,000 to bring over the rarest gowns and coats, and that they must do a business of $100,000,000 a year to make it pay. When you think that there are scores of just such establishments in this city, and several times that number carried on business on a smaller scale, one begins to realize something of the immense sum it takes to dress the woman of the period.

Gloves alone, to the value of $4,500,000, are brought into this city each year. Nearly $800,000 are spent on delicately perfumed toilet articles. Ribbons, laces, veilings and handkerchiefs that are imported amount to $10,000,000. Fans cost us $500,000 more. Lingerie and corsets amount to nearly $2,000,000. Ostrich feathers cost us nearly $2,000,000; trimmed hats amount to about $15,000,000. The sum of $50,000,000 is spent on raw imported silk, while the made-up material is valued at a little less than one-third that amount.

With $200,000,000 expended annually on foreign fabrics and articles of wearing apparel for fair woman, and no one knows how much more, right here in our own city, isn't it enough to make one pause and wonder what we are coming to? Of course this vast sum is not spent entirely by New York women, but by New Yorkers and their sisters from other States of the Union who come here annually, monthly or weekly to replenish their wonderful wardrobes.

It must be remembered that a vast army of worthy people are helped on in the struggle of life by these indulgences, and that were it not for such vast expenditures there would be in many quarters intense suffering. The withdrawal of such a sum as two hundred millions, or a large share of it, through enforced economy, would work havoc in the ranks of the workers, particularly of the feminine persuasion, which element would be the first to feel it.

The great shops, each carrying a payroll of $5000 to $20,000 a day; the mammoth factories; the colossal wholesale establishments and commission houses supporting regiments of men and their families; the foreign mills that roar ceaselessly through night and day to grant my lady the highest material favors the world can give—these look annually to the American woman of wealth and fashion as their sole support.

O, RARE BEN GREET!

By Shayde O'Beaumont

O, rare Ben Greet!
'Tis goode to meet
Soch learned and genial sperits;
Grave, sober-browed,
Yet not soe proude
But that hys deedes wold merit.

On hym, some saith,
Elizabeth
Her charmed mantle caste;
And Avon's Will
Vouchsafed hys fill
Of learninge rich and vaste.

Be as thys may,
Who shalle gainsaye
Ben's be the prophet's calle?
For if not heire
To giftes soe rare,
He stille deserues them alle.

AND thus did it happen on a goodlie morn of Springe, that I chanced to pass bye the stage-doore of the theatre of Daly, hym the layte rulinge sperit of the Augustinian age of the American drama. Beholde then, I looked up, discouering mysylf nigh unto the bailiwick of Ben the Greet, manne of fame as playwrighte, scholar, actor-chappe and aboue alle, presenter of playes by our grande Llama of the drama, Will Shakspear, and in a manner of the dayes of the goode Queene Elisabeth, whome the juste Goddes giue rest amonge the dead for all the goode and wyse which she did to the livinge of hyr daye.

With moch boldness then withal did I press my steps forthwith into the master's presence, being most cordiallie receiued; for, lyke al men of partes, Master Ben measureth humilitie in due inverse proportion to greatnesse, alyke holdinge hymselfe aloof from unseemlie levitie, yet scorninge to dispense patronage as befits one elevated beyonde hys true station.

"Master Greet," quoth I, pardoninge myself so gentle a flatterie, "it wold indeed seem that you haue perfourmed a greate task and a worthy one, cominge upon us without herald of trumpets, yet within soe short a time provinge your mettle so valiantlie, and in so doinge, sir, increased the measure of many hartz towarde you hyre in a strange lande. Tel me then of your paste laboures, I praye you, of your present successes and your future designes; for, of a truth, Master Ben, what one man so originale and daringe thinks and does, cannot but be of interest to thousandes. Speak then as becomes you, sir, and as the goode Queen admonished her counsellor, 'looke wel to it, I besiche you,' for Britons may come and Britons maye goe, but bye ye Goddes, sir, we wold haue thee staye on foreuer."

"A fair commend, sir," quoth the master, smiling faintlie; for in veritie methot Master Ben rather of the Jacques caste of mynde and countenance, brode of browe and pale, eyes dreamful and of an Orientale reach of vision, as it were, mouth drawne down with the insistent sadness of a temper wherein art and wit combine to produce thinges beautiful for the arte's sake first and for material gaines afterwardes.

"If prophet I be in my humble way, I am not al without honor in mine own countrie; but since you put it soe, I must confess to a rare lykinge for America and thinges American, nor selfishlye and with mercenary motive, belieue me. From my youth up haue I ben a student, and greater soe and humbler stil todaye, for I see wherein my travail was vaine and where I might haue achieued moch where now I haue attained but little.

"But here lett me lift the burden of error from the general mynde with regard to my offeringes of the dramas of the bard of Avon in the manner of the dayes of the Swan pictured by that keene Dutchman, De Witte, the discouerie of whose designes some fourtie years since, gave us a clue as to how the playes of Shakspear were really presented to the contemporaries of the illustrious poet.

"These masterpieces were neuer intended to be elaboratelie staged and costumed, and it wold best please me to witnesse a Shakspear drama befouer a blear blank walle, if only there was the proper arte and keene discernment displayed. For doth not the playwright give instante clewe to both time and place, as for instance, in an openinge scene of "As You Like It," Oliver saith to Orlando, 'Knowe you where you are, sir?' and the other replies, 'O, sir, verie wel; here in your orchard.' Behold then, you haue the whole key to the matter, as no other dramatiste euer can or euer wil vouchsafe you."

"And you wold revert then, sir, to the antique mode, offeringe playes with but a single settinge of scene?"

"Only Shakspear; for who, pray, other than he, could beare this supreme teste? When in ouer daye we haue writ playes as greate as hys, then may we too dyspense with elaborate and costlie adornments; but until then, the spectacle must remain paramounte to the spoken matter, or at least its complemente, and audiences will go to see first and to heare afterwarde."

"You are not seekinge after what is rare and original——"

"Nay, rather merelie what is consistente —to 'render unto Cæsar the thinges which are Cæsar's,' and in a manner as beste becomes in time, place and action."

"The Chinese," I ventured, "haue neuer departed from this archaic method, you obserue."

"True," quoth Master Ben. "And what could be more impressiue than some of their thrillinge situations? With table, couch and a signe-boarde will they represent a garden, a palace interior or fielde of battle, and with the spoken language and the arte of born and gifted actors, holde spellbound vaste audiences nightlie for many months. Onlie greate playes achieue this—playes handed down for many generations and euen thousands of yeares, improued with each century of repetition."

"Indeed, sir," I interrupted, "in this verie theatre I once had as guest a greate Chinese actor, who, on beholdinge 'The Merchante of Venice,' for the first time, declared on oath that Shakspear must haue ben a Chinaman, since the identical situations, caskets, pound of flesh and al, were extante in playes in the celestial kingdom three thousand years ago."

"They are born play-folk, these celestials," quoth Master Ben. "In the city by the Golden Gate did I repaire nightlie for weekes, never tiring of the method, archaic and apparentlie crude as it was to the unlearned; for between the Chinese plays as presented todaye and the dramas of Shakspear as offered to the court of Elizabeth, there seemed to be strong analogy and beautiful. The Chinese know wel their arte and practice it with an earnestness that almost amountes to religious fervor."

"If I mistake not, sir," spake I, "the stage and temple were once upon a time conjoined, the former beinge the outgrowth of the latter, for Godlie men wrote plays of moralitie and patriotism to draw thousands to the temples who else would remain estranged."

"Soch hath ben the case in many countries of many ages," saith the student Thespiane. "But the manner of presentation is that of which we do knowe little. Euen with Shakspear we can onlie chance it from the vaguist hints, for euery greate man of the worlde hath ben blessed with better biographers than he. The stage in hys daye was not what it be todaye: the doeings and goeings of the greate actorman was not heralded abroad as now; for in verie truth, poor ghoste that he was, as a strollinge mummer hys place in the firmamente was scarce gossipe for lordsof the manors and they who composed their circles.

"Soe at beste it be a hazard. Howeuer, as historie itselfe has onlie latelie passed from the realme of pastyme into the region of exact science, since Shakspear was possessed of no biographs, phonographsor wireless telegraphs to further hys suite with Fortune, the best we can doe is to approximate."

"Wolde that all we knowe of past centuries were as interesting as thys picture of the Elisabethan period," I sighed, rising to seize my hatt and cane; for I perceiued many anxious faces about, al eager to crave the master's ear and poure therein their burthen of tribulations.

And soe bade I hym "Goode daye," to betake myselfe from the presence of thys man of partes, fynding the sunlight more sweete in that I had enjoyed an hour in the societie of a Thespian luminary whom may the goddes defende and cause long to dwell amonge us to shed new lighte upon the dark obscuritie of a strange and wondrous past.

IS PALMISTRY A FRAUD?

By Herbert Vivian

A THREE-CORNERED DUEL

YES!

YEAR by year scientists lay bare fresh secrets of nature, every whit as wonderful as the magic of the "Arabian Nights." They have not yet found the Philosopher's Stone, but they have their eye on radium; they cannot make a magic carpet, but they destroy space by wireless telegraphy. We may, therefore, admit that nothing is impossible; that many of the superstitions of the old world have some foundation in fact.

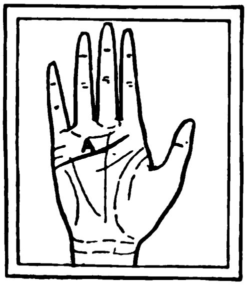
Take palmistry. It is certainly true that no two people have the same lines on their hands. This fact has been cleverly utilized for the identification of criminals. Our gestures often indicate character, and may have something to do with the formation of the lines on our hands. I am not, then, prepared to deny that it is possible to diagnose character from a palm. But I do not believe that this has yet been done with convincing accuracy.

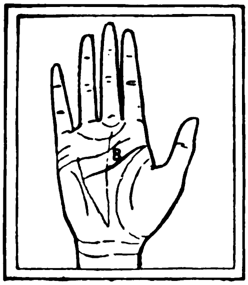
Desbarolles wrote a huge, pretentious book, setting forth his investigations upon thousands of palms, all laboriously classified. But his conclusions do not bear the test of experience. There are plenty of people whose palms are marked with what he has dubbed the "girdle of Venus," who lead blameless and virtuous lives; there are many others with a clear, strong "head line," whose stock of common sense cannot compare with that of the average rabbit. No doubt, in many cases, perhaps in a majority of cases, his rules are more or less justified, but a scientific law would apply universally, and this he cannot be said to have established.

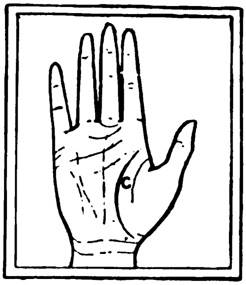
Moreover, he has obscured the issue with all manner of empirical nonsense. He attempts to establish an arbitrary association between the lumps or "mounts" at the base of each finger and the solar system; the index is dedicated to Jupiter, the thumb to Venus, the little finger to Mercury, and so forth. This would be an inoffensive diversion, but the palmist goes on to import all the fanciful attributes which astrologers fixed upon the various planets, until a conjunction of wrinkles on the ball of your thumb bodes all manner of love stories under the auspices of the goddess Venus.

If the modern palmist could be believed, a glance at our hands would reveal not only our past lives, characters and habits, but all the secrets which the future has in store for us. As in the case of the parodied Heathen Chinee, we should only have to look in order to find "what is frequent on palms—that is, dates." Marriages, deaths, legacies, losses, travels, accidents, all would be set forth with all the accuracy of a calendar.

Unfortunately, however, no two palmists are agreed as to the right method of interpretation. Just as a gipsy will tell you a good or bad fortune according as you may have crossed her hand with gold or silver, so the more pretentious professors of the art will promise you a long and prosperous







life, or an immediate, violent death, according to the accidents of their systems. For instance, when lines take the shape of a square, they indicate preservation according to some theorists, dire disaster according to others.

Many years ago, I visited a professional palmist who had written many books on the subject and was recognized as a leading light of her profession. She charged five dollars and talked for nearly an hour. The greater part of her remarks were couched in that oracular style for which justification could be claimed whatever happened. I came away with two definite statements: (1) that I was naturally fitted to become a surgeon, and (2) that I should soon have an accident to my arm from a four-footed animal. Now, I may or may not know my own character, but I do know that there could not be a more unsuitable career for me than that of a surgeon. Nor have I ever had any accident either to my arm or from a four-footed animal.

Many palmists now reject all systems and, while pretending to study the hand, avowedly trust entirely to inspiration, or clairvoyance, as they are pleased to call it. Occasionally they make good shots, or they parade some fact which has been unconsciously revealed, and a victim runs about advertising their wonderful powers. But in nine cases out of ten they are hopelessly at sea.

A poor gipsy who coaxes a half dollar out of a kitchen-maid is locked up as a rogue and a vagabond. A glib Sybil who occupies a flat on the west side, and receives big fees for false prophecy, drives a roaring trade unmolested by the police. This is an anomaly. But surely the law has enough to do without protecting fools against their own folly! Every sheep has the fleeces he deserves, and the palmist shall continue to receive palm-oil.

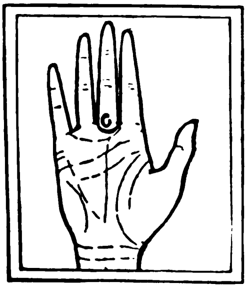
THE MIDDLE VIEW

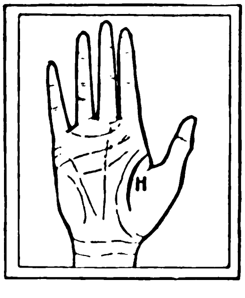
By Frank Banfield, M.A.

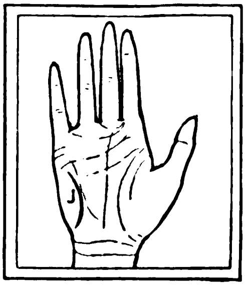
If you were to catechise any hundred people met at random in the street as to what they thought of palmistry, of those who ventured to offer an opinion, eight or nine out of ten would probably say it was all rubbish, and the other one or two that there was a good deal in it. Possibly there would be quite violent partisans on either side. I met a man not so many days ago, a hard-headed man of very shrewd intelligence, and he confessed that he had been not a little astonished at the observations of a palmist to whom he had intrusted his hand. Again, to-day, a lady informed me that the soothsayer she had consulted about her "lines" gave her three children instead of seven, and had not been very luminous as to the future. "Later on you will have a serious illness," said this fortune-teller. Of course, I or anybody else could prophesy that of all the world and his wife without putting them to the trouble of unbuttoning their gloves. There are certain things that will happen to most of us some day, and so any ingenious humbug may obtain a cheap reputation as a prophet if he does not commit himself to particulars. But one swallow does not make a spring, and half-a-dozen charlatans would not necessarily prove that palmistry was all humbug.

It is beyond question that human individuality impresses itself on every part of the body. It is no small thing that of the whole thirteen or fourteen hundred million inhabitants of our planet not one should in all likelihood have a hand which could find its exact fellow, its replica in every detail, among so many fellows. There is something almost to appal in this amazing variety.

At the same time no error could possibly







exist of itself without some modicum of truth to give it vitality. It is conceivable to me that the gipsies or other folk may possess, in part, the tradition of an otherwise lost lore of some ancient race, which may have studied and understood better than we do the relations of the external markings of the human integument to what it covers. I can also readily imagine that in some subtle manner, striking incidents in the past history of a human being may leave their footprints in some mysterious way on some portion of the body. Probably the record is pretty well everywhere if you know how to find it. But does anybody know? I think it possible; though I should hold that the professors of the chiromantic art were, in the main, humbugs. There is nothing intrinsically incredible in it. As to indications of the future, that is another matter. In the main that must be guess-work, though unquestionably the present holds the future in its embrace, much as the outer petals of the bud hold what is within.

EMPHATICALLY NO!

By R. Dimsdale Stocker

It seems rather late in the day to attempt to settle, once and for all, as to whether or not palmistry is false. For the science of the hand has stood the test of ages and ages of incessant practice, and still evokes the keenest interest, and oftentimes surprise, wherever its principles are applied. And yet the question, "Is palmistry a fraud?" has been raised, and it is therefore necessary that we proceed to consider the subject with dispassionate impartiality, if we are to arrive at a final decision as to its precise worth.

Palmistry is at least a *reasonable* science. It is founded on elements and principles, and attempts to unveil: (1) personal characteristics, tastes, talents, abilities, etc.; and (2) events; the latter more particularly by means of the lines upon the palm.

Now, whatever opinions one may be disposed to entertain as to the feasibility, or otherwise, of hand-reading, very few persons with any knowledge of anatomy would be prepared to deny that the form of the hand stands in direct relation to the rest of the physical appearance of the owner. Who doubts that a man of "nervous" type, with more brain than body, and with delicate, refined features, owns a more slender, delicately formed, attenuated hand than the subject of coarse, material instincts?

Palmists speak of such "nervous" hands as being indicative of "mental" tendencies, and as emblematic of "ideas" rather than anything else. And experience goes to show that they are right.

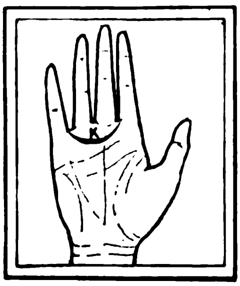
Then again, who would be prepared to challenge their assertion that the "spatulate" hand—whose distinguishing element is *muscle*, which is revealed in the *spreading* of the finger tips and palm—accompanied more activity and practical ability than anything else?

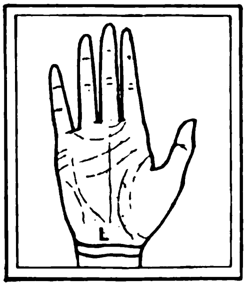
The brain and nervous system may be responsible for ideas, but the physique, as is well known (and as palmists in particular know), is *everything* in regard to execution.

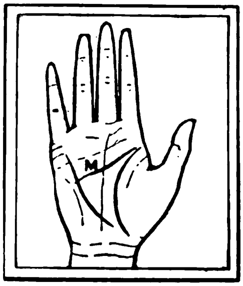
But one meets with mixed types? Certainly the "ideal" hand shows theory *and* practice; and for that, nerve and muscle must blend in harmonious degrees.

The thumb, which man alone possesses, the palmists tell us indicates his will power. Now big thumbs invariably correspond with a good, forcible mind, in combination with an adequate supply of bony and muscular material. Hence the connection is easily seen.

But all this, the mere groundwork of







palmistry, is perhaps granted. The skeptic, whilst, however, allowing that comparative anatomy is an index to temperament and a guide to character to some extent, is not prepared to admit that there is anything in the "fortune-telling" part of the business. "How about the lines?" he asks. "Can you furnish any adequate theory for *them?*"

Here, I admit, we are dealing with a more difficult problem. But despite its difficulty, it is one which admits of at least a "working hypothesis" by way of explanation. For lines *do* show events—past and present—and (to some extent) future, however strange it may seem.

Experience and experiment show that the lines are due to brain-action. They are not caused by folding the hands. The manual laborer usually has fewer lines in his hand than the brain worker. Lines are all a question of nerve-action; *they form beneath the cuticle.*

But, if facial lines are occasioned by the joys and sorrows, the cares and worries of life—and if one can read something of a person's history by interpreting their signification—surely the palm-lines may have some reference to mental life also?

"But then as to the future? How can the line register what has not yet 'come off'?" As to this, scientists are in the habit nowadays of speaking of what they term "reflex action" and "unconscious cerebration," and hence it may be that things come into our hands of which we seem totally unaware. Besides, as Sir Oliver Lodge pointed out, the future may, in a certain sense, *already exist*—although for us as individuals it does not do so. And in this way, coming events may cast their shadows before, by means of laws of which we are comparatively ignorant.

In any case lines *are* significant. I have proved it over and over again, and so have many other palmists. But, alas! palmists are human—and palmistry has suffered most at the hands of its so-called friends.

It is a case of "save me from my friends." And those who wish to be convinced of the value of the science of the hand should devote a little personal attention to the subject ere they betake themselves to the much-advertised and bepuffed "professors" of chiromancy, who have little interest in—and less knowledge of—the science whose principles they pretend to expound.

Given a fair hearing and a little careful attention, palmistry will be found to have more than the proverbial "grain of truth" in it.

WHY ONE PHYSICIAN IS POPULAR

By James R. Deane

THERE was once a keen physician,
Who, though not a born patrician,
As a polygloterician
  Was the swiftest 'long the pace.
He would thump, prod, probe and squeeze you,
Threaten, warn, affright and tease you,
Till with ills—more than to please you—
  He would diagnose your case.

Then in words as honey sweet is,
He would call it *golferitis,*
Coacheribis, pokerikis,
  Or some other quite as gay;
Then his notebook thumb and ponder:
"Hopeless case; and yet, I wonder
If he'll not revive when under
  Sunny skies up Newport way?"

So, dispelling cares and worry,
I would pack up in a hurry,
Thence departing in a flurry,
  Finding 'twas nor rhyme nor reason.
Still, as sure as May comes moaning,
In my soul I heard a groaning.
"Tell me, doctor,"—this I'm 'phoning—
  "Which resort you signed this season?"

FORBES ROBERTSON—"HAMLET"—AN IMPRESSIONIST VIEW

By E. A. Froehlich

FORBES ROBERTSON is a dedicated spirit. Leigh Hunt said the same thing of Wordsworth. Many have felt the same upon meeting men of superior gifts who are moreover eminently serious in pursuit of an idea.

America teaches the world many things—feats of engineering, speed, colossal enterprises; and our boast is that of Themistocles who could not play the lute, but who could make a big city out of a hamlet or establish a thriving kingdom where a wilderness was.

England, on the contrary, teaches us methods by which we arrive at great conclusions—the slow moving, unified and never-halting aggressiveness which has made one of the smallest islands on the globe one of the greatest powers. Without this Anglo-Saxon concentration of thought, this self-reliance and breadth of view, Americans could scarcely have accomplished what they already enjoy. But once in a while we need a Briton as an object lesson for a deeper purpose than even this. We need him to teach us the virtue of repose—the repose which enables a man to deliberate upon every deed and word, to neither underestimate talents nor overstep the bounds of license or ability, that one may the better give every enterprise its due measure of mental energy.

Forbes Robertson displays in his interpretation of the Shakespearean masterpiece the qualities which have made Britons leaders. He does not startle nor stun—does not appear to be more that naturally endowed or inspired. A careful study of his method, however, convinces even the most undiscerning that here is a man who first of all for the pure love of it, undertakes a mighty conquest and who generals strong forces to most satisfying conclusions. In a land of perpetual sunshine, this would seem no great endeavor. In a country where there are nearly two hundred days of rain and fog every year, and where men must fight through the bitter vicissitudes of an adverse climate, the obstacles seem well nigh insurmountable. And yet, strange to say, the greatest men are the survivals of the hardiest climes, and the rulers of the world come out of the snows of the north rather than the lotus-littered vales of the tropics.

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

Forbes Robertson

In the character of *Hamlet*

And thus it was that when Forbes Robertson came to America and filled himself with the ozonated champagne climate of New York, he felt himself in danger of overdoing. And he did overdo. "The Light that Failed" had failed as a book, why not as a play? People took Kipling's Indian stories because others, supposed to know, said they were good. But in order to hold the public, Kipling himself threw down the turban and the little Scotch Mulvaney cap and put on the furs and feathers of the jungle-folk. He realized that people who did not know Punjabi from Ordu still interpreted the roar of the cheetar and the hiss of the python. They refused, however, to accept a book which dealt with London student life on the one hand, and the vicissitudes of sun-brown Britons in the Soudan on the other. Of Latin quarter life we have precious little in New York, and as for our war interests, they are nearer home.

It would have been better then, it would seem, had Mr. Robertson opened his season with his masterly rendition of the tragedy of the Dane. Even when it did appear, it was compelled to run on for a couple of weeks before New Yorkers woke up sufficiently to take notice. After that, all well and good, but it was too late. Nevertheless, it was a grand start, to be followed up sedulously. The impression left was convincing: Forbes Robertson is the greatest "Hamlet" of his time, barring none.

Booth in his greatest hour of triumph never reached a higher plane of excellence nor a more subtle appreciation of the scope and intensity of the greatest tragedy in our language. My memory of the veteran is as keen as my veneration for traditions is just if not always humble. In comparison (more odious than ordinary in this case), Forbes Robertson leads far and away from the first scene and maintains it to the tragic close when the crown is laid on the lap of his dead body.

Just why the name of Booth should have been conjured by every critic of New York on reviewing the work of Mr. Robertson, is far from plain. No two players ever differed more widely. Booth was possessed of that insistent melancholy thought to be necessary to give the rôle its inspiration; but melancholy with him was acquired, not inherent. A terrible tragedy in his family beclouded his career, yet served to direct toward him the sympathies of thousands who otherwise would scarcely have been interested in him, and his practice was to belittle every colleague that skirted the wings while he occupied the lime-light. If he was a disappointed genius in many ways, it was first of all the reaping as he had sown. His performances were the Booth, the whole Booth and nothing but the Booth. They were shockingly uneven and ill-supported, and consequently from a standpoint of harmony, most inartistic.

But the times have changed. The modern theatre-goer will not stand for that sort of thing. Robertson's work is harmonious as a whole as well as accurate in detail. Through the art shines the man, and it is a rare personality. He possesses the Saxon hatred for cant, and the *poseur* is his abhorrence. If the centre of the stage is his, it is so by right of long struggle and unalloyed sincerity, not usurpation. Sincerity—this is the keynote of Robertson's career, his one rule of action. What he has achieved has been by hard labor, heroic self-abnegation, the most crucial student effort. His scholarship shows keen sense of selection coupled with extended research, at times reaching profundity. One could imagine him rehearsing every syllable of "To be or not to be" ten thousand times, with every repetition varying the inflection, the gesture, the expression to give the words a new and a closer meaning, a deeper philosophy, a broader humanity, just as a painter tries combination after combination of color to put to canvas imperishably the glory of dawn or some climax in a human tragedy. This is the patience surpassing genius. When it is coupled with intelligence of a high order, and developed in a nature as impressionable as woman's and yet tempered as the mettle of a soldier, something gives way. In this case it happened to be the bigotry, the apathy, the cynical unconcern of the average metropolitan critic.

The consensus reached was natural—a tribute of the highest worth. A friend recently from London said to me, "How can you praise the Hamlet of So-and-So, when you have not seen Forbes Robertson? Wait till he comes over here and you will see the greatest Hamlet of modern times." I demurred with mildness, but I have lived to concur with enthusiasm. If there is born to this generation a man eminently endowed and trained to give us the truest and best interpretation of the most profound work of the seer of Stratford, it is this quiet, unobtrusive, scholarly and deadly earnest Briton in whom we have indeed "entertained an angel unawares."

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A fair amateur with the flute

FIDELITY AND ART IN CHILD PHOTOGRAPHY

ILLUSTRATED WITH SPECIAL PARKINSON STUDIO SERIES, NEW YORK

By Helen Rowland

NO one who understands the art of photography will demur from the proposition that child life portrayed with absolute fidelity and realism is one of the most difficult of tasks, and requires years of most patient study. This study is not in the nature of photography so much as study of the child in various moods and caprices, and the patience which waits for the right expression at the right moment.

There have been thousands who believed

Copyright, 1904, by Parkinson Studios, New York

A real American May blossom

that they could make pictures of children as they are, but what children are they! The true art of child photography is to catch the unexpected pose, the rare expression, the unconventional point of view.

The Parkinson Studios have been famous for many branches of the photographic art, but none more signally than this. Both young men who are the presiding geniuses have had severe training in every branch of photography and are well skilled in the patience which excels genius if we are to believe Carlisle. Oscar Smith has long been known as a photographer of Wall Street magnates, the studio being situate in that quarter of town, making it easy for bankers and brokers to resort thither during the lunch hours for the quick snap

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Meditation

of the shutter that perpetuates even if it does not always immortalize.

Mr. Gilbert Claude Lutz has for some years been a war correspondent and field photographer for the New York *Herald*, *Journal*, *Collier's* and others, taking all difficult subjects that come along, including character studies, field work, flashlights, snap shots and other difficult subjects for reproduction.

The child studies seen in our illustration carry the impression of the thoroughness with which the photographic work is done in this special field. Child life is profoundly interesting to everybody, and yet, strange to say, even that charming naïveté

Gilbert Claude Lutz

Oscar Smith

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The first May-luncheon *al fresco* in the rear garden

Copyright, 1904, by Parkinson Studios, New York

"Coming thro' the rye"

and forgetfulness of self which characterizes the child is not easy to catch, for the reason that one must have the patience to wait for the right moment. Out of scores of negatives perhaps only one or two are strictly characterized by both fidelity and child charm.

Perhaps of all nationalities, the American child type expresses the most perfect blending of those features and qualities which make for artistic harmony. Here are given us a charming glimpse into the sweet arcanum of child nature in these studies of life in the May-day bloom.

THE LAW AT SHANNON'S

By Edgar Welton Cooley

STEADINESS of nerve and accuracy with the pistol comprised the highest standard of citizenship at Shannon's. Either admitted to the best society and the possession of both was a virtue that commanded admiration.

And of all men at Shannon's the one thus most endowed was Clint Tolman, Sheriff, whose tenure of office had been of sufficient duration to enable at least two generations to grow up in profound respect for the law he represented.

By what legal right Tolman held the office, the records show not—probably none knew; it is certain none cared.

Some maintained they had heard their ancestors make mention of the occasion upon which Tolman was elected. But this was only tradition; it was not substantiated history. Tradition, however, was good enough for Shannon's, and the legality of the official acts of Tolman, Sheriff, was not questioned. As the representative of the Court, he was respected and obeyed; as the strong, right arm of the law, his authority there was none to dispute.

So deep was Shannon's local pride in her sheriff, that on one occasion when a resident of three years' standing hinted that he would like to run the office awhile it was proclaimed broadly and in no uncertain language that "any darned galoot who tries to jump the claim of the present sheriff, will find the climate in this yere locality decidedly unhealthy"—a proclamation which caused the applicant to post a written statement behind the bar of the New Moon Saloon—the most conspicuous place in town—to the effect that the reports of his intended candidacy had been maliciously circulated without his knowledge or consent.

When a man can hold, for fifteen or twenty years, the office of sheriff in a border community like Shannon's and never return from a man-hunt without his game, dead or alive, his record is envious. We all love men who do things.

One could be entertained for hours by old "Doc" Bixby, for instance, with narratives of the skill, the coolness and the perseverance of this frontier sheriff, but after all they could best be summed up in the terse, though somewhat sacreligious remark of Bud Clifton, the nabob of the New Moon.

"I'd rather have the devil after me than Clint Tolman," he was won't to say. "A feller mout hide from the devil by dodgin' behind the Bible, but Clint'd get 'im, if he had to shoot a hole through the Ten Commandments and the Sarmon on the Mount!

But that was before the Edwards affair.

The Edwards affair had its real beginning at the time Clint Tolman went into the Acorn mountains after Buck Price, who had galloped away from Shannon's one night astride one of "Doc" Bixby's best sorrel mares.

Price had calculated to get well on the way to Leadville before sunrise, but the mare went lame and he was obliged to stop in the Acorns and trust to luck in standing off the inevitable. In other words, in standing off Tolman.

The sun was scarcely an hour high when the sheriff, as silently and as surely as fate, was following Price's trail across the foothills, and the dew was still beading the buffalo grass when he reached the mouth of the canyon in which Price had sought shelter.

Tethering his horse at the entrance, the sheriff plunged into the darksome canyon, picking his way carefully between giant bowlders and over fallen trees, his pistols in his hands, his eyes searching every crevice and cranny ahead.

But his vigilance was destined to receive a rude surprise, for, turning suddenly a sharp bend in the wall of the canyon, he caught the dull, blue gleam of a Winchester staring at him from a crevice in the rock, not fifty yards away.

Crises come in the lives of all men, but not to all falls the necessity of analyzing, deciding and acting in an instant—in the twinkling of an eye. It is the men who are able to do these things who are competent to lead armies. And of such men was Tolman.

Two thoughts flashed through his brain. "At Shannon's there are worse crimes than murder, and Price will not be taken alive." That was the first thought, but the second stepped upon its heels: "Buck will not shoot until he is sure he is discovered."

So, without the twitching of a muscle; without the brightening of an eye; without the flushing of his face, or the quickening of his breath, calmly, deliberately, apparently ignorant of Price's hiding place, Tolman walked on, his gaze searching the opposite side of the gulch.

And when he knew he wasn't twenty yards from that deadly rifle whose constant, cold stare he could almost feel, he carelessly dropped his revolvers into his belt, then calmly kneeling upon the rocks, he removed his hat, and bending over the little, mountain stream slaked his thirst.

Replacing his hat upon his head, he arose slowly, brushed the wet sand from his knees, flicked the moisture from his mustache with his fingers, stepped across the brook and continued his journey, never the once allowing his glance to wander, even momentarily, toward the opening in the rocks where the rifle barrel gleamed.

Directly opposite the hiding place of Price stood a point of rock which, in the march of centuries, had broken loose from the main wall of the canyon. That one swift glance of the sheriff had embraced this point of rock.

"If I can jest reach that," he thought, "why then—I don't want no advantage over Buck, I jest want er far, squar game—man to man—but if I can jest get t'other side that air p'int o' rock, why then we'll be on equals—both on us—face to face."

His firm footsteps upon the pebbles, the singing of the stream, the murmur of the wind among the pines, were the only sounds that broke the deep, sombre silences of the canyon as onward he walked, his hat pushed back upon his head, his hands swinging empty at his sides, and that cold Winchester gazing steadily at his forehead.

If he feared that Price might fathom his purpose and shoot him down before allowing him to gain the shelter of the rocks, he did not betray it by a turn of his head. If his heart beat faster at the realization that the next second might be his last, features nor muscles gave no evidence.

Indifferent to the death that menaced him, he walked forward—not so slowly as to indicate fear; not so rapidly as to indicate eagerness.

At last he reached the point of rock and passed between it and the canyon's wall. Instantly a transformation took place. A smile played around his lips; a fire blazed in his eyes; a red glow shone through the tan of his cheeks; his jaws came together with a snap.

His hands traveled to his belt—had pulled his pistols half way from their pockets—as he turned the further corner of the rocks and was face to face with Price, with hardly twenty feet of free range between them. And then—

Suddenly he paused, every muscle rigid, every nerve at its utmost tension. For, upon the overhanging limb of a tree, directly above him, crouched a panther, its muscles drawn in readiness for a spring, its great, yellowish-green eyes gleaming with savage ferocity; its tail slowly lashing the air.

Motionless Tolman stared it straight in the eyes and never flinched. Did he move a muscle, or turn his head, or lower his eyes for even an instant, the great cat would spring upon him, would bear him down, would bury its claws in his flesh, would drink his life blood.

His hands rested upon his revolvers. His aim was deadly. One shot—but he knew he could not hope to make that shot: his movement would be too slow.

But, as he stood staring upward, on the edge of his field of vision he saw Price move the muzzle of his rifle and he knew the weapon was pointed directly at his breast.

Again the instantaneous analysis, decision, action. There was a chance—a meagre chance—that Price's bullet would miss a vital spot; the panther's leap was certain death.

His only hope, then, lay in cowing the beast above him with his calm, steady stare. A trace of fright upon his face; a gleam of fear in his eyes; a trembling of his limbs would be his undoing.

He thought of his motherless children—of his "Pardner Boy" and "Sis"—but not a muscle quivered, not an eye blinked, as he stood, motionless, staring and waiting—waiting!

Then came Charity. "Buck can't see the cat," he thought, "or he wouldn't——"

There was a sudden flash, the report of a rifle, and Tolman felt a sharp pain in his shoulder and the warm blood trickling down his arm.

The panther, startled by the shot, lowered its head and gazed under the limb of the tree. In another instant Tolman's revolver was barking loudly—once, twice, three times.

The cat came tumbling to the ground with a bullet through its heart. Then the smoke cleared away and Tolman saw Buck Price lying face downward across his rifle among the rocks. Nor did he need to turn him over to see where his bullets had struck him. He knew.

So he cut away part of his shirt and bound up the hole in his shoulder. It was "a nasty wound," as "Doc" Bixby expressed it, and Tolman was laid up for nearly a month.

But Mollie Edwards nursed him through it all as faithfully as though he had been her brother. And so, I say the Edwards affair had its beginning at the time Clint Tolman went into the Acorns after Buck Price. The denouement came upon a day in August.

Half the population of Shannon's was gathered in front of the New Moon discussing the shooting of Caleb Winans.

To be sure Winans had never been over popular at Shannon's. He was one of those who was known to subsist upon the earnings of others, lured across the green cloth by virtue of superior skill and cunning, and but little sympathy was felt for him.

But for all that, there was a feeling in Shannon's that the dignity of the law—the lax, crude, but generally just law—of the border had been ruthlessly insulted. That Winans was a gambler, did not justify his assault by John Edwards. An attempt at murder within the confines of Shannon's had been made. The guilty had escaped. Justice and the people demanded an accounting.

Tolman was in his cabin, a stone's throw from the New Moon, cleaning his pistols. He was always particular about the condition of his weapons on occasions of this nature.

Edwards had taken refuge in the fastnesses of Rattlesnake Valley. He was reckless and heavily armed.

A dozen men—old, middle-aged and young—rode up to the open door of Tolman's cabin.

"Mr. Sheriff," the leader said, "we are at your sarvice, sir."

Tolman paused in his work and glanced at them. A smile covered his face.

"Go home, boys," he said; "I'll get 'im."

They knew he would, so they obeyed his command.

He watched them until they mingled with the crowd in front of the saloon, then he turned his attention again to his pistols.

A shadow fell suddenly across the floor, and he glanced up and saw a woman standing in the door. She was small and thin. Her arms were long and several inches of wrist showed below the sleeves of her calico dress. A coarse, red shawl was thrown over her head, and across her face, as she saw the pistol in the Sheriff's hand, a look of terror crept.

Only a moment she paused, then she crept in softly, eagerly, anxiously.

"My God, Clint!" she said. It wasn't a cry nor yet a sob. "Don't kill him, whatever you do. He is my boy—my boy."

The Sheriff's face, which had grown grim as the face of a general who smells the battle smoke, softened. A tenderness crept into his eyes, and he laid his hand gently on the woman's arm.

"Go home Mollie," he said softly. "Go home and—wait."

"And you promise me you won't——"

He held up a cautioning hand.

"I have been Sheriff for twenty-five years, Mollie," he said, "and I have never yet gone after a man that I didn't get him alive or—or—" He paused; his pride in his record had carried him too far.

Quick, hopeless tears came to the woman's eyes.

"But—go home, Mollie, and wait—wait."

She bowed her head silently and he saw one of her rough red hands steal up to her eyes. Then she turned and walked out of the cabin.

And when she had gone, he stooped and picked up a bit of ribbon that had dropped from her hair. He held it a moment in his hand; then he pressed it to his lips.

Down on the Rattlesnake the Sheriff found Edwards two hours later. The fugitive had erected a barricade of loose rocks, and with Winchester in hand stood waiting the approach of the Law.

His face was pale, but his jaws were firmly set and a dangerous light gleamed in his eyes. Above him, from a projecting cliff, a wild sumach vine swayed in the wind, its leaves kissed red by the early frost.

Tolman reined in his horse, and drawing himself to his full height in the saddle, folded his arms across his breast.

The sunlight glistened upon the handles of the revolvers protruding from the holsters and upon his cartridge belt. But his hands did not seek his weapons, nor the smile—half of amusement, half of contempt—leave his face.

To the boy behind the rocks, the spectacle of the Sheriff sitting calmly upon his horse, but a few yards distant, his arms folded, his body boldly outlined against the horizon, his keen eyes resting unflinchingly upon him, was ominous. For the Sheriff was the Law and the Law was merciless.

But the lad had planned to sell his liberty, if not his life, as dearly as possible, and by way of greeting he sent a bullet uncomfortably close to the Sheriff's head.

Instantly Tolman whipped his two revolvers from their holsters and his lips pressed together with a rigidness that almost drew the blood.

But the breeze swung over the summit of the range and swayed the sumach, clinging to the cliff. Somehow the shaking of the scarlet leaves reminded the Sheriff of the fluttering of a woman's old shawl.

A heavy sigh, almost a groan, escaped him and dropping his guns on the ground, he held up a hand, palm outward.

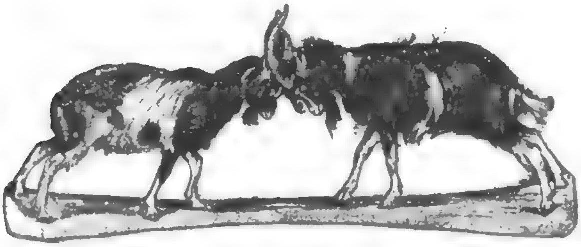
"Johnny," he said, and there was a strange tremor in his voice, "I ain't goin' to kill you, Johnny. I can't because—because of your mother."

He paused, but there was no answer from behind the rocks.

"For more years than you have lived, boy," he continued, "I have been Sheriff, and no man has escaped me. I am proud of my record. It is the fruit of the best years of my life. In the face of death I have defended it scores of time. Fear would never make me lose it, but love—love—Johnny, for your mother's sake I have laid down my weepons."

He pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes and started slowly backward along the trail. But a boy's voice called him and he turned.

"Clint," said Edwards, brusquely, advancing toward him, "I'm a-goin' along o' you. You're the Law."



SUCCESSFUL WOMEN IN QUEER OCCUPATIONS

By Lucy M. Dix

MANY and varied are the ways by which a woman is able nowadays to turn an honest penny. When she threw off the yoke of dependence and refused to be a "clinging vine to the sturdy oak," she fell into the new rôle of bread-winner with remarkable ease.

A few years of it have served to make woman so sure of herself and her earning capacity that there is scarcely a field safe from her conquests. When she doesn't find a man's occupation quite to her liking, she originates something entirely distinct and novel, and generally makes a success of it.

Miss C. M. Travers

A New York woman expert antiquarian

The public has grown so accustomed to hearing of the independent, prosperous business or professional woman that the starting of a new enterprise now causes hardly a stir. The Sunday newspapers no longer devote pages to pictures of successful women in business, and interviews with them, which in a way, is rather a pity, for the woman who has the problem of living to wrestle with likes to hear of some new "half Nelson" or strangle hold on success, which some ambitious and wide-awake competitor has learned to apply.

Once it was a great achievement for a woman to be admitted to the bar. Nowadays women lawyers are not content to plead their little cases. They seek to be counsels for the big corporations, and many of them are succeeding in this laudable ambition.

It is the same with the woman who has the right to add M.D. to her name. It is not enough for her to be a plain physician in good standing. This energetic and self-reliant champion of higher education and progress wants to have every opportunity and experience that are held out to men. She becomes an ambulance surgeon, walks the hospitals and gets right down to the hard and unusual duties of her profession.

One of the oddest, and yet—when one comes to think of it—the most fitting vocations for a woman, is that of financier. There is one woman in New York who is the manager of a broker's uptown office. She has been in the business in various capacities for more than twenty years. The curious part of it is that with her knowledge of deals, her opportunities for tips, and the inevitable feminine instinct to get something for nothing, she has never made investments for herself.

In a large hotel a well-known New York woman had, up to a few months

Miss Ben Yusuf, expert photographer, in her studio

ago, what they chose to call her "Studio." However, the costly hangings and rare pictures could not disguise the fact that they decorated the sanctum of a woman broker. There beside the handsomely carved desk stood a ticker. Day after day, from ten o'clock till three, it was carefully watched as the ribbon slid through fair fingers, and the presiding goddess kept her eye upon the market as keenly as a mother watches her capricious child.

Curiously enough, this market expert affirms that her experience has taught her that women have no business dabbling in the stock market. She would not be persuaded to give a woman advice, however sure she might feel with regard to the market herself.

This keen strategist of the Street says also that women are bad winners and equally poor losers. .If they win, they haven't sense enough to be satisfied. If they lose, it is always the fault of someone else.

Many who have passed down a cross street east of the Grand Central Station, have noticed a quaint little tumble-down building before which swings a sign, reading "A Woman's Antique Shop." Though it has been in existence for about a year, it is already one of the established resorts on the route of the seeker after old-fashioned furniture.

She who presides over the quaint and curious collection is Miss C. M. Travers,

Two thoroughbreds

Photograph by the specialists in animal photography, the Misses Selby but the school children long ago dubbed her "the Antique Lady." A natural fondness for old Dutch pieces, for Sheffield plate and Chippendale tables, grew into a passion, and when Miss Travers' home was filled to overflowing with her spoils she decided that it would be an excellent idea to get rid of some, and so she opened this little shop. This was the beginning of a successful enterprise. To-day Miss Travers scours the country villages for antiques just as the big dealers do, and she is as thoroughly posted on periods and all the details of the business as the best of them.

Some of our women photographers rank among the best artists in the country. Operating a studio on Fifth Avenue, however, is not all that these ambitious camera experts do. Miss Ben Yusuf, for instance, has just returned from Japan, where she spent a year with her camera and her Aymah, studying Japanese life as it is, and carrying away photographic examples of its good and bad features. She is a remarkable woman, and has photographed hundreds of the celebrities of America and the world at large.

A corner of Mrs. Strowbridge's bookbindery

The Misses Selby have made a new departure for themselves in connection with their photographic work in the big Fifth Avenue Studio. One of their sitters chanced to bring in a magnificent dog to be photographed, and the two young Englishwomen, keen lovers of high-bred animals, were so successful with the pictures that they added dog photography as a side issue. Some of the finest blooded animals in the country have posed before their cameras.

Chicken ranches run by women are by no means numerous, even in this progressive age. Down on the shore of Long Island there is a fine big one, well stocked and arranged, owned by a clever French woman, who brought everyone of her original feathered pets from Paris, each possessed of a pedigree as long as a first-class steamer ticket.

Women Tenement Inspectors have been found to excel men in the same important post. Most of their number are college graduates with a taste for sociology and a desire to study the lower classes. They walk calmly into all sorts of uninviting places when their work demands it, examining unsanitary plumbing and other details with practiced eyes.

A successful woman Tenement-house Inspector

All these are what might be termed regular professions or business ventures; but there is a vast army of women who make a good livelihood in even more curious ways.

For instance, there is the auction fiend, who follows the red flag and buys on commission for dealers or private individuals, many of these having standing orders that keep them haunting auction rooms the year round and in all kinds of weather.

There are women who are expert taxidermists, and women who are deft and clever electricians. There are theatre decorators, who take charge of the draperies, curtains and hangings, and bring a keen feminine artistic eye to the every detail of the work.

One of the most profound and widely read Egyptologists of the country is a young lady who confesses to finding nothing so fascinating as delving among the ruins of the long-dead kings and laboring over papyrus rolls to decipher hieroglyphics.

Teaching basket-weaving is a special woman's occupation

In the more traveled roads which lead to comfortable competency there are women flower and mushroom growers. There are also professional women trunk packers. There are college-bred women who will index and arrange your libraries, and others who will take a minute business-like inventory of your house-furnishings and your individual belongings.

Of the easier and less distinguished vocations or avocations for women there is the one of "tout," or secret agent, as they are called in London. These are found in all grades of society, though principally in the middle and higher classes, booming in various subtle and delicate ways the various wares they are paid to exploit. Some popularize certain wines, perfumes or flowers. Others give a vogue to some jewelry, some novelty, hats, gowns, shoes

One woman who teaches children to care for animals or any of the thousand belongings of the fair sex.

There is a woman living here in New York in one of the best hotels, who rarely pays a penny for anything in her wardrobe. She is always beautifully gowned and makes a point of regularly visiting her fashionable milliner, her tailor, her boot maker, et cetera, trying on this or exclaiming rapturously over that, in the presence of unknown customers.

A few adroit remarks let drop or some questions will impress the onlooker with the beauty and desirability of the article, and it is ten to one, the fashionable "tout" will make a sale or get an order before she leaves the shop, though no one will guess it and no one in the shop but the proprietor understands. The "secret agent's" bills are sent each month, a duplicate follows *sub rosa*, with commissions credited, and the clever "tout" need pay nothing for a wardrobe at once fashionable and complete.

A Doll's Hospital is a feature which about holiday time brings to one woman's purse—her place of business is in Harlem, but her patients hail from far and near throughout the zone of nurserydom—enough to make her independent for the rest of the year, although there is a constant and lucrative trade the year 'round; for dollies have a way of getting into difficulties at various times of the year, just like grown people, only they enjoy the unique advantage of being able to lie shelved for several months before the services of the doll-surgeon is commanded. About holiday time, then, all the dollies that need restoring to manly and womanly vigor are gathered up piecemeal and taken to the Doll Hospital, where this kind lady enters sympathetically into the miseries of each individual case and ministers accordingly, making probably more positive cures and discharging more restored convalescents than any hospital of the world.

There is another hospital in the lower West Side, also run by a woman who has a great fondness for pets—a Cat Hospital where the felines of the rich and poor alike may tide over a summer vacation to the seashore or a trip to Europe without being compelled to eke out a precarious livelihood over the difficult barracks of the spiked back fence. This woman began her career as a ministering angel to Tabby by rescuing howling members from the tops of trees, gathering them in from Starvation Alley in the broil of August, at first solely as acts of compassion. Now several thousand cats are brought to her annually, to be humanely put away, cured of some disease, housed and fed for a season, or for the purpose of breeding some rare species. This is a merciful as well as a well-paying profession for a woman so inclined.

A successful woman's duck-farm on Long Island

A clever little French woman in Bleecker Street realized that in every great store where gloves were sold, hundreds of pairs were discarded every year because of a slight rip, a blemish or stain. She gathered these up at a ridiculously low price, set a score of girls to work deftly restoring and sorting them into sizes and grades, and returned them to the less pretentious markets. The scheme has proved a very satisfactory one from a financial standpoint.

There are women bankers and brokers, and (let it not be whispered too loudly), women pool-room operators, where bets upon the current races may be laid by those so inclined. Of course there are women owners of racing stables, and many of these, like Mrs. Alien of New Jersey, and Mrs. Langtry of England, who also races here, make large sums of money, although the sport is followed primarily as a sport rather than as a profession. In point of fact, it would seem that within the next decade none of the avenues of success hitherto regarded as the exclusive provinces of the masculine federation will be free from the conquest of the fair.

CONSTANT DRIPPING WEARS A STONE

By G. L. Vanderbek

TRELAINEY was very proud of his suburban home, which he had owned for about four years. But one day he received an offer of a splendid position in Philadelphia.

It was a position far better than the one he had, and with an infinitely better prospect for the future—a position, in short, which he could not afford to refuse. But what was he to do about his house?

He and Mrs. Trelainey talked it over at length, but there was only one thing to do, and that was to sell it.

Having made up his mind reluctantly, Trelainey went down to Nicholson, the real estate agent, and said he might sell the house. Nicholson said a very odd thing.

"Well, it's pretty dull just now," was his observation; "but I'll do the best I can."

"There won't be much trouble about it," said Trelainey.

At the end of the week, there having been no inquiries about the property, Trelainey said he supposed Nicholson must have forgotten all about it, and he went to inquire. Nicholson, however, said he had been doing his best, but only one man had been round, and he had declined to enter the house after viewing it from the outside.

"Why was that?" asked Trelainey.

"Well," answered Nicholson, "he said he didn't like the look of it."

Trelainey was dumb with amazement for a moment. Then he said:

"Why, the fellow must have been crazy."

. . . .

A day or two later a man did call, and when he left, Trelainey was boiling with rage. The visitor had looked coldly and unemotionally at the gables, and alluded to the elegant scroll work that decorated them as "gingerbread," had objected to the bathroom, and pointed out that the front door was warped, and that there were indications of damp in the basement.

Then a business-like couple came and declared that the windows fitted the casings badly, that the dining-room floor was uneven, that the front rooms needed repairing, and that there were large cracks in the bedroom ceiling.

"Confound them!" said Trelainey, as they left, "Did you ever see such cheek?"

Trelainey now advertised, and entered the house with two other firms. More people came to inspect the desirable premises, and one by one they went away after citing the most undesirable features about them. Trelainey was at first furious, then simply pained; but little by little he arrived at the conclusion that the house was not all that it might have been. Then he went to the real estate agents and knocked $500 off the price.

Finally there appeared a cheerful-looking young man, who was accompanied by a cheerful-looking young woman. They were obviously bride and bridegroom. The first thing they asked Trelainey was the price, and when he mentioned $500 less than the last figure he had decided upon, he saw them look at each other in surprise and delight.

"I'll tell you, though," said Trelainey, "it isn't such a bargain as you might think. There's that gutter up there to begin with."

The cheerful man said cheerfully that a new gutter wouldn't be much expense. As Trelainey went through the house desperately pointing out the blemishes that had been pointed out to him, the visitor made light of them.

He didn't think the dining-room floor noticeably uneven. The cracks in the ceiling he accepted as proof that the house was well settled. He supposed all basements were more or less damp.

"Do you know of anything wrong except what you have mentioned?" the visitor asked, finally.

"Not a thing," said Trelainey, "and it has been pretty thoroughly inspected."

"Then," said the man, after a whisper to his wife, "we'll take it at your figure."

. . . .

"Yes," said Trelainey to Mrs. Trelainey, "it doesn't seem much, does it? But I'm glad to get rid of the ramshackle old barn at any price."

Short Story Section

A PAIR OF GREEN EYES

By Robert Mackay

> I heard a voice, born of the stilly night,
> Attuned to lays no minstrel ever sang;
> Now soft and low, now like the wail of death—
> Egad! it was mine own.
> —Charles Baudelaire in "The Forgiven."

IN the flotsam and jetsam that appeared one trial day in the district court of Lagunitas was an old man who boasted of having a set of false teeth. In this age, that seems to be a trifling thing of which to boast, but in the days of this story, false teeth were something of a luxury. Therefore, the owner of a set had the right to "wax proud" over his less fortunate brothers. It was somewhat remarkable that the false teeth of the old man had never been inside the mouth of a human being until he had deftly placed them in his. He had extricated them from the cavernous mouth of a gray wolf, and, by means of a rubber plate, had fitted them to his own. They served their purpose admirably, he had been heard to declare frequently; but when he smiled, they gave him the appearance of an ape that had died of slow starvation.

This man's name was Lib Ricketts. His appearance in court was to defend himself against a charge of felonious assault; to wit: (as the indictment said) "having maimed and deprived of earning an honest living, one Frank Wolcot, the plaintiff, by biting his right ear until it was almost severed from the body of the said plaintiff, therefore, wilfully causing the said plaintiff to suffer from an incipient hydrophobic poison which necessitated the complete amputation of the said ear of the said plaintiff, and which produced in the said plaintiff a sense of dryness and constriction of the throat, causing great difficulty in deglutition, a marked heightening of reflex excitability, infrequent convulsions, and a disturbed mental condition at sight of water."

When Lib Ricketts was called to face this fusilade of legal lingo, not a quiver ruffled his calm face. He must have been seventy years old. His hair was gray, his eyes red and sunken, his stature small, his clothing old, but not shabby, and the boots into which his trousers were tightly tucked, noticeably new. Every man in the crowded court admired the pluck that he was showing. Even Frank Wolcot, whose missing ear had marked him for life, and who had resolved to be vindicated by sending Ricketts to prison, was startled by the aged defendant's show of nerve. Just for one moment it occurred to him that Lib Ricketts was too good a man to waste his last days inside prison walls. This impression found its way in at one ear, but, as the other was missing, it could not find its way out, and it lurked in Wolcot's brain for many days.

Lib Ricketts was acquitted. His lawyer had introduced, with rare keenness, sociological testimony to prove that a human being had no control over his jaws when they were governed by the molars of a gray wolf. He told the court that hydrophobia may be spontaneously developed in man, even if the poisonous saliva does not come in contact with excoriated cuticle, but if he presented any proof to support this theory, it is not on record. In making his address for the defense, he logically observed that the poisonous saliva is perfectly innocuous when applied to the unbroken skin, and had the teeth not partly masticated the plaintiff's ear, there would have been no inoculation.

The defendant was guiltless of any intent to do bodily harm, inasmuch as the teeth of the wolf acted just as the teeth of a wolf would be expected to act when they came in contact with human flesh, and the prisoner was powerless to prevent them. The dentition of animals, he said, with considerable enthusiasm, performed its regular function long after life had become extinct. In this case it could not be proved whether the wolf, from which the teeth had been extracted, was still alive. Indeed, certain theories had been advanced by eminent thinkers, which held that mind telepathy was a fact, and the wolf might have communicated with the prisoner and forced him to commit this unfortunate deed. However, he was willing to set such theories aside, but asked the Court to consider the snapping of dying cats and dogs, and the jaws of the defunct megatherium in the British Museum, which open and close regularly and ferociously every four years in the presence of thousands who gather to witness the mystery. The Court accepted this as fact, without asking for proof, and so the prisoner was given his freedom. In granting it, the Court added that the peace of the community was not safe with a man in its midst who could not command his teeth, and so Lib Ricketts was given twenty-four hours in which to leave town.

"Whar can an old man like me go, Judge? I hain't done no mischief, and I'm the first of the gang in this camp to advercate peace," said the defendant, appealingly.

"The Court cannot listen to any statement that may tend to criticise the wisdom of its ruling. It is here to apply the law, and, as you were summoned as a defendant, you must abide by its decision," sternly remarked the judge.

The old man left the court-room somewhat dejected. Without speaking to his friends, he strolled up the road until he came to a tall oak. Under its spreading branches, he stopped for a moment to think and rest. He picked up a stick and, as he mused, he whittled it away until it was nothing more than a sliver. Picking his teeth with this, he started down the dusty pike that led to the broad prairies of the west.

. . . .

The sharp silver horn of the clear curled moon—hanging so low over the marvelous sky of Wyoming that it seemed one might tiptoe up and touch it from the hilltops—slid hastily down behind the Owl River Mountains as if it did not want to see what was going to happen.

The mine at Hasting's cañon was a new discovery—the richest, the most marvelously rich that had ever been found. A vast fortune seemed to be hiding in its depths. But as all this has been said of every mine in the West, it will not add to the interest of this narrative. Like all fabulously rich mines, it was for sale, and the owner lost no time in spreading the report broadcast over the country. Day followed day into the patient beyond while he waited for some one to come and buy the mine. But none came. There were too many mines for sale in the region around the Owl Mountains; nearly all had been purchased because each was, at the time of the sale, the richest mine in the world, and nearly all had left their owners on the rocks of bankruptcy. But Lib Ricketts had spoken truthfully of his mine. The gold was there, but he was too old to mine it. He was wizen and dried up, like a leaf ready to be blown into the river of death, and he wanted to sell.

On the evening that the moon took her hasty and modest departure behind the mountains, two men rode into Hasting's cañon. How they heard of the Lib Ricketts's mine was never recorded. It has been surmised, however, that they had left Lagunitas because an angry populace took exception to the manner in which they operated a faro game. One of the men was Frank Wolcot, and the other was his friend, the judge. Wolcot had, in a manner most dexterous, trained his hair to grow over the place where his ear was missing, hiding the ugly mark from view. To some he looked like a poet; to others like a pirate. The legal luminary had been adorned by a long beard, but, in his departing hours, in his evident desire not to be known to those outside of Lagunitas, he had shaved it off. Therefore, the countenances of the men were sufficiently unfamiliar to Lib Ricketts, when they drove up, to warrant no surprise on his part.

The darkness aided the deception, and then, too, the eyes of the old man had lost their best purpose. He waited until they had alighted a short distance down the road and tied their horses to a tree. On their side they believed they were in the camp of a stranger and were going to ask shelter for the night. Having finished hitching the horses, they sauntered up to Lib Ricketts's cabin. He was standing in the doorway. "Buyers for the property," thought he, as they approached, and then he held out his hand to greet them—and smiled. The moment he smiled, Frank Wolcot sprang back into the roadway with a cry that broke the stillness. The judge stared at his partner. Ricketts drew his revolver. He was not going to take any chances.

"Lib Ricketts," said Wolcot, "where in —where did you come from?" Ricketts recognized the voice.

"From where you drove me, you mean-brained skunk. If there weren't two of you, I'd let you have th' benefit of this gun. Who is th' pard with yer?"

"Judge Mooney of Lagunitas," responded the satellite of the law. "And, as such, I order you to put up that gun." Mooney was an army deserter, and had not forgotten the haughtiness of command that is customary in the army. He was also a scholar and a critic whose comprehensive erudition was supplemented by keen judgment, and, frequently, refinement.

"This ain't no Lagunitas," replied Ricketts, with his customary calmness, "and you ain't got no jurisdiction outside that district. Let me tell you, Mr. Judge, thet the law west of Lagunitas is a mighty different thing, and, at present, I hold it in my hand. And just let me hear you, or that missin'-eared coyote by yer side, utter one word that ain't to my likin', an' I'll blow the top off your mean heads——"

Judge Mooney whipped out his revolver, but Ricketts was too quick. He fired, and the lawyer, unhurt, dropped his weapon. As it struck the ground, Ricketts stepped forward and picked it up. Wolcot did not have the presence of mind to shoot, or else he was so startled by the old man's calm demeanor that he lost his senses, temporarily. Ricketts ordered him to surrender his weapon, and the confused man meekly handed over his revolver. Ricketts gloried in his triumph and again smiled, but this time with great satisfaction over his victory. The moment he did so, Wolcot shrieked again—a weird, unnatural shriek like unto that of a woman who has been startled in the night.

Judge Mooney admitted his defeat and told Ricketts that he had no intention to create any further disturbance. He explained that they were travellng west, and had stoped at the Hastings mine to seek shelter for the night. This, Ricketts agreed to give, but under certain conditions. He would expect them to leave before sunrise, and he would return their revolvers empty, but they must not reload them until they had driven a distance of two miles, and not return to the cañon under any circumstances.

This was agreed upon, and the three men entered the cabin. Ricketts and Judge Mooney talked with considerable jocularity, but Wolcot answered only in monosyllables whenever questioned. When the conversation drifted into a certain channel, he became pefectly quiet. Occasionally his jaws moved as if he were trying to laugh and could not. However, this was hardly discernible in the dim light of the cabin lamp. Wolcot kept his eyes on the man he had once made a prisoner, and, frequently, seemed to be possessed of a strange fascination for the old miner—or his heart's blood.

The conversation had turned to that mystic land beyond the border line of life—the realm of the unknown, which some claim to see occasionally, but only mistily, as through a lace curtain.

"It is a matter of common notoriety," said the judge, "that there are reports in such numbers as to merit intelligent investigation of apparitions, hallucinations, telepathy for the transmission of one idea between distant persons without known or material means of communication, prophetic dreams, and dreams that rightly picture scenes of which the dreamer must have been ignorant."

"Hoaxes," replied Ricketts. "They ain't got no foundation. It's all rot."

"Perhaps some of them were, but, as instances multiply, it becomes exceedingly difficult for open-minded men to dismiss the many facts brought to light with your explanation. You know, Ricketts, that Solomon lost his temper when he said that all men are liars. When he became calm he was ashamed of the utterance. It had but one good purpose; it made him famous. As a rule, men tell the truth, and when a multitude of men tell the same thing, all cannot be dismissed as liars. It is the part of science dealing with material phenomena to repeat the same test time and again. You and I will not live to see it, Ricketts, but the next age will have weighed and found perfect evidence, demonstrating, beyond doubt, the fact of a spirit world and an unidentified sixth sense which will enable men and women to see and hear things indistinguishable to most of us. He who would dismiss such a study as this as a mere subterfuge for superstition is a victim of the most stupid incredulity."

"Yes, judge, yes. I guess yer right. There may be ghosts and them things."

"To be sure. Sound, light, electricity are all the product of the vibration of our atmosphere, or a subtler medium contained in it, called ether. If the vibrations are in numbers from 32,000 to 32,678 a second, they cause sound; the more numerous the vibrations the higher, shriller the sound, until it becomes imperceptible to the human ear. When the number of vibrations has passed 200,000 a second, the results they produce are inextinguishable tones until they exceed one million; then call their effect electricity. Who can tell what comes next? Who can say that in time a sixth sense may not be discovered by means of which the fruits of these vibrations, the existence of which are known to physicists, may be identified?'

"I guess thet's about right, judge."

"Some dumb animals catch sounds to which we, by the structure of our ears, are deaf. Did you ever notice how a small-sized dog will suddenly raise his ears, run to the door, and sniff the air? He has heard something you have not. Note this the next time you entertain a dog, and see if I am not correct. Now, if I may be personal, I was interested in the case in which you were the defendant, and which was heard before me, beyond its common, legal aspect. It is not necessary to dwell on the sentence I was forced to impose——"

"You were hard on me, judge——"

"But the possible truth of the assertion that one mind could act upon another at a distance without words, signs, or other appreciable means of communication became very vivid. Psychic action will soon be a recognized force. No one doubts that a church bell ringing far away will set a wire in a piano chiming in harmony. The human mind is the most delicate, the most responsive, the most sensitive organ we have knowledge of. It has always been observed by me that you were in mental communication with that gray wolf's soul, taking it for granted that all animals have souls and are part of the earthly compound, when you divested our friend here of his right, er—pardon me, Wolcot—ear. Surely, if four strings of dried catgut, stretched on a hollow frame of wood will sing in reciprocal harmony when rubbed with the tail of a horse, two minds, whether animal or human, should be able to influence each other by the subtle transmission of the thought that interests both. And who knows (here the judge arose from his chair and brought his fist down on the table with a force that almost upset the lamp), who knows, and who can prove, that the strings on a single violin are the intestines of one cat!"

The unseemly vehemence of the judge caused the other two men to spring to their feet with terror-stricken faces. Wolcot was the picture of hypnotized horror. Ricketts suddenly laughed at his foolishness. This outburst of hilarity made Wolcot stare with piercing eyes; his face was slowly assuming the expression of one who has lost his reason. The three sat down again. The judge continued his philosophy, and Ricketts listened more out of politeness than interest. Suddenly Wolcot stood up. He moved over to the angle of the cabin and threw open the window. To the evident horror of the other men, he placed his hand to his missing ear and listened!

"I hear them. They're coming, judge, they're coming!"

"What's coming?" asked Judge Mooney.

"The gray wolves. I can hear them! I can hear them over there in the direction of Lagunitas! They're growling fierce, they—must—be—hungry!"

Judge Mooney listened, and so did Lib Ricketts. But they could hear nothing.

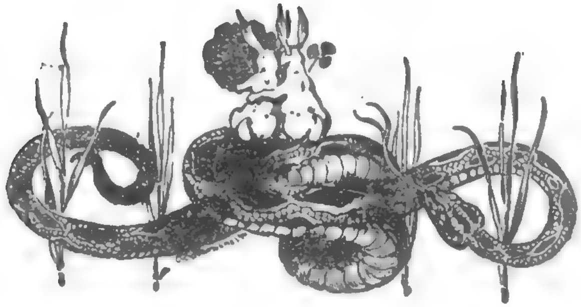
"Nobody knows it all," the judge continued, "I believe that soul can communicate with soul despite all obstacles of time and space; that there is a sort of psychic world, peopled and full of activity, about and wholly without this material world of ours, but not improbably destined to become real to us in time. By heaven! I believe we may communicate without speech written or spoken, that we may see without eyes, hear without ears——"

A wail broke from the night outside, piercing the hearts of the men—a wail like the death-call of a tortured man. It was so close to the cabin as to bear witness to the proximity of the animal, demon, spirit, or whatever it was. It increased in volume; it died away. It rose on a braying tremolo and then diminished to a doleful whine. It was the echo of shivering fright and lingering death.

The three men jumped to their feet again. Their blanched faces mirrored the horror of their thoughts. Wolcot staggered to the window, and threw it open. A gust of wind entered and extinguished the lamp. Wolcot emitted a peculiar cry and fell to the floor. Then he began to articulate like a dog, and, from the sudden noise in the darkness, it was evident that he was creeping around the cabin floor on all fours. His companions were not pleased with this sudden turn. Ricketts took a match from his pocket and lit it. In the glare, the judge saw Wolcot with bulging eyes and flecked mouth, spring at the old miner with the alacrity of a cat, and fasten his teeth in his throat. In the darkness that followed, the judge could hear the two men rolling over and over, their bodies bumping on the floor their breath coming in jerks like that of two trained wrestlers. One of them—the judge supposed it was Wolcot—was snarling and snapping in a mad fury. Finally one began to gurgle as if in great agony. Then the judge felt the men bump against him, and he threw himself on them to try and separate them. As he did so, one of them fell lifeless, and the other, with a wild shriek, moved hurriedly away. The judge looked up and, unconsciously, in the direction of the window. Two green eyes were staring in from the darkness. They stared and stared and seemed to come closer—then, very suddenly, they disappeared. The judge drew his hand over the body of the man who lay at his feet. There were revolvers in the belt. He pulled one out, and rushed to the window and fired. A fearful cry continued for some minutes after the shot, then died away.

When morning came, Wolcot was lying unconscious in the angle of the cabin, and old Ricketts's body was stretched at full length on its back in the middle of the floor. The upturned face, with the jaws broadly smiling, presented a ghastly appearance, although they gave evidence that the old man had died happy.

Mooney aroused Wolcot with some difficulty, but when he gained consciousness he was rational and self-possessed. The two friends started out to find some clew that would lead to the mystery of the green eyes. About twenty feet from the cabin in a straight line from the window, they discovered the dead body of a gray wolf. It was a thin, emaciated specimen and it had no teeth.



A LOVE CONSPIRACY

By Else Castelberg

SILAS WILLIS was a Bohemian by persuasion. In him art lost a representative man merely because he happened to be born rich. One meets types now and then, who, one imagines, could do wonders on nothing a year. With thirty thousand, as with this youth, they are doomed to be nobodies forever. Wealth, instead of concentrating natural gifts, tends to diffuse them. However, what art lost in Silas, Society gained in another diner-out. But it was only after a struggle quite worthy of record.

Silas, self-reliant and not handsome merely because he was so well groomed, declared himself a rebel to Society's simulations, forsook the paternal roof on Central Park West, to set up his Lares in Washington Square. The cynical sneered, the indulgent patronized, and Papa Willis was appeased, chiefly because it was cheaper than a racing stable or "angeling" a comic opera. Bohemianism, to the elder Willis, was synonymous with reversible cuffs, nicotined fingers, forty-cent tables-d'hôte and extravagant dreams on logwood and chickory. To his worthy son it meant a degree of repose not found in the rivalrous whirl, ingenuous friends superior to the blandishments of the toady, and the pursuit of an idea. To a young man of three and twenty *with* ideas, this is not an uncommon or dangerous lure.

But Mamma Willis, who contemplated the world through plate-glass, viewed with impatience her son's forsaking the formal salons for the peristyle of art—too often a rear beer garden or pebbled roof leading from a studio window. She counted the months that had elapsed since her only son had become a child of the gods; and as it was now high time for the novelty to wear off, with no diminution of the young man's ardor, she began to have visions. Silas, moreover, had fitted up a studio, taken thither some choice bits of family plate, some rare pictures and books, and had discharged his man. As a crowning seal of his madness, he had painted a bit of still life with such excellence that it had been hung on the line at the Spring Exhibition, and actually sold!

"Not that I believe Silas capable of an act that would embarrass us," argued the society oracle in closed-door conference with her better half. "The lad's heart is in the right place. But alas for these young susceptibles! They have longings toward the eternal feminine. Rightly enough. But suppose that Silas should alight at our door here some fine day with a broad-shouldered, curt-haired hybrid of that intellectual jungle, and say, '*Voilà! mon père*, my wife!' How would you like that?

The elder Willis took to floor-pacing. He was silent.

"Now, there is expedient that will stay such a calamity." The words came with the directness of long thought. "We must marry Silas to his equal. There are no end of pretty dears about here who would be only too glad to rescue Silas from that downtown Tophet. Young women glory in the heroic, you know. There is enchantment in the thought of saving a young man——"

"From the other woman," was the ironical interruption.

"Now, dear, it seems that Effie Blanchard's return from Paris is quite providential. You know, Effie and Silas were quite devoted as children at Lenox and Newport; and with this dainty dear's six years of Parisian finish—and, by the by, she developed there into a paragon of loveliness—the focus is not too close."

Silas, senior, pondered with his usual weightiness. "Very fetching, I must admit," he allowed. "'Old Blanch' tried to duck me on 'Industrials' a while ago; but I forgive him, particularly as I retaliated on 'Manhattan' a month later. I rather think Effie will do. Send for Silas." And all in the most matter-of-fact manner, as if closing a deal in wool.

Silas was sent for, but did not respond immediately. Instead, late that afternoon, Mrs. Blanchard and her daughter stopped in for a moment on their way from the St. Bartholomew Mission Fair. Effie looked as refreshing and delicious as a royal Duchess rose in June, and just bristling with the latest American-quarter gossip from Paris. They were persuaded to remain to dinner. Half way through the feast, Silas Junior sauntered in with Bohemian disregard for time and conventions.

Quite complacent and somewhat preoccupied, he was given a place beside Miss Effie, who proceeded to engross him. Such vivacity, such running fire of wit, such pertinent observations, and brilliant sallies! Silas was quite hypnotized. After dinner the pair wandered off to the conservatory to sum up an eventful decade of separation and confide mutual hopes for the future. After quite an hour of this delightful interchange, the pair returned to the salon and rejoined the elders, upon whom there fell a sudden and ominous silence.

Effie sauntered to the concert-grand and began a desultory nocturne, half reminiscent, half improvisation. The senior Willis arose and motioned his son and heir into the seclusion of the library, where he closed the door and fell to poking the grate needlessly. "Silas," he said bluntly, at last, turning with alarming abruptness, "why don't you marry Effie Blanchard?"

If he had said, "Silas, why don't you suicide?" the youth would have been no less surprised. He did not reply, so the elder pursued, in the manner laid down by the household oracle. It was the wierdest enterprise ever planned under that roof—the conquest of an unsuspecting destiny. When it was all over, Silas drew a deep breath and addressed himself to the arabesques in the Persian rug at his sire's feet.

"Of course, father," he droned, "I am grateful for your kindly interest; but really, it strikes me that Effie Blanchard is much too good to be snatched up and hurled at a fellow like that. Besides, that very Bohemianism which you abhor out of the fulness of your ignorance has taught me that the things most worth having in this life are worth the hardest fight. Effie is a very sweet girl and is worthy of a hero's battle. But bless me! when you elders get together and plan this enterprise in cold blood, you simply rob a man of his most precious illusion, to say nothing of paying a mighty poor compliment to the girl."

The elder gave a cough of boredom. "Well, Silas," said he, "go about it in any manner that suits your romantic conception—scale walls, shoot bloodhounds, carry her down a rope-ladder, defy the pursuers from the back of a fleet charger and so settle down to cottage bliss to mandolin accompaniment—if you must. Suit yourself with regard to the manner; it's the end in view that is our concern. Effie pleases your mother and me, you please the Blanchards, and there you are. If you can't please each other, that's another matter."

The liquid ripple of a Chopin "Impromptu" rolled away to silence, and Silas returned to the drawing-room with cheeks somewhat flushed. Later he accompanied the Blanchards home, holding Effie's hand a moment longer than quite necessary at parting.

In a little gold-and-white boudoir of the Blanchard mansion there was a short and spirited conference between Mrs. Blanchard and the angel of their conspiracy. "Oh, I like Silas very much, indeed," were the daughter's closing words as she stood before the tall colonial mirror, shaking down a ransom of wavy gold over shoulders of rich modeling. "But Silas does not love me; and I will never, *never* marry a man who does not love me, mamma, however much I may admire him for virtues or talents."

"Well, there are ways to make a man love a woman," was the diplomatic rejoinder. "Besides, you will be rescuing Silas from no one knows what nameless perils down in that Bohemian Purgatorio of Washington Square. Moreover, it would make your papa and myself very happy, for we realize things; among others, that thirty thousand a year and prospects for as much more are not to be passed by 'as the idle wind which we respect not' in these competitive times."

The pink shoulders shrugged bewitchingly. "But as I said before, mother, dear, Silas Willis does not love me; and I never, never——"

"And as *I* said before, *make* him, that's all. Good night, dear." She brushed the throbbing temples with her proudly smiling lips, leaving her darling to go to her pillow full of delicious strategem and fears.

The next day Silas's friends found him

cold, dispassionate and cynical. The whole affair had appealed to his sense of chivalry—*and* vanity. That evening he took occasion to call upon the Blanchards. For the next week, in spite of his somewhat patronizing devotions, Silas found Effie forbidding, estranged and even tearful. There was something on the girl's mind. To-day she was all warmth and responsiveness, to-morrow frigid and preoccupied. Silas became interested; and when, one evening, he was led into a cosy nook quite inviting of tender confidences, Effie unburdened.

"Silas, we have known each other for years, have we not?" She had flung herself upon the divan with more than the gloom of abandon in her eyes.

"Is it so melancholy a confession?" moved Silas.

"Don't be frivolous with me, Silas," she reproved. "I need your help—really I do."

"At your service," said the visitor, wondering what was coming next.

The innocent eyes lifted, and there was agony deep within them. "Silas," she whispered appealingly, "have you ever been in love—really and truly?"

The whispered query was like the music of the spheres. It brought only the smile of the cynic.

"Because, if you have, you know my sufferings. I am miserable."

Silas grew platitudinal. "Thought love always brought happiness," he said.

"Mine doesn't, and I'll tell you why. Will you keep my secret? Oh, I need not ask that." She came closer with a childlike confidence. "Silas, would it surprise you to know that I am in love with—with my automobile professor, Monsieur Bouchère?"

Silas demurred in silence, for his wide eyes spoke for him.

"Why do you turn from me like that?" she pleaded. "I need your help, your counsel. Oh, everyone is against me. You are so brave and good—you will understand because you are young and free and genuine. Poor mamma is bereft—has done everything to part us; but love rules as it always has and will, does it not, Silas? He followed me here from Paris, the poor dear fellow. I want you to go to Monsieur Bouchère and arrange everything for—you know, the event. It is to be very quiet—surreptitious, in fact, over in Jersey somewhere. You shall be the sole witness. Oh Silas!——"

"But I won't—I can't do it!" broke in the lover-confessor abruptly. "Really, I am too staggered to believe that you contemplate such an *esclandre* in cold blood—"

"How dare you slur with such a vile term something that means my very life and my future happiness?" broke in the confessing one, rising to cast a more contemptuous glance downward over a variegation of point lace and tulle. "And even you—you, who I believed, held me in such close interest that I could trust you with my life-secret—even you——"

"It is because of that interest, Effie, that I would counsel you——"

"Impossible! Matters have gone too far. Counsel me, indeed! If you will not help me, there are others who will." There was a perfumed whirr of vanishing skirts. "Good night, *Mr.* Willis!" The dethroned egoist looked up and found himself alone. Then he arose and started toward the hall, just as the bell rang.

The butler responded, and through the chink Silas caught a glimpse of a dapper little Frenchman with a face expressive of apprehension. The butler glanced at the card, then shoved it back contemptuously. "The ladies aren't h'in to Munseer Bouchère, now or hever!" he said bluntly. Evidently he had learned his lesson well.

"*Merci,*" responded the visitor with some irony in the tone.

Then down floated to Silas from overhead the tumult above stairs. "Please let him come in, mother, just this once. Oh, please, please! Why are you so cruel? Just for a moment——"

"Never, never!" was the maternal quietus. "That French mountebank may have followed you all the way from Paris, but he shall never cross my threshold——"

Silas heard no more. There was rebellion in his bosom. He started headlong after the visitor with an irresistible desire to assist in his ignominious retreat. "A French automobile professor. By Jupiter! here is a mess."

On his way down town Silas stopped in at his own home. He found his mother alone and engrossed with her charity reports. "Silas," she said dismally, without looking up, "I want you to forget all we have said about Effie Blanchard. It seems she has found 'mettle more attractive.'"

The good woman did not note her son's look of bewilderment and rising rage.

"I don't think that her parents would have been so broken-hearted over it if it had been some poor scribbler, a dauber, fiddler, or other trumpery; but a miserable *trois-sou* marionette of a French chauffeur—bah! that was quite too shoppy for anything, you know. I truly regret that we even hinted——"

"You need regret nothing," broke in Silas testily. "Effie has a perfect right to do as she pleases." Then he beat a hasty retreat for fear of hinting something more strenuous that he might regret.

With clenched fists and set jaw, Silas plodded down to his Washington Square lair like a whipped tiger. How had come down, like a balloon with a shell through it, his youthful egotism. However, a sense of duty told him that whatever the outcome of his efforts, instead of furthering the plan, as Effie had asked, he was bound to forefend any such a calamity to the house of Blanchard and to the particular set of which he was a loyal constituent still, even as Effie herself had been asked to save Silas from the perdition of Bohemianism, and refused. For four hours that night Silas paced the floor, then went to bed but not to sleep. By daybreak he was thoroughly convinced that he was in love with Effie Blanchard. He would save her.

That afternoon, and again in the evening, Silas called to renew the conquest.

Effie was not at home. Even a box of rare orchids failed to soften the rigors of the maiden dignity. When, at last, they happened to meet face to face at the St. Bartholomew Mission Fair, Effie was "Miss Blanchard" in all the icy formality that a woman thwarted might conjure. She was forbiddingly conventional and persistent in avoiding him. To make matters worse, society had caught the rumor that Effie was hopelessly in love with her motor-professor, who had followed her all the way from France, and that Silas Willis, as desperately in love with Effie, was prancing nightly up and down before the Blanchard mansion, prepared to shoot the interloper at sight.

Matters reached a climax when Silas was quietly informed that there was to be an elopement by automobile one afternoon; and in order to sound the truth of the tidings, he haunted the academy where the Frenchman taught the smart set the intricacies of the motor's management. Suddenly out of the rear exit a swift auto-carriage with beautiful crimson body and shining black wheels sallied forth. It was manned by the dapper Frenchman, who paused at the corner below and took in a fair young passenger. The combination of picture-hat and feather boa quite concealed her identity, but Silas leaped into a hansom pointing dramatically at the runaway, as he said, "Follow them, quick!"

The hansom was fleet, but that streak of scarlet, belching steam from the rear, set a pace up Fifth Avenue that brought foam after the third block. Was it really an elopement, and if so, how was Silas to stay the calamity? The pursuit looked hopeless, for the auto-carriage dodged in and out, passing vehicles with ease. It stayed not even at the flourish of warning from the corner policeman. On and on they flew Harlemward, Silas in the rear growing more and more apprehensive, more despairing. Then a strange episode turned the tide of affairs. Swinging in from Eighty-first Street, there came a very powerful and likely bull. It was led by a small keeper. The beast was chafing under restraint, whisking his tail discontentedly, wagging his head sidewise and uttering low, menacing moans. When he saw this on-rushing blot of scarlet over the asphalt, he gave a snort. Bracing himself as for the clash of combat, the bull stood stock still, with furious eyes and foaming jaws, his horns jutted challengingly. The motor-driver did not pay much attention to his sudden adversary till the vehicle was almost upon it. Then he swerved toward the park. The bull gave a bellow of rage, broke from his captor, who tripped and fell sprawling into the gutter, and then sending up a series of most appalling sounds, started in pursuit.

The occupants of the motor carriage seemed dazed for the moment. The Frenchman turned very pale as he whisked his little goatee to the rear and calculated the chances of escaping a goring. Seeing collision with a crowded buss inevitable, he veered straight into the park entrance, and started at a terrific pace up the incline toward the obelisk.

The bull held his own, his roarings bringing hundreds to a standstill in breathless excitement. Now the picture-hat sailed away over the green in the mad flight, then the feather boa. The fair occupant, clutching the seat, her face expressive of inner terror, regarded the bull, who was slowly gaining now, wondering what would actually happen when the encounter took place. At a turn in the path a carriage loomed up suddenly. In order to avoid a clash, the Frenchman wrenched about, making the gyration on two wheels, and dashed up the green sward to the very summit of the hill. There, seeing a deep ravine just ahead, with a wild cry he reversed the levers just as the bull caught the crimson body with the force of a battering-ram, and hurled it, occupants and all, over the cliff and down fifteen feet to the green sward below.

When Silas Willis arrived, breathless and overwhelmed, he found Effie Blanchard lying on the grass, unconscious. Two women were in kindly attendance, and the Frenchman standing dishevelled and bleeding, beside the steam-enveloped wreckage. The latter was gesticulating wildly, pouring out volley on volley of execrations in a language beyond the ken of the average sparrow policeman. Then, as he had no permit to drive an automobile through the park, to say nothing of making a scene, he was escorted with scant ceremony to the Arsenal to explain things.

When the fair pupil-runaway came to and gazed vaguely into the wide-eyed concourse about her, the face of Silas was the only one she recognized. Racked in every fiber, on the verge of hysteria, Effie thrust out her hand as one drowning seizes a bit of floating wreckage. "Silas, oh, Silas!" she moaned bitterly. "Isn't this awful——"

"Not as bad as it might be," was the cheering reply, and Silas gallantly helped the bull-baited eloper to her feet, wiping the stains from the pallid cheek, smoothing her garments with a grateful caress. "Come; I have a hansom here. I will help you home," and he led her through the crush of park-loungers, supporting her bodily with dignity for all its tenderness.

Effie gave one backward glance. "Where is he?" she murmured anxiously.

"The bull or the Frenchman?" responded Silas. Then he added, after a pause, "Both in safe hands, I take it. Are you much hurt, Effie—*dear?*"

That was the beginning of the renewing conquest. Within a week a truce was declared: Society was for ringing the church-bells and decorating Mayfair with crimson bunting in honor of the event. At last, with mild and tremulous protestations, Effie Blanchard suffered herself to be led back into the paths destined for her patrician footsteps; and when, as a fond relinquishing rite, she knelt before the hearthstones and burned the Frenchman's letters and love-tokens, Silas pushed home the solitaire on the white finger, feeling that the true triumph of his life was at hand.

Then came feasting, of which there seemed no end, the Wall Street feud was temporarily abandoned, the Willises dining the Blanchards and the Blanchards wining the Willises.

But neither Silas nor any of his congratulating Mayfair friends imagined that on the morning after the surrender of the citadel of love to Silas Willis, a trusted footman slipped from the rear door and hastening by an irregular route to the automobile academy. There he passed into the hands of a certain grateful Parisian an unsigned letter which read simply:

"Thank you so much, Monsieur. It all worked like a charm. What a master of diplomacy you are! I promised you a hundred, but I enclose five—those doctor's bills, *et cetere*, you know. By the by, I hope you have recovered from that awful fall. Send the bill for the repairing of the machine to me, and accept a thousand thanks!"

"You see, mamma," confessed Effie, the next night, in a burst of repentant confidence, "you said that 'there are ways to make a man love a woman,' so I tried."

"Well, dearie," with a sigh, "if it had not worked so admirably well, I should have taken it much deeper to heart. As it is, I must forgive you, I suppose, even though thirty thousand a year and prospects doubled were a great risk for anything so unconventional." She stooped and kissed her proudly. "But mark you this, child! Don't you ever dare let Silas know it."

Which was a foolish injunction.

THE SILENCE OF JANE LOMAX

By Eugene L. Didler

ONE day Lomax came to the office, as usual, at ten o'clock, and, although he attended to his duties with scrupulous exactness, we all noticed that there was something the matter with him. He was never boisterous, even in his merriest moods, but there was always in his speech and manner a genial, sunny brightness. But that day all his brightness was gone. Full of interest and sympathy, we asked him whether anything had happened—whether all was not well at home.

With a strong effort, he mastered his feelings, and said:

"No, all is wrong at home; if I have any longer a home."

The untterable sadness of the tone expressed a thousand times more than the words themselves.

It was the custom at the *News* office for each member of the staff to have a half holiday every week. The day before had been Lomax's afternoon off, and we remembered afterward that he left the office with one of his brightest smiles, and a playful remark as to how we should meet again. We know how he returned the next morning. What took place during those intervening hours—what dire misfortune—what fatal calamity had destroyed at a blow the happiness, and wrecked the life of this noble-hearted man?

It so happened that on his way home the previous afternoon, Lomax had stopped at a confectioner's, and ordered ices and cakes for dessert, as his wife's friend, Mrs. Wilmer, was visiting the house. Mrs. Wilmer was a dashing young widow from Virginia —one of those golden blondes, fair to see, light-hearted as well as light-headed; with an excessive love of admiration, and a spirit of coquetry that allowed nothing, not even the sacred laws of hospitality, to stand in the way of its gratification. During the week that she had been staying at the house, Mrs. Wilmer had mistaken Mr. Lomax's politeness for admiration, and was immensely flattered by what she supposed was more than a friendly interest from so brilliant a man.

With a heart as open as the day, and as free from harm as a child, Lomax was perfectly unconscious of impending evil, and, as soon as he reached home, he told his wife that, in honor of Mrs. Wilmer, he had ordered dessert from the confectioner's.

"You seem very anxious to honor Mrs. Wilmer," said Mrs. Lomax, in a tone which her husband had never before heard her use; "but in honoring her, you should remember that you are dishonoring me. I am your lawful wife before God and man, and she is—she is—is a serpent."

"What is the matter with you, Jane?"

"The matter is with you, not with me," she answered, with bitter emphasis. "I wish that woman had never entered this house, like the serpent of old to change our paradise into hell."

"Jane, do tell me what you mean," cried Lomax, who was as much astonished by his wife's words as if she had struck him a sudden blow in the face.

"Don't try to play the innocent game, Charles Lomax."

It was the first time his wife had ever called him anything but Charlie, and it smote upon his ear as ominously as a funeral knell.

"I am as innocent of having done anything to merit your displeasure as the child unborn is innocent of the sin of his ancestors. Tell me what I have done that I may be prepared to defend myself. The greatest criminal is never condemned without an opportunity to defend himself."

"Charles Lomax, I have been your faithful wife for nineteen years. I have borne you seven children; I have willingly shared your poverty, but I am not willing to share your heart with another woman."

"If this is a joke, it has gone far enough," Mr. Lomax answered, more and more puzzled by his wife's strange behavior.

"It is a very serious joke for a married man to kiss another woman."

"Who dares to say that I ever kissed any woman?" demanded Lomax, his head erect and his eyes flashing with indignation. "Confront me with my accuser, and I will ram the lie down his throat."

"These wild words do not prove you innocent," Mrs. Lomax answered with provoking calmness.

"Who says I did it?" again demanded Lomax.

"Your own daughter, Fanny, declares that she saw you kiss Mrs. Wilmer last night."

"Then it is upon the statement of an irresponsible child of five years old that you condemn me. Look at me, Jane, do I look like a man who is speaking an untruth?"

"You may look like an innocent flower and be the serpent under it."

"But, Jane, go back through the nineteen years that we have lived together, have I ever given the slightest cause for such an accusation?"

"There must be a beginning to everything," she said.

"I assure you that your charge is unjust and unworthy of you and me."

"Words—mere words, amount to nothing," his wife answered; "facts speak louder than all the words you can utter."

Just then the dinner-bell rang, and, as they descended the stairs, the front door opened, and Mrs. Wilmer stepped gaily into the hall; throwing down her hat, she passed into the dining-room, chatting and laughing. After they were seated at table she said:

"Oh, Jane, I have just paid a delightful visit to Mrs. Frank Carroll, and before I left her handsome husband came in. What a fascinating fellow he is!"

"You had better let other women's husbands alone. If you must be silly, there are plenty of single men to fool with," was Mrs. Lomax's cutting reply.

"Thank you very much for your kind advice," returned Mrs. Wilmer, adding in a lower tone to Mr. Lomax, by whose side she was sitting, "What's the matter with Jane?"

Mr. Lomax sipped his soup without replying. After this, the dinner went on in silence, even the irrepressible Mrs. Wilmer, seeing that something unusual had happened, while the three eldest children, who made up the party, followed the example of their parents.

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Lomax retired to the library, where the anti-prandial conversation was resumed by Mr. Lomax.

"I told you I was innocent of this accusation. Most solemnly do I declare that there is not the slightest foundation—not the remotest cause for your suspicion."

"Had you the tongue of an archangel you could not convince me of your innocence of this charge," Mrs. Lomax answered.

"I swear by the God who reigns above us—by the God we both adore," began Lomax with great solemnity, but his wife fiercely interrupted him.

"Man, do not add perjury to dishonor!"

"Dishonor!" cried Lomax, shocked and amazed. "Never before has that foul word been applied to me, and that it is uttered now by her who should cherish my honor, makes the wound doubly painful."

"If you do not like my words, you shall have no more of them," said Mrs. Lomax. "*From this hour I will never speak to you again.*"

"Jane, Jane, recall that fearful threat," was Lomax's piteous appeal. "By your love of your children, which is the last affection that leaves woman's heart, I beseech you not to cast this blight upon our home. Think of your children's present misery and future grief, living in a house divided against itself—living in a home of suspicion, heart-burning, jealousy, and unlove. Again, I entreat you to judge me by what you know, not by what you hear. Do not condemn me upon a story told by an irresponsible child. Such conduct is unjust, such jealousy is insanity. Do not allow yourself to be possessed by a dumb devil."

While Mr. Lomax was pleading with his wife, the seven children filed into the room, one after the other, seeking their father, whose half-holiday was always the happiest day of the week for them. They had missed him after dinner, and sought him where they were in the habit of finding him when he was at home, in the library. Louise, the eldest of the children, a bright, clever girl of seventeen, with the quick intelligence of her age and sex, saw at once that there was something wrong between her father and mother, and, approaching the latter, she said:

"Mamma, let me add my voice to papa's

and beg you to pause before it is too late. Remember, you are dealing with a proud and sensitive man, one who has humbled himself for the sake of his children. Speak, mamma, and dispel the dark cloud that hovers over our happy home."

Mrs. Lomax made no response to this pathetic appeal. Then, by a spontaneous impulse, the children all threw themselves upon their mother, weeping and pleading with her not to destroy the happiness of their lives. Even that touching sight moved not the stern and inflexible Jane Lomax, who was one of those unfortunate women—unfortunate for themselves and their families—in whom pride and jealousy go hand-in-hand—who, having without reason yielded to jealousy, stick to it with a pride and pertinacity bordering on insanity.

"I have said what I intend to do, and I intend to do what I say." With this cold and scornful answer to her children's appeal, Jane Lomax walked haughtily out of the room.

Thus it happened that she who should have been the joy of his home, the bright, particular star to light his pathway through life, became lead to his feet, and a stumbling-block in his way. Those eyes which so long had expressed nothing but love and confidence, were now, either turned coldly away, or looked with pitiless indifference at him who was a martyr to an unjust suspicion. It was work—hard, regular, persistent work—that saved Charles Lomax from destruction, mental and physical, soul and body, after this blight came upon his life. Conscious of his innocence, he was able to follow the noble advice of Burke, "despair, but, even in despair, work on."

Years passed, and that which had begun with unreasonable jealousy Jane Lomax continued with cold, hard, unyielding, immovable pride. This prevented her from appreciating the high, generous, noble qualities of her husband. No sacrifice that he made, no self-denial that he practiced, no patient endurance of intolerable wrong, softened her indomitable temper and inflexible will.

To a man of Charles Lomax's gentle and affectionate nature, there could be nothing more terrible than his wife's obstinate silence. It was such an extraordinary domestic life, an experience so novel and unprecedented that at first he could not take it in, and it was sometime before he became accustomed to live in the same house with his wife and never exchange a word. After a while he got into the habit of addressing her through Louise and the other children. It was at the table only that they regularly met, and here Louise's cleverness relieved the monotony, as her affectionate sympathy soothed her father's depression. She tried to cheer him by her bright conversation, and by her music. Indeed, she did all that a daughter could do to take the place of her mother. She tried in vain to make her mother break her terrible silence.

Mrs. Wilmer took a hasty departure from the house on the day the scene occurred which has been described. But Louise called upon her and asked her point blank whether her father had kissed her.

"No, child," she gaily answered; "I was very foolish, and mistook common politeness for personal admiration, but nothing passed between us which the whole world might not have seen. Your mother thinks I am silly, but I am not so wicked as to allow your father to suffer for my folly. Tell your mother what I have said."

Louise told her mother, who remarked with cynical indifference:

"Annie Wilmer is a very silly woman, but she is not so foolish as to kiss and tell, so what she says does not change my opinion."

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty years passed, and still the silence of Jane Lomax remained unbroken. Her children grew up to manhood and womanhood, married and had children of their own; she attended all the family gatherings, she and her husband grew old together, but not a word had she ever spoken to him since the day on which she declared she would never speak to him again. Her long silence had been kept up with a resolution that never faltered, with an obstinacy that nothing could ever shake. During all those years, Charles Lomax had gone daily to his office, and returned to his silent home, with no wife's voice of love to bid him good-bye, or to welcome his return. Since the day, the fatal day on which the blight had fallen upon his life, he had never laughed and rarely smiled. His newspaper work was well and faithfully done—so well and faithfully that, in the course of years, he became the chief editor and a part owner of the *News*. He who "mingled among men like a bewildered angel," who was entirely lacking in the money-making faculty—who always found himself worsted in business affairs by men who had not one-tenth of his intellect—became famous and wealthy by the concentration of his talents upon the *News*, and devoting his days and nights to the highest forms of journalism. He made this take the place of love, home, and domestic happiness. But, great as had been his success, willingly, gladly, would he have exchanged fame and fortune for the love and poverty of that happy time before the horrible death in life had broken up his once happy home.

We all took pride in Lomax's genius, and rejoiced in his success, for we knew that he was a man crowned with the distinction of a great sorrow—that he bore upon his brow the mark of a grief-stricken heart. We showed in a thousand ways our deep sympathy with him in his unexampled misfortune.

Twenty years after the silence of Jane Lomax began, only one of the seven children remained at home. This was Fanny, who had been the innocent cause of her mother's stern resolution. As she grew older, and understood how her father's happiness had been destroyed through her childish story, she tried in every way to bring about a reconciliation between her parents. Failing in this, she devoted herself to her father, and after Louise's marriage took her place as his constant companion. She refused several excellent offers of marriage, seeming to think it was her duty to remain at home to watch over her father and not to add to his misery by leaving him alone with her mother in a silenced house.

Fanny's devotion to her father was pathetic in its absolute forgetfulness of self. It mattered not what time he came home at night, she was always there to receive him, and by her cheerful conversation and assiduous attention made him forget for the time his sorrow-crowned life. No pleasure party, no invitation of any kind, could induce her to be away from home when her father returned from the office. She was never, under any circumstances, absent when he was there.

Fanny was, indeed, the angel of her father's life, and he learned to depend upon her for all the happiness that earth offered to his bruised heart.

One night he was detained at the office until long after midnight. It had been a warm day and the fires had been allowed to go out. An hour or two before midnight, a cold wave struck the city, and the thermometer fell forty degrees. Fanny fell asleep while waiting for her father, and awoke with a chill, when he returned at two o'clock. She met him with her usual smile sat with him while he ate his supper, and did not get to bed until three o'clock.

The next morning she complained of a cold, and did not appear at breakfast. When her father returned home that night she was not there to meet him. He hurried to her room, found her weak, languid and feverish. He wanted to go at once for the doctor, but she persuaded him not to do so, saying she would be better in the morning. Like all newspaper men, Mr. Lomax was a late riser, and it was noon before he went to Fanny's room. He found her in a high fever, her eyes burning, her face flushed. He sent at once for the doctor, who looked very grave after making a diagnosis of the case, and pronounced it pneumonia.

That night the father and mother were seated on opposite sides of the sick girl's bed, watching her troubled slumbers. For hours they sat there without speaking a word. At two o'clock, Fanny opened her eyes and smiled.

"Mother, I am dying, but I cannot die happily, and leave my father in this silent house. I was the unhappy cause of this misunderstanding. Let my death restore you to each other's love."

Across the deathbed of the daughter, the mother's pride melted in a flood of tears, and the silence of Jane Lomax was broken at last.

ANCESTRAL LIMITATIONS

By T. Blair Eaton

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FRANCIS NORTON looked at the pouting girl opposite him, and smiled pleasantly. This was characteristic of Norton. When anything particularly displeased him, or when there was something unpleasant to be said, he invariably prefixed his utterances with this same misleading smile.

"Dolly," he said with much conviction, "you must admit that I have followed your whims with a fidelity deserving higher rewards than I have ever received. When you took up golf—and you took it up with undue seriousness, it seemed to me—kindly remember the patient afternoons I spent with you on the links. When you went in for slum work, you probably recall the rounds of calls I made with you on the McGinnisses and the Lamperonis and the Barofskis, and the number of dirty children I held uncomplainingly on my knees and fed with candy. At the time your mind was bent on collecting old china, you certainly haven't forgotten the trip to Maine I made in the dead of winter to get a 'State's pitcher.' And so on through the list—and it's a long list, Dolly. Don't you misunderstand me. I was glad to do anything, so long as it was in your service. But the point is just here, whenever I speak to you of marriage all these things seem to count for nothing in my favor. There is some new fad to be followed out, and when that is done, another is brought to light. It seems to be an endless task, and that is why I am protesting against your present devotion to genealogy."

Dolly bit her lip and looked at Norton angrily.

"Genealogy is not a fad with me, permit me to explain," she said coldly. "I have taken it up as a serious work. Mr. McGregor of the Genealogical Society says I have the true genealogical instinct requisite for such endeavor."

Norton sighed.

"There have been so many things taken up by you as 'serious works,' Dolly," he began suggestively.

She interrupted him with an imperious little gesture.

"And all this because I suggested a man should take some interest in his ancestors," she remarked.

"I do take an interest in my ancestors," said Norton, "so much interest, indeed, that I am willing to let their memories rest in peace; infinitely better, it seems to me, than prying into their affairs."

Dolly sniffed scornfully.

"Your lack of family pride is positively shocking," she asserted.

Norton's face became quite grave.

"Dolly," he said slowly, "if it would hasten your answer to my eternal question, I'd hunt my ancestry back to Adam."

Dolly's face brightened.

"I'll make a compact with you," she said. "If you'll hunt it up for ten generations back, I'll—I'll marry you, Frank."

"Dolly! Do you mean it?"

She nodded emphatically.

"I'll do it," he said with determination, "not because I want ancestors, but because I want you, Dolly."

For two weeks after the interview Dolly saw little of him. Then, one blustering February evening, he came, with a strange, preoccupied look, and a meek humility of bearing that contrasted strangely with his usual brisk, determined air.

"It's all over, Dolly," he said, dropping into a chair near the fire.

"What's all over?" said Dolly.

"Everything," he announced ambiguously.

"I thought you'd find it difficult," she said knowingly.

He paid no attention, but stared at the crackling fire.

"It is discouraging at first," she persisted, "there are so many of them."

"So many of what?" he said, looking up.

"Ancestors," said she.

He grunted something unintelligible.

"Still, with time and patience you can trace them," she went on.

"I've found them too readily," he said gloomily. "I wish they all were untraceable."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," she said, eyeing him curiously.

"I wish I didn't either," he groaned.

"Perhaps you'll explain, anyway," she said.

"Dolly," he said with much tragedy in his voice, "this is probably the last time I shall ever see you."

Dolly looked a trifle frightened.

"My veins are fairly bursting with criminal blood."

"What!" said Dolly thoroughly alarmed.

"My ancestors, you know," he said.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed with more or less relief.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said, "but first, you'd better lock up the silver. My great-great-great-grandfather was a thief."

He paused.

"Well, go on," she said impatiently.

"And I know now why I detest the confinement of the office so," he said. "One of my—I don't know how many 'greats' there should be—grandfathers did ten years for arson."

"Oh!" said Dolly, beginning to understand.

"That isn't the worst of it," said he.

"No?" asked Dolly anxiously.

"I also know why it is my collar often feels tight," Norton rattled on.

"Why?" said she.

"One of my ancestors wore a rope collar."

"Well, that certainly isn't a crime," said she.

"Dolly," he said severely, "try to understand. He was hanged. He was a pirate. They strung him up to the yardarm."

"Gracious!" gasped Dolly.

"So I came to say good-by," he said wearily. "Of course, in light of these discoveries I can't ask you to marry me."

"You idiot," said Dolly, "I'm not marrying your ancestors."

He came over to her chair, and catching her face in his hands he looked at her until she grew crimson to her little ears.

"You display a shocking lack of family pride," he said severely.

Dolly chuckled softly.

"All the same," she said, "I don't think I care as much for genealogy as I did."

A WOMAN'S BEST

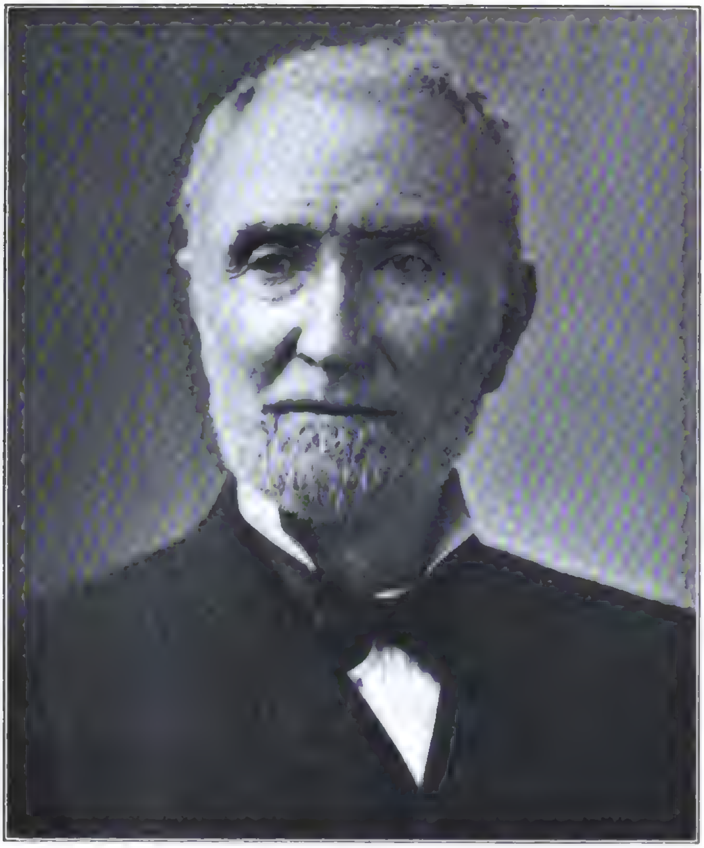
By Will Howard

"At what age, pray, is women at her best?"
I asked one day a maid of sweet sixteen;
She sighed and blushed the sweetest ever seen,
Gave me a glance, and—stood there thus confessed.

A débutante I questioned, college bred
And twenty-two. "Ages ago," quoth she,
"The poets solved the charming mystery:
Don't you recall what gay Lord Byron said?"

Still in despair, I asked a fair one more:
A matron, age—nay, treason 'tis to tell;
She shrugged, and sighed, "Balzac knew women well:
'She's at her best,' quoth he, 'at thirty-four.'"

Last of them all I asked a spinster sage—
One full of lonely years. Her soft eyes lit
With longing as she made the roguish hit:
"A woman's best? Why, at the parsonage."



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HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON

HARDY PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

RECENTLY a furor was occasioned in the House of Representatives by the announcement of a strong political faction in the Republican party which favored the nomination of the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Member of Congress from the Eighteenth District, Illinois, and Speaker of the House, as candidate for the office of Chief Executive. Congressman Cannon's record for more than thirty successful years in politics, a large part of the time in Congress, has been such as to cause every native of Illinois, and indeed every American who believes in maintaining the principles established by the great leaders of the past, to glory in the possible prospect of elevating Speaker Cannon to that exalted station.

It was Representative William Alden Smith, of Michigan, who fired the opening cannon shot in the movement. This he did in a speech on the floor of the House recently, in the following sentiment:

"Mr. Speaker, whenever the people want a popular leader, they come to the House of Representatives to get him. I hope the day is not far distant when the American people will deservedly crown that great commoner, the Speaker of this House, who has devoted thirty years of life standing between rapacity and crime on the one hand and a treasury of the country on the other, and will lift him by general consent of the American people into the Executive Office."

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio

HON. CHARLES DICK, OF OHIO

UPON WHOM THE MANTLE OF HANNA FELL

IT seemed quite the most fitting thing from every standpoint of political expediency and civic appreciation for a man of deeds that Major-General Charles Dick, of Akron, Ohio, Congressman from the Nineteenth Congressional District, should have been chosen to succeed the late Marcus Alonzo Hanna in the Senate of the United States.

Senator Dick has been one of the most active and powerful of the Republican adherents in the Buckeye State, and was, perhaps, more than any other man, the closest identified with the late Senator Hanna in his efforts to boom the late William McKinley for the office of Chief Executive. Thus accrues to General Dick the rewards which fell naturally to his forerunner.

General Dick arose from obscurity by dint of hard labor, at one time clerking in an humble way through the working days and studying law by night. It was simultaneous that he went to the bar and the military, in the former achieving high standing among jurists, in the latter raised from the lowest rank through the successive appointments till he became Brigadier, and afterwards Major-General of the Eighth Ohio, National Guard.

MAY NUMBER OF
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IN periodical fields, BROADWAY MAGAZINE, for nearly a decade, has filled a wide and distinct demand. Others may have satisfied the desires of a large part of a certain class of readers for bulk—mainly advertisements; others still have catered to those who place class distinctions above general interest; still others have eschewed illustration and depended upon text alone, while again others have regarded illustration and fine printing the sumum bonum of magazine enterprise. Verily, these have their various rewards.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE, on the contrary, has undertaken to give the best special writing the most fitting illustration, and to secure not only the most timely features obtainable in the metropolitan field, but also the most appealing fiction to be found—fiction that aims not to exploit to any one class or locale, but worthy solely from a human-interest standpoint: as Carlyle says, "that is written from the heart and shall contrive to reach other hearts."

In all of these regards BROADWAY MAGAZINE has succeeded, and admirably. Its initiative being in the right direction, held to its path by a firm hand, it has achieved its measure of success. It has been taken into the club, the office, the palace car, and best of all, the home, and in them all made friends. It is proud of these, because in these strenuous times it is only those who deserve the highest that achieve the most, and the measure of success that has come to BROADWAY MAGAZINE gives evidence of the confidence with which it is taken into the society of the elect, and the firmness with which it is there entrenched. This much for the past of an enterprise that has made a sound and serious bid for public favor, and that has won handsomely on merit alone.

As for the future, there are great things in store. Under new management, with skilled and trained men in every department of the enterprise, BROADWAY MAGAZINE leads on from this epoch to an era of unparalleled prosperity. While holding fast to those whom it has won and retained in warm esteem these many years, it will reach out as never before to make new friends in every city and hamlet. It has found friends among the highest and the lowest, for the one thing it has sought to give is a mirror-flash of the life of to-day—not as it was a century ago, as it will be a century hence, but life as it is lived to-day, its humor and pathos, its science and its art—in a word, its progress.

It is only the human note that fetches. One good strong sidelight on the character of a great personage; one intimate personal picture at a great crisis, like the thrilling reminiscence of Lincoln in this issue; one story of heroism, of benevolence or struggle through fire and flood to success—such is worth volumes of mere architectural exploitation, the loveliest landscape without a single figure, or a disquisition on some technical theme. Their places are elsewhere. We are on the search for features, and we are finding them, to offer them to our readers in the most attractive form.

And we wish our readers to understand another thing: it is our desire to take him or her into our entire confidence—in a word, to be heartily and mutually reciprocal. We have not so many good ideas that we do not crave others, and these others even the humblest of our readers may have to offer us. If there is anything about this magazine that you do not like, write and tell us about it honestly and fearlessly, at the same time suggesting a more acceptable substitute. If there are other features which do please you, say so, too, and still suggest where we may further improve them.

If you yourself like the magazine, pass it on to your friends, and tell them just why you like it. This magazine is built to give ideas to people with ideas, and it accepts ideas gratefully and cheerfully whenever offered. In other words, it is built to please and entertain you, and we want you to take a personal interest in every issue and page.

To be satisfied with present success is not the policy of BROADWAY MAGAZINE. We can promise that the June number will be more beautiful, more entertaining and more diverse in attraction than even the present issue. This is a busy age, and as we live ten times faster now than they did a century ago, so must we have our literary pabulum as many times more condensed. The age of the superfluous is passed. Every feature must literally burn with interest, if not to you, then to some one else, for the ideal editor must eliminate all personal predilections and prejudices and give the largest number the fullest variety of the best material within his reach.

And with this explanation on the threshold of a new era, the management of BROADWAY MAGAZINE resigns the floor. Those who have been pleased in the past must certainly be pleased with the present number, and those pleased with the present must not fail to note how far the June number and succeeding numbers will excel in beauty and telling force this issue of May. As our poster puts it plainly and to the point, "All magazines look alike to you except BROADWAY MAGAZINE. That's different."

THE TRIALS OF A MOB-TRAINER

By William A. Brady

William A. Brady, "Mob-King"

WHEN I advertised for five hundred men to take part in the great Pit scene of the Norris-Pollock drama of that name at the Lyric, I little realized the difficulties bound to accrue. Whereas the ordinary stage mob is composed of gentlemen of the footlights who are very much "at liberty," I made it known that gentlemen of "the Street" who were likewise much burdened with time and unburdened with resources would be welcomed rather than discouraged, thus to give a touch of realism to the picture.

They came in droves, all sorts and conditions of men; some who had actually lost their fortunes in high play in the market, frequenters of bucket-shops and under-clerks who were the first to be discharged when there was a slump in stocks.

As may be imagined, many of these men had never been behind the scenes in their lives, and some few would have scorned a few years ago the very hint of composing the mob in a play which attempted to depict the vicissitudes of their careers in a manner never before attempted. It was therefore a task to "lick these cubs" of the stage into shape, as it were, for few of them realized what they were really there for.

One must play upon a stage mob as one plays upon an organ. There are weary hours of hard work and much discord when the hopelessness of it all would weary an onlooker beyond measure. This generalship requires a degree of native ability, I fancy, but still more the quality of being able to stick to a bad job until something comes of it.

The ordinary individual is not so easily aroused as might be supposed. He will

A Byron flashlight of the mob scene in "The Pit" run to a fire, stand breathlessly at the gutter's edge and watch a terrier kill rats, or for five hours hang excitedly around a building where there is a prize fight going on; but when it comes to simulating any of the passions which he experiences at these times, he is usually utterly incapable of it.

Most stolidly will he watch the expended energies, the ingenuity, and the tireless struggles of the man who is training him, and who must take in turn the part of the "bull," the "bear," the messenger boy or the show girl, mounting a table and railing at the men in their own vernacular.

What though at times he be gentle as n turtledove, again roaring like a tiger, agaia coaxing, pleading, wheedling, encouraging, despairing, driving away the persistent loungers and loafers and stirring the others into some semblance of action? Some will be found to skulk behind pillars and dodge behind scenery, and even the most indefatigable trainer in the world could never whip them into a realization that this is not play but serious business—not fun, but deadly earnest.

There are many, too, who are incapable of any emotion or any idea which involves the slightest exercise of the imagination, to say nothing of magnetism. These will view with the utmost complacency a stage manager with coat and waistcoat thrown aside, streams of perspiration rolling down his face, now blaring like a fog-horn, anon croaking like a frog, shrieking himself to silence; and yet they will remain as impassive as the most hardened Wall Street gambler at a crisis in cotton or a slump in steel.

These rehearsals are indeed serious affairs from the outset. The cues are given and the answering shouts come across stage or signals in dumb show. Suddenly Bedlam itself breaks loose. The stage manager enthuses, glows and stiffens his sinews in a mimic tempest of rage, sorrow, despair or joy. Soon, however, he discovers that by the subtle psychology of suggestion, some few, and later more and more, become as it were hypnotized, losing themselves completely in the spirit of the situation. Every phrase is gone over and over to get the exact meaning and the proper emphasis—hour after hour and day after day, until order is finally brought out of chaos and the desired result is achieved.

Naturally three or four rehearsals of this strenuous nature bring many to the conviction that they are not born Booths and Barretts, and "folding their tents like the Arabs," they silently steal from the stage door to seek the consolation of the nearest hostelry and the company of more congenial cronies. This is to be expected, and consequently there are many more taken into the mob scene than are really wanted; for desertion is not a crime confined solely to the army and navy.

But night after night the same enthusiasm has to be infused into the mob, for, fight as you will, there are always those who will fall behind in ardor and thus endanger a situation with apathetic interest at some critical climax. These are usually detected from the body of the house, where the manager often repairs to note the effects of scenes on the audience and to correct errors. Some of these are most glaring and are even perceptible to eagle eyes among the audience. Others, however, are patent only to the manager himself, but nevertheless need instant and definite correction.

It is a pleasure to note that now and then one happens across real and promising talent in a stage mob—young men and women who, one imagines, will yet do great things in the histrionic profession. These are some of the triumphs accruing to the hopeful manager, for the discovery of talent in others is only second in charm to the discovery of some latent talent in ourselves.

Many a great actor has risen from the stage mob and been proud of it. In this regard it is the most apt and practical of schools. The novice gets a glimpse of the inner workings of the stage and its discipline, the demands on the actor's time, energy and talent, and tends moreover to overcome that most harrowing of diseases, stage-fright, to which seasickness and buck fever are as measles to lockjaw.

From an educational standpoint then the mob-trainer may be said to stand in public estimation in the light of a benefactor. For, of a truth, the man who cannot succeed in the mob with impressing either audience or manager, stands a poor chance of making a livelihood as a professional votary of Thespis, however brilliant or rich in rewards may be the locality or the season.

Notable successes of the Frohman enterprise
Maude Adams and Clara Bloodgood

A RÉSUMÉ OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON

FROM many standpoints the theatrical season of 1903–4 has been one of the most remarkable in the history of the metropolitan stage. It has been full of surprises. Many were called, but few were chosen, and to paraphrase the poet, comedies came and comedies went, but some looked as if they were destined to stay on forever, and often those which appeared at the outset quite the least promising.

Many old-time traditions were upset, and many of the prophets with a great following were lost in the mazes of public caprice. Certain attractions which were banked on as sureties—such as "Irving Dante," the poetical classic "Ulysses," comic operas of the "Glittering Gloria" type, and numberless musical plays and dramas founded upon successful books like "Hearts Courageous" and "The Light that Failed," staggered the sure-thing tipsters in the profession, whereas the much more modest "Girl from Kays," "The County Chairman," "The Other Girl," "The Secret of Polichinelle," "Raffles," and many others seemed to catch on with the public in a manner truly remarkable. In point of fact, it has been a difficult matter to discover just what the public wanted; but as to what the public did not want, there was strong evidence in empty orchestra chairs, and no heavy work of the press agent would seem to rally the falling-off constituency.

There were many hindrances to a successful season. Whereas several new theatres opened most auspiciously, the attractions appeared to be secondary to the artistic treat of enjoying an evening in one of the most modern and beautiful playhouses of the world. A disastrous conflagration had also a dampening effect upon the ardor of the theatre-goer, and many of the attractions were plainly advertised way beyond their rightful merits, being merely thrown together with a view to giving third-raters a star prestige, or to exploit untold extravagances in gowns and mechanical surprises. However, the public soon caught the swing of things, and what was meretricious or undeserving otherwise, was quickly apprehended, as were the good things bruited about clubdom and dinner parties, for word-of-mouth is after all the best kind of advertising.

Managers who stake their capital upon precedent would have predicted great success for Madame Patti and other importations which seemed to have been lost in the shuffle. Forbes Robertson was of the opinion that Kipling stood so high with Americans that they would swallow as a play a dramatic story which they refused to

Four of the Frohman standards

Charles Hawtrey

William Gillette
Sam Bernard

William M. Thompson

regard seriously as a book. It was not until he reverted to first principles in his excellent production of "Hamlet" that he caught the measure of our march of progress and then everything went well, but it should have been sooner. The same might be said of Mr. Irving, whose *Dante* failed to capture, yet whose older plays redeemed what would otherwise have been a hopeless season for him. The same holds true of others of the elect from across the water.

On the whole, it is plain that the American public did not wish to take the drama too seriously. They want to be amused first and instructed afterward. They do not wish to be dazzled spectacularly away

Frohman favorites with a splendid season to their credit

Ethel Barrymore and Annie Russell

beyond the harmony of an intellectual libretto and music, neither do they want excellent books done atrociously into drama merely to give an author a summer in Switzerland instead of Cohoos. Those managers who have dealt honestly with the public have been dealt with for the most part appreciatively in turn. They have been given an honest hearing, and if they have produced the goods, to use a most expressive phrase, they have succeeded. On the other hand, the mere expenditure of money without exercising corresponding gray matter has proven in more than one case quite disastrous, for shop windows are an adequate display at a cheap fee without resorting to a two-dollar orchestra seat in order to study La Mode.

The two-dollar seat controversy waged long and furiously also for a time, but the managers won out beyond a hazard. Never in the history of the drama has there been such rivalry to obtain the best possible talent, the finest property, mechanical effects and costumes, and the most luxurious play-houses in which to install them. It was natural then that considering the colossal outlay, the box office demanded a larger fee than the public heretofore has been willing to give.

Ten years ago the sum of ten thousand dollars expended on a production was considered notable, and double that sum was regarded as stupendous. Now the expenditure of thirty thousand dollars on custumes alone, twenty thousand more on special scenery, and as much more in

Among the Frohman leaders

Virginia Harned and Fay Davis

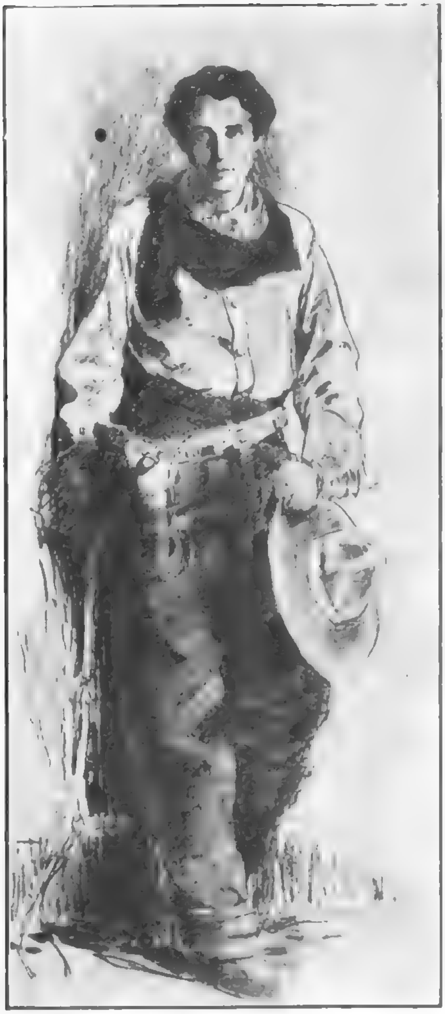
A quartette of the Klaw & Erlanger attractions

Grace George
Margaret Illington

Sue Stuart
Clara Blandick

mechanical effects, is not looked upon as worthy of any especial trumpeting up and down the breadth of the Main Street. More than that, the profession has been better paid this season than ever in the history of the dramatic art in America, and the actor or actress who is not building his or her own summer home in the mountains or at the seashore, or else spending the summer delightfully abroad, may not be said to have made any very distinct impression upon the metropolitan public. However, we know that many are enjoying these fruits of their labors, all of which is indicative of a comparatively successful season.

One lesson seems to have been learned by the managerial federation this season,



From a crayon drawing by Lawrence Mazzanovich

Dustin Farnum

As *The Virginian* at the Manhattan theatre

and that is the increasing demand for harmony. The day has gone by when the public is satisfied with one big star, supported by supers and undergraduates of the Sixth Avenue dramatic school.

There have been few examples of glaring departure from the accepted law of dramatic consistency in this regard, which, while it has probably swelled the payroll and burdened the week-end ghost beyond his usual stint, nevertheless the public profited and paid first tribute accordingly. The probabilities are that next season we shall have more plays by Americans and fewer of the imported variety, and those plays better presented from an intellectual standpoint, even if perchance they be less elaborately staged and extravagantly costumed. Not only that, but American actors will enjoy even a more hearty vogue, for we have proven conclusively that the home product in talent measures very flatteringly with that of any other nation.

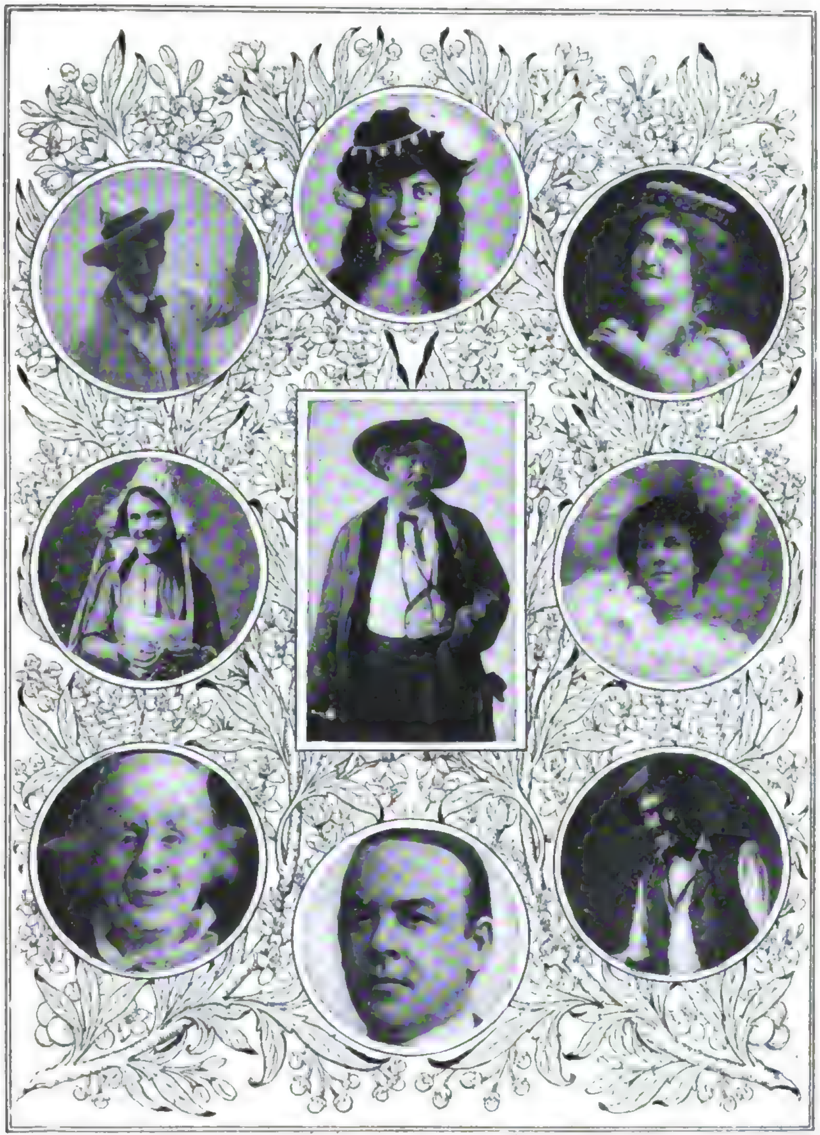
There is no more fascinating profession in the world than that of the *impresario*, and it has been proven that the new man in the field has walked away with the grand trophies right over the heads of the hardened know-it-all veterans.

Real estate men, newspaper men and even actors themselves, all supposed to be beyond the accusation of possessing a keen managerial instinct, have in several instances this season piled up handsome accounts in their strong vaults, while others who were supposed to know their cards as the monk knows his rosary, are forced into Economy Barracks till the opening of another and haply more lucrative season. But such are the vicissitudes of the profession—the hazard which perhaps is one of the chief reasons why it proves so attractive, and why "once a manager always a manager," even after years of more than adverse fortunes.

The lessons of the past season have not been lost, and it is certain that greater caution will characterize the opening of the season of 1904-5. Not only that, but

R. R. Neill

Who appeared in "The Triumph of Love," the Martha Morton prize play



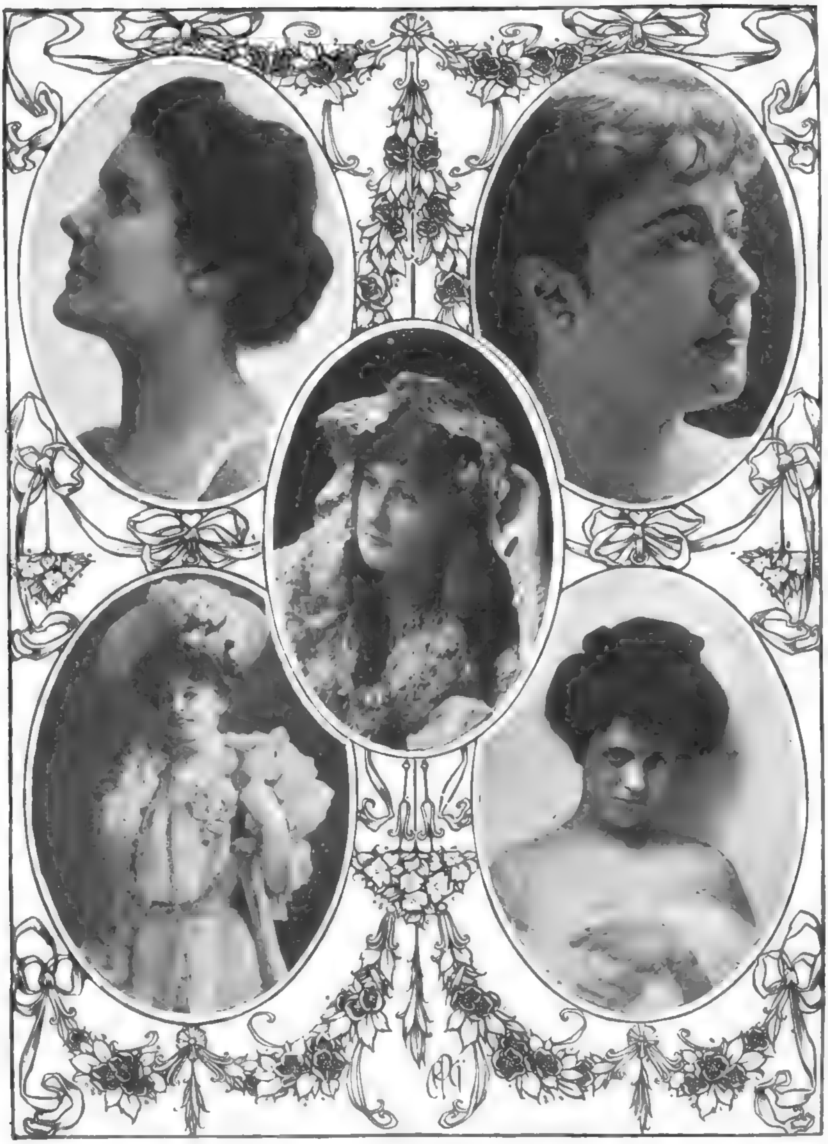
A galaxy of the Savage stars

Raymond Hitchcock
Anna Buckley
Richard Golden

Flora Zabelle
Macklyn Arbuckle
Winfred Goff

Gertrude Renyon
Cheridah Simpson
Willis Sweatnam

money which was spent in features more attractive to the eye than to the inner sense will be less in vogue, and the same money applied to the search for new and original talent—young men and women who will be brought out of obscurity and set up on seats of eminence for popular admiration and acclaim.



FIVE OF THE SHUBERT BROTHERS' TRIUMPHS:

Amelia Stone
Nina Farrington
Paula Edwardes
Belle Harper
Florence Worden

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS *OPHELIA*

In the masterly production of "Hamlet," by the English Actor, Forbes Robertson, at the Knickerbocker theatre

Photographs by Otto Sarony Co., New York

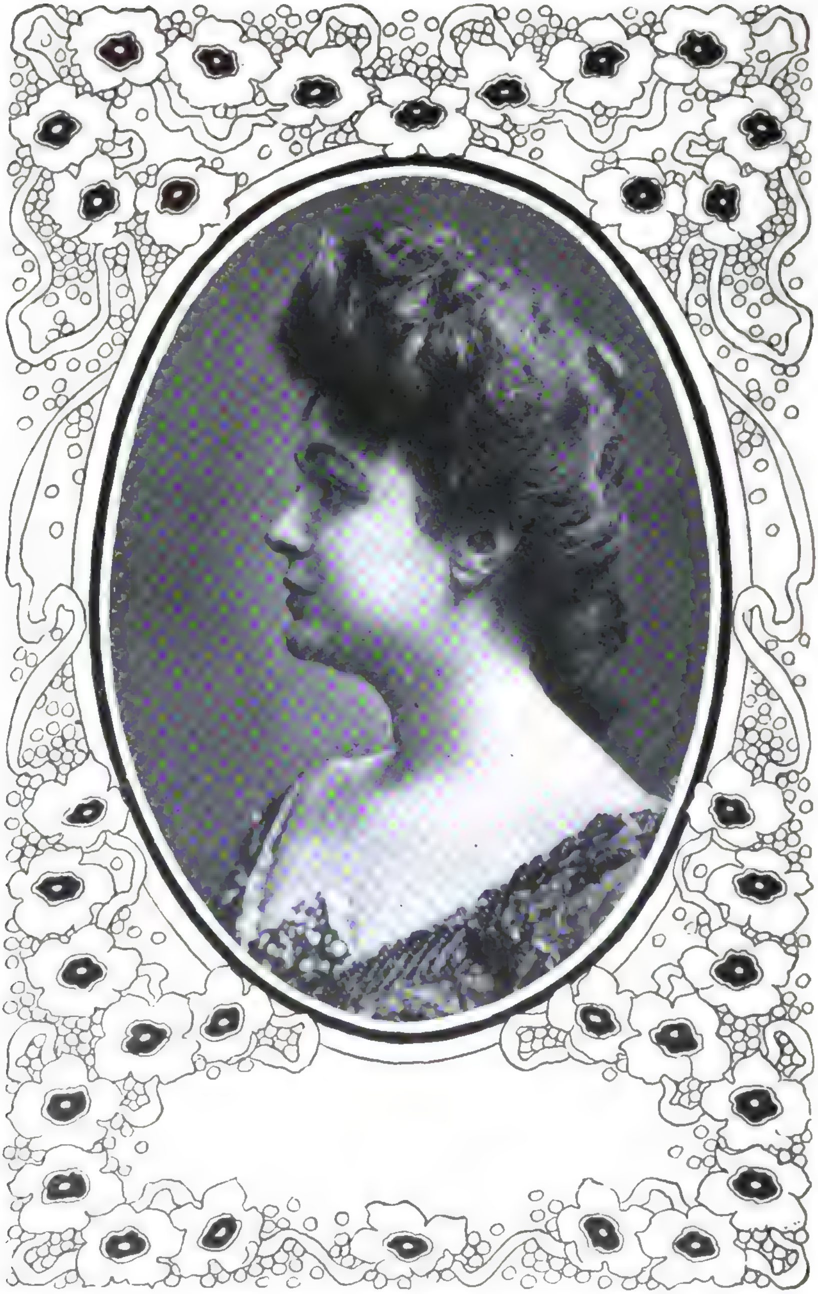
SOME OF THE MOST CHARMING DANCERS OF THE SEASON

The three de Fraze sisters — May Hengler

Photograph by Sarony, New York

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON

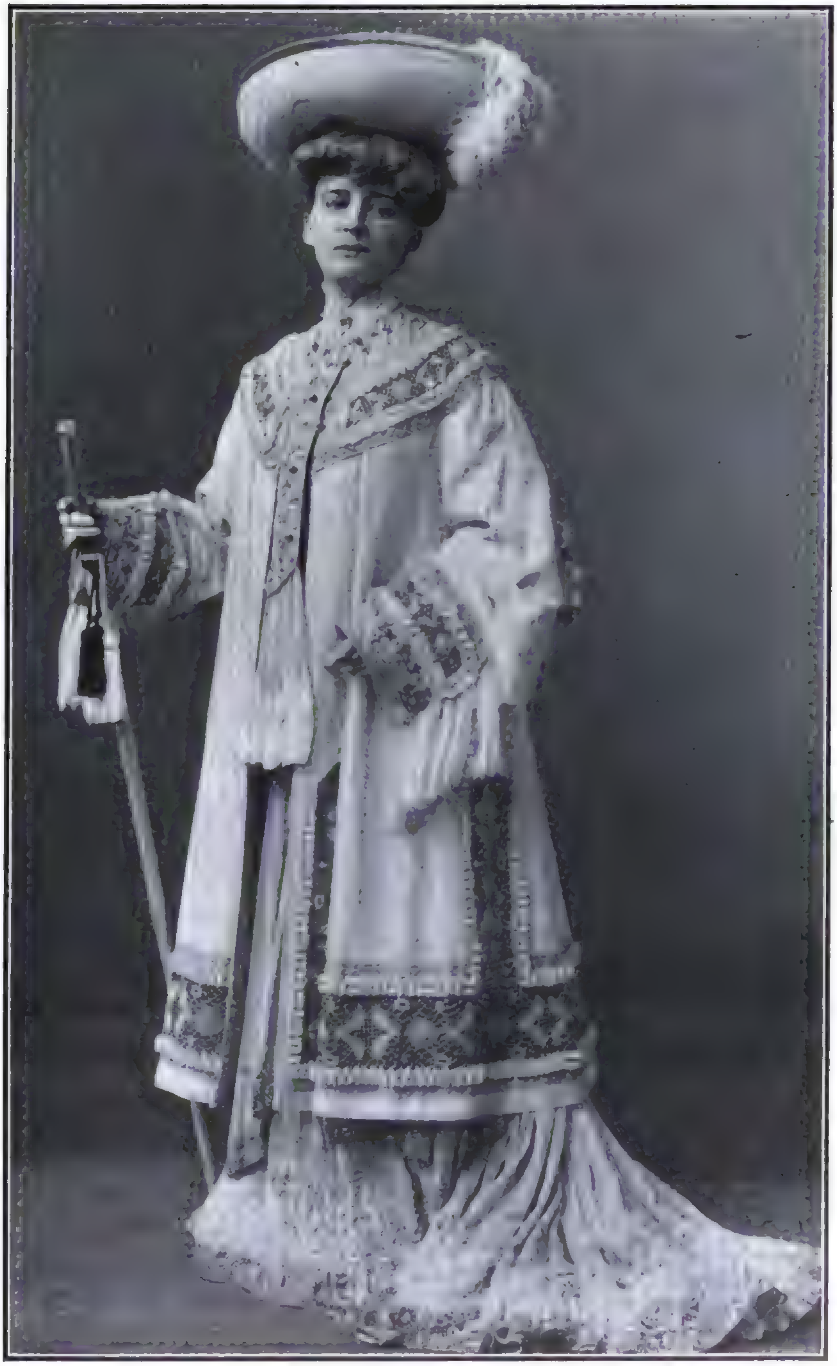
Who has been playing leading rôles in the remarkable Ben Greet revival of Shakespearean plays, "Twelfth Night," and "As You Like It," and also the mystery play "Everyman," with such marked success



Photograph by Marceau, New York

JANE OAKER AS *LAURA DEARBORN*

In the Lyric theatre play of the speculation, "The Pit," dramatized
by Channing Pollock from the great novel by that name by the
late Frank Norris, in which Wilton Lackaye plays the leading rôle



Photograph by Eddowes, New York

AMY FORSLAND, OF "GLITTERING GLORIA" FAME,

In a rare Parisian creation. Miss Forsland is giving up the dull season to the study of an important and ambitious rôle

BASCOM'S ARISTOCRACY

By Jasper Colingwood

(Copyright, 1904, by E. Warner)

WHEN Herbert Bascom's effects were moved into the Holbein studios the other occupants gathered in the front windows and jeered openly. Bascom, whose hearing was singularly acute, caught the comments as far up as the third floor. What those on the fourth floor thought was scarcely of importance; the singular unanimity of opinion among the dwellers of the three lower floors argued that those up above would scarcely be moved to comment approvingly in defiance of their fellows.

The only trouble with Bascom's effects was that they were new—distressingly new. From the oilcloth for the tiny kitchen to the Persian rugs and Turkish hangings, they all came from first-hand stores. The Holbeinites were unaccustomed to such extravagances. They had bought second-hand things when they had first set up, and thereby had acquired merit in the eyes of those already established. It was unbohemian, as Tolliver expressed it, to have glaring new furniture and things in one's studio. It argued the possession of unseemly quantities of money and small artistic merit. From the moment that the first delivery wagon backed up to the door Bascom lost his surname, so far as his fellows were concerned, and gained the title of The Aristocrat. It was Tolliver's nickname, but it spread rapidly, and no French Communist ever hated the name more than the Holbeinites.

As soon as the place had been settled Bascom went around one morning delivering invitations for a studio tea that afternoon. There were many moved to accept the invitation, for the delivery wagon of a leading grocery had unloaded much that looked attractive that morning.

But Tolliver made a personal canvass, and when Bascom hurried home that afternoon, ladened with additional packages, he was met by a neat pile of regrets carefully pinned upon his door. As a result of Tolliver's activity it had been decided to snub this aristocrat who sought by means of the tea to flaunt his rich possessions before their eyes. It was unbohemian, and while his presence had to be tolerated, friendship and fellowship should be withheld.

Bascom was no fool. He readily perceived why he was being snubbed, and quietly accepted the situation. He nodded friendly to the men when he met them in the halls, and gravely removed his hat when he passed the women. For the rest he went to work, and found in this an absorption which did not permit him to worry about the attitude of his neighbors. He missed their companionship, but he had letters in plenty. Since the artistic colony refused to recognize him he devoted himself to his society engagements when time permitted, thereby bringing forth additional comment as to the gorgeousness of his garments.

Then came Miss Alice Caswell. She was but a decorator of china, but her effects were pitifully meagre, and she was at once accepted by the rest of the inhabitants as a Bohemian.

She was a bright, brisk, even-tempered girl, and before the week was out she had made friends even with the janitor, a feat hitherto supposed to be impossible. She had the studio across the hall from Bascom and before she had learned of his isolation had already formed a friendship with him. She had needed some material which she did not have time to go out for, and he had generously supplied her wants. She had noted with approving eye his skill as a draughtsman and fine sense of color. After that she soon acquired the habit of dropping in to ask his advice about her designs, finding his wide experience of great value.

By the time the other dwellers in the Studio Building had thought to warn her of the intruder in their colony the intruder had become her mentor, and she grieved greatly as one after another the rest of the artists let slip some caustic fling.

"But he is a really clever man," she assured Tolliver one day as he sat perched in the window seat declaiming against the aristocrat. "I assure you that his paintings are very much above the average."

Tolliver snorted contemptuously. "My dear child," he remarked paternally, "you do some very clever china work. Don't try to get beyond it and set up as a critic. There never was a man came into this place with new furniture. He can't be an artist." Then the conversation dropped. There was no arguing with Tolliver when he called one "dear child."

A few weeks later she had a birthday party. Early in the morning the occupants of the other studios began to arrive each with some little token and the invariable inquiry as to whether Bascom had been invited to the evening festivities. It seemed odd to her that they should be so interested in his possible appearance, but she readily answered that he would. No objection being offered she personally rounded up Bascom when the time of the party arrived, and got him across the hall on the plea that she needed help in the preparation of the supper.

Bascom had interposed many objections when she had invited him, but she had pleaded with him, and on her assurance that the attitude of the others had materially changed he decided to risk it because she wanted it.

She never realized that the abatement of the criticism was because she was openly his champion and the rest had decided to respect her "delusion," as they termed it. She was so happy getting the spread ready that she never noticed the clock until all of the preparations had been made.

"Why, it's nine," she said wonderingly. "I asked them to come in about eight. I'll take a little run down the hall and remind some of them."

Bascom sank into the easy chair in front of the cannel coal fire. Cannel coal was a luxury in the Holbein flats, but he had sent two scuttlefuls that morning in honor of the event. Alice ran down the hall to Tolliver's door. There pinned to a panel was the sign, "Gone to the theatre." She retraced her steps to the stairway. On every door was some card giving notice that the owner had gone out. She descended to the lower floors, apparently not a soul remained in the building. Bascom, by the fire place, was startled by the tiny figure that darted in and sank sobbing upon the home-made cosy corner.

It took small questioning to get at the trouble. The cause he already knew. The form the opposition had taken was all he needed to ask.

"I wouldn't have minded so much," she sobbed, "only I did so want them to meet you and see how nice you really were."

"Did you get it all up for me," he demanded eagerly.

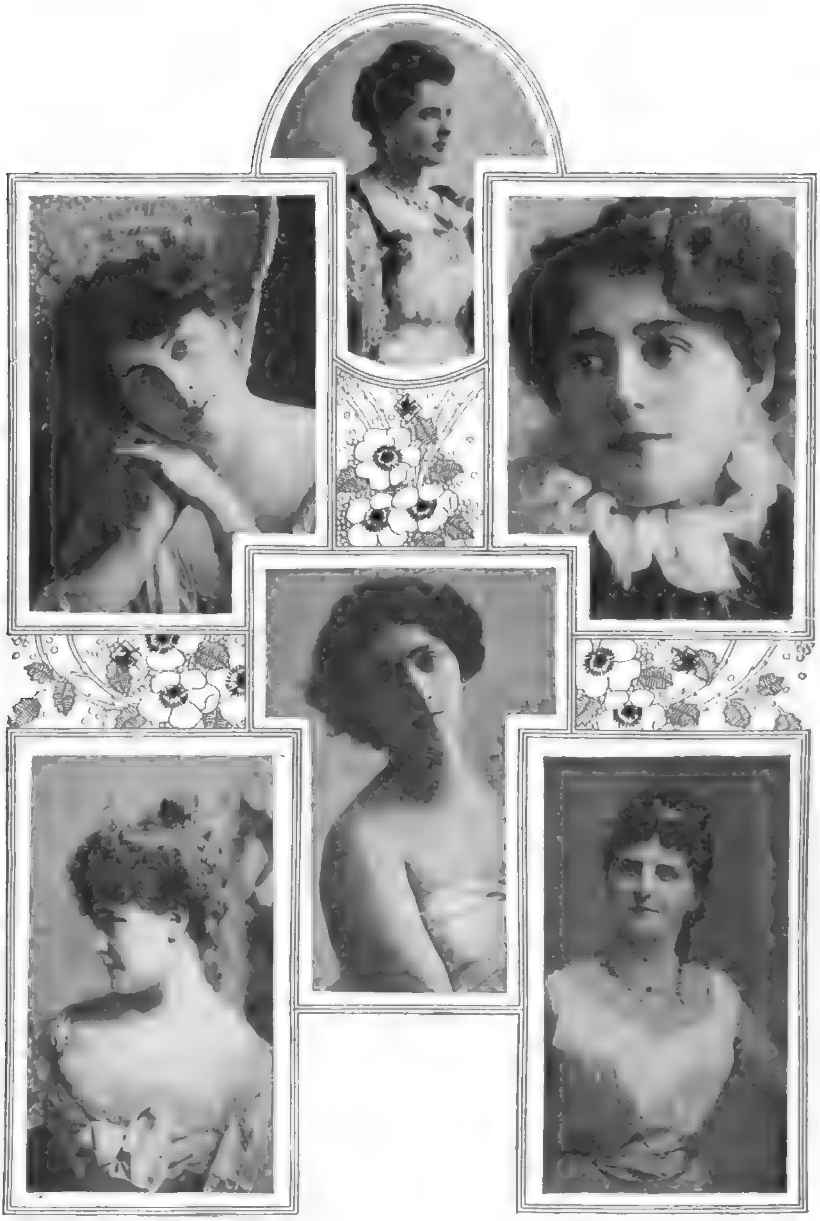
She nodded. "That isn't the worst of it," she confessed, "I even invented the birthday. Mine was seven months away and I couldn't wait. I thought they would be more apt to come to a birthday party. Now I have all their presents and they wouldn't come."

"He drew the tearful little face down upon his shoulder. "Little girl," he said gently, "don't you think they would be more apt to come to a wedding?"

"I couldn't invent that," she protested in a muffled voice.

"It's very easy," he persisted, "Just say 'yes.' I will look after the rest. I have wanted to ask you for a long time."

Even Tolliver came to the wedding and led the chorus of "He's a jolly good fellow" as he poured several quarts of rice down the elevator shaft after the departing pair. James had discovered that Bascom really had to work for a living and that the studio had been furnished by a maiden aunt, who insisted that he be started right.



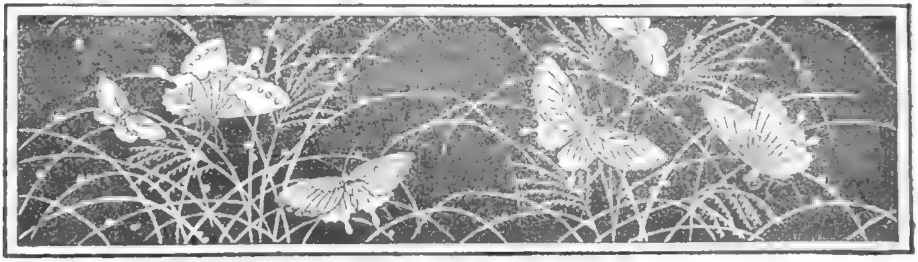
WHICH TYPE OF BEAUTY DO YOU ADMIRE THE MOST?

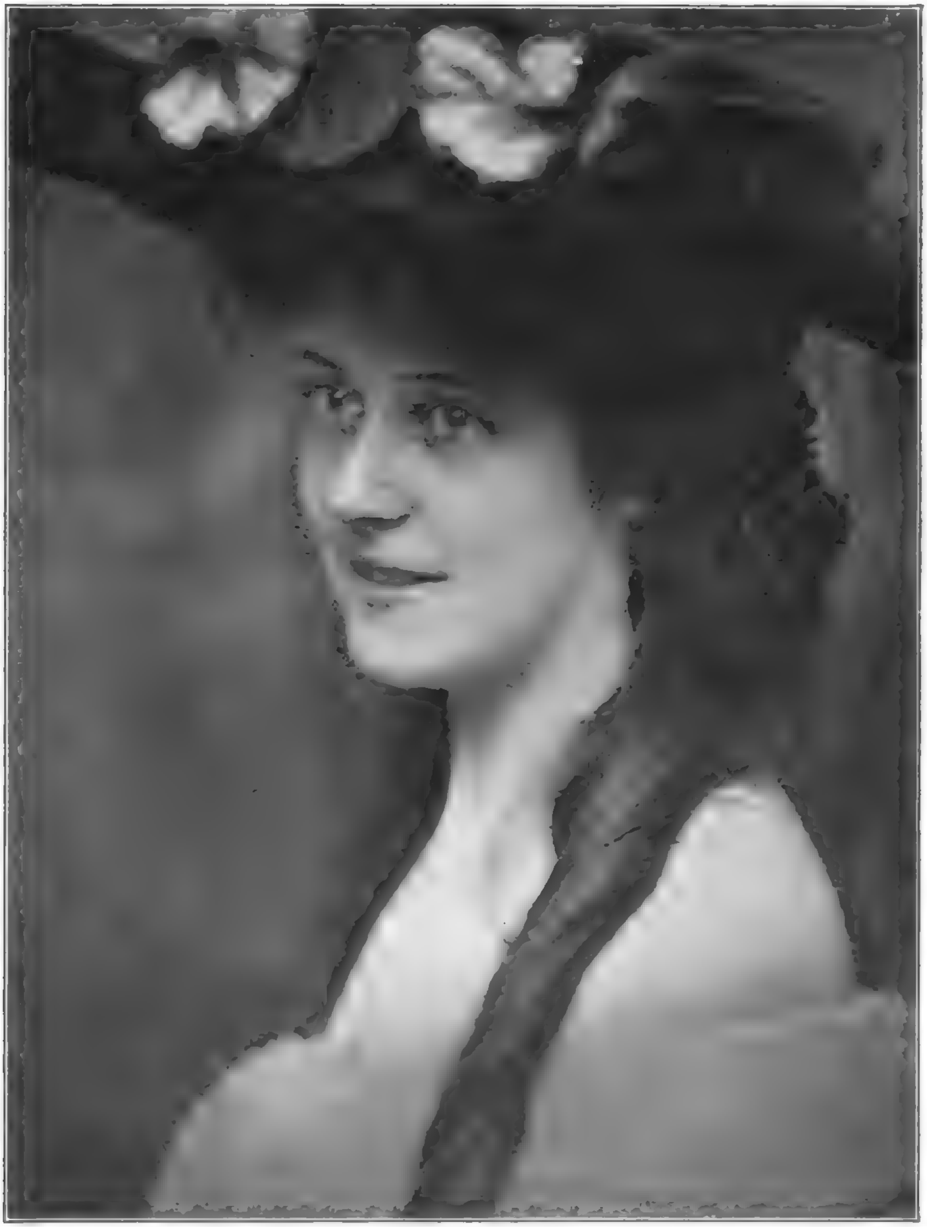
American	**German**	**Austrian**
English	**French**	**Russian**

In each face you will note an individual charm and a distinct national characteristic. Which is your preference, judging from these reproductions of the masters of photography?

Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York

THE LADY AND THE ROSE



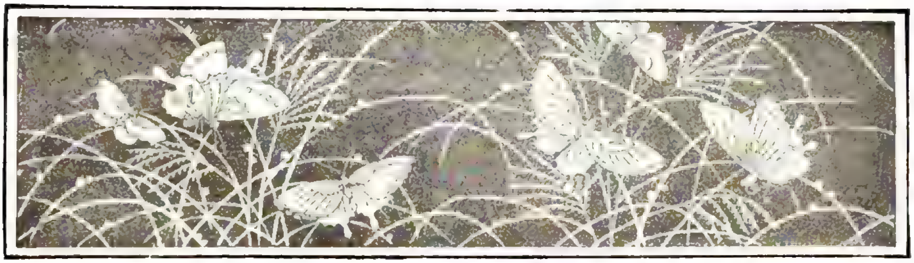


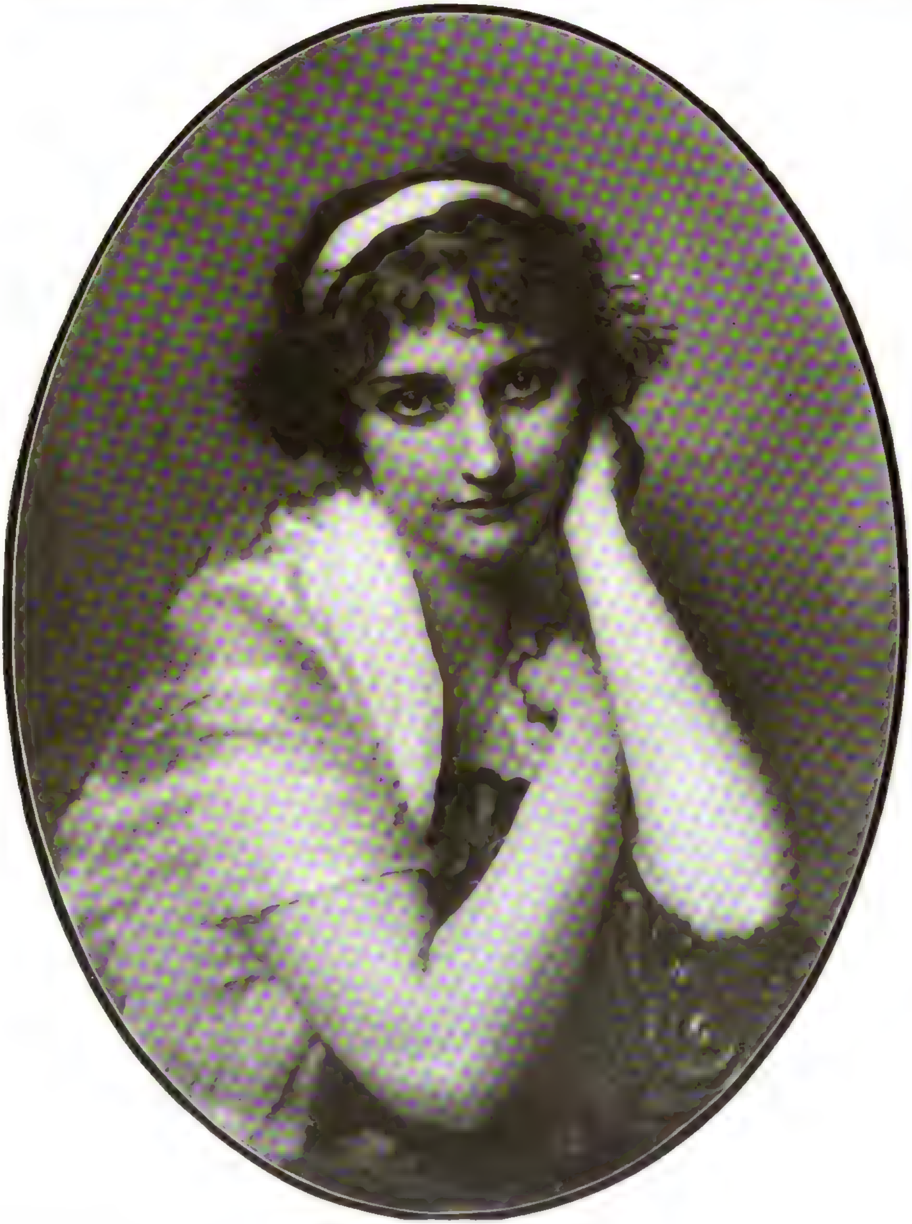
Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York

A SOUTHERN BEAUTY

Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York

EXPECTANCY





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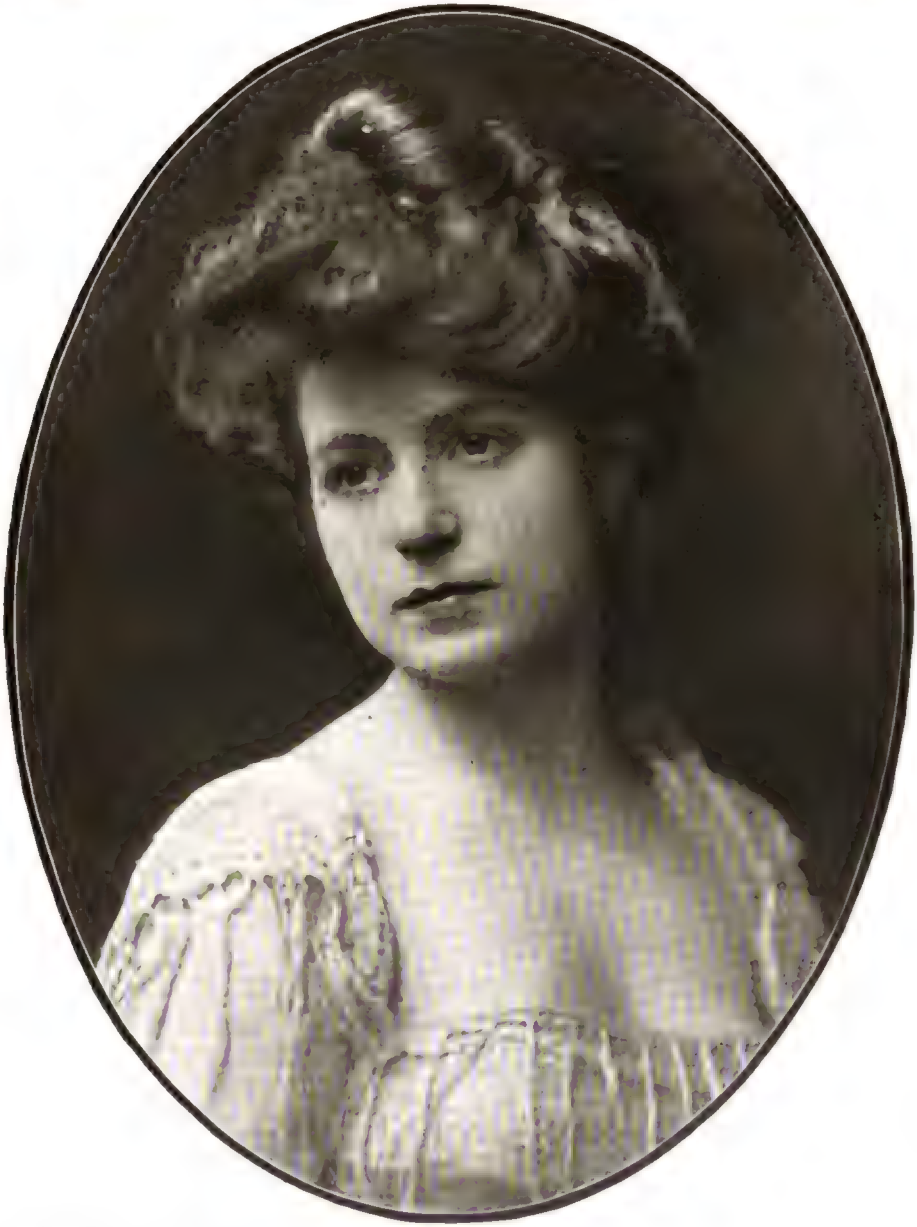
A GAINSBOROUGH PHANTASY



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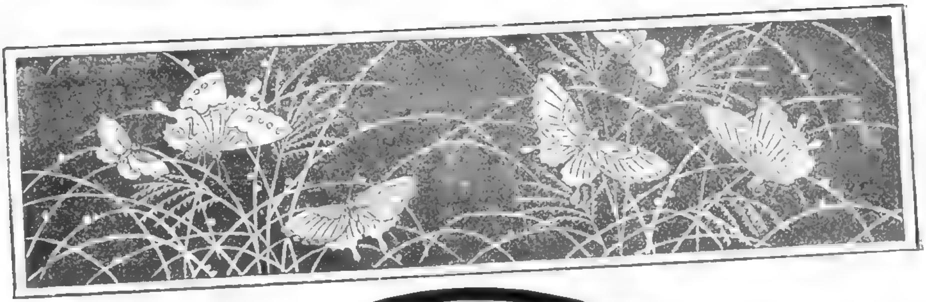
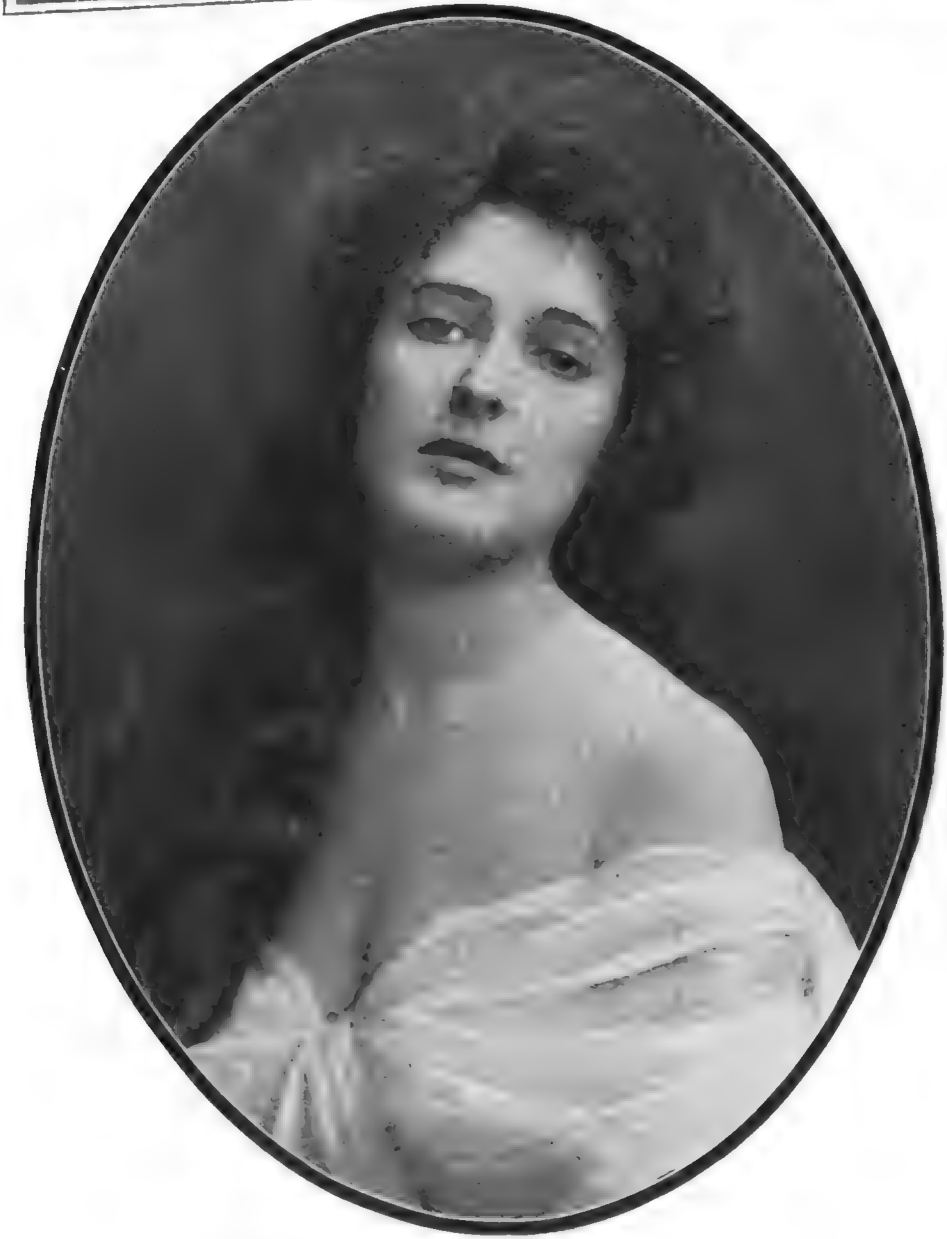
SWEET SIXTEEN

Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York

JUNE BLOSSOMS





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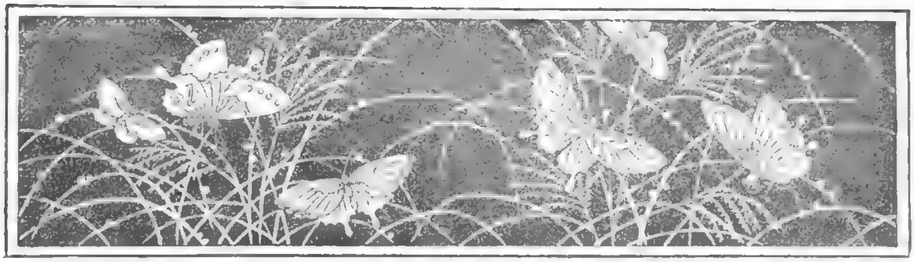
A KENTUCKY BELLE



Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York

A MAIDEN FROM BEYOND THE ROCKIES

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE, 1904

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES, PRINTED IN COLOR:
THE IDEALIZATION OF PORTRAITURE

"THE ORCHID HUNTER" .... Frontispiece

THE LUXURY OF MODERN OCEAN TRAVEL ..... **Seymour M. Bailiss** **217**
Illustrated from photographs of the great liners.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE, Story .... **Herbert L. Rayner** **225**

A PASTEL IDEALIZER OF BEAUTY .... **Robert Reid Sharpe** **226**
With reproductions of pastel portraits by Hamilton King.

THE IMPOSTOR. Story .... **W. N. Watts, M.D** **231**

THE CLUBS AND CLUBMEN OF NEW YORK **237**
With pen and ink cartoons by "Vet" Anderson.

THE ROSENFELDT ROBBERY. Story .... **Izola L. Forrester** **241**

PLAYING AT WAR AT PEEKSKILL .... **Michael Rosenfelt** **247**
Illustrated with special photographs of the Summer encampment of the N. Y. N. G.

FROM THE CHURCH TO THE HOUSE. Story ..... **John Douglass** **253**

BEHIND THE PALMS. Story .... **Forbes Dwight** **255**

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY .... **Elisabeth Comyn** **257**

HELEN GRAHAM—HER JOURNAL .... **Mrs. Andrew J. Scott** ... **263**

PIRIE MACDONALD, PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN ... **James N. Falsom** **267**
With four examples of portraiture: Richard Le Gallienne, Edward Markham, Bliss Carmen and Marion Crawford.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD ON BROADWAY **273**
With photographs by George P. Hall & Son.

THE REAL THING. Story .... **W. A. Curtiss** **276**

THE PARISIAN POSTAL CRAZE .... **Mara De Brabant** **279**
With four specimens of postal card art.

A WILFUL WOOER. Story .... **Camilla Jane Knight** ... **281**

THE REDEMPTION OF "OLD CONEY" **286**
Illustrated with snapshots of Coney Island's amusement resorts.

A HOME COMING. Story .... **William G. Breeze** **293**

EDITORIAL **295**

MEMORIAL DAY. Poem **298**
With art photographs by Tonnelé, New York.

THE THEATRICAL SEASON FROM THE MANAGERS' STANDPOINT, AND MISCELLANEOUS **300**
With portraits of stage celebrities.

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Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York

THE ORCHID HUNTER

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII JUNE, 1904 No. 3

The twin-screw flyer "Deutschland"

THE LUXURY OF MODERN OCEAN TRAVEL

By Seymour M. Bailiss

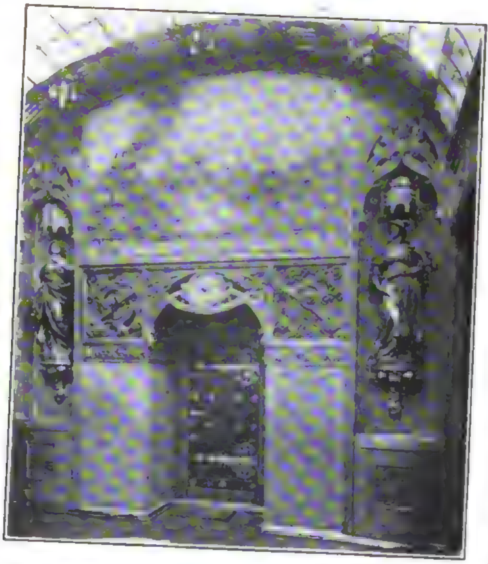
WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH BYRON, NEW YORK

SIXTY thousand good Americans this summer will refuse to make long waits to test the truth of the prophecy of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that "all good Americans go to Paris when they die." In one unbroken chain of fleets, they will tempt the vasty deep for the joy there is in the living proof. No post-mortem flights to the European capitals for them, when the same may be enjoyed in the flesh

The main saloon of an up-to-date ocean liner

with such abundance of luxury, such good fellowship, such speed and such opportunities to spend money gracefully and to the most satisfying ends.

Only a few years ago a voyage to the other side was a thing for which the victim of the desire to "see Europe and die" was fraught with many misgivings and demanded many months, perhaps even years, of preparation. The voyager first of all made his will, then his peace with his Maker, entrusting himself forthwith to the ablest captain of some one of the various inefficient fifteen-day fleets. To-day people take the cruise much as the society matron makes an afternoon call, or the weary hubby saunters down to his club for an evening's diversion or perhaps to meet a business acquaintance for mutual advantage.



A bit of Teutonic architecture

Then it was a fortnight of penance; to-day it is a between-Sundays pastime. Then it was like an errand of duty through a region of storms and perils; to-day it is like an invitation to a palatial country house amid the most luxurious surroundings, in company with the most cultured and refined, and with everything ministering to the guest's individual comfort. The revolution in the matter of ocean travel within the last decade or two is quite in keeping with our national progress and increased wealth, which gathers to these shores the best that the world can give of material comforts and cultured environments.

Is it a wonder that the European shipbuilders have strained every effort to cater to American love for the pleasures of life and to draw them across the water, when it is shown that every pleasure-tourist sailing over the seas spends on an average twelve hundred dollars before reaching his native shores again? Seven million dollars yearly distributed among the hotels, the shops, railway offices, cafés and places of amusement through the various European capitals is no inconsiderable sum. True, some few make the tour for half the amount by the exercise of the most rigid economy, and yet others—no one can estimate how many—spend from three to thirty times that sum. On the same steamer there recently sailed a daring young lady who "did Europe on three hundred dollars (and lived to tell the story in book form for the benefit of easily deluded provincials), and also a Wall Street magnate who left behind him a trail of double eagles the length and breadth of Europe, amounting to nearly two millions. It is no wonder, then, that Europeans regard the *personnel* of this republic as made up of two classes—the miserly, tip-hating Yankee and the fabulous Midas whose every touch brings showers of gold by magic. But between these extremes are the rank and file of American tourists, neither ostentatious nor niggardly, who enjoy themselves and pay the price without hesitancy—a price that would be sadly missed were there a sudden blockade of the great steamship lines that make daily and almost hourly voyages.

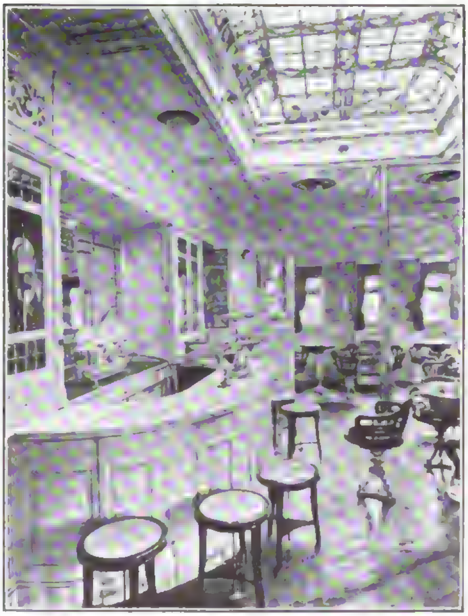
But to return to the luxury of ocean travel as enjoyed to-day. What marvelous perfection of detail, what harmony, what economy of space, and how is every whim of the fastidious voyager consulted and met at every hand! The staterooms are models of comfort and convenience—compact as a Pullman, yet commodious as a suite in a high-class metropolitan hotel. Does the passenger desire society? There are vast saloons and cabins where ready conference awaits, smoking-rooms for the companionship of men and card-rooms for the time-killers, to say nothing of the colossal promenades as long as two city blocks on either side, alive with those as socially inclined as himself—an open-air salon where are met on equal planes the citizens of two scores of States and the sons of many nations.

A modern steamship grill-room

An ocean voyage is a great leveler of distinctions. The salt of the sea makes all the shipboard world akin. Friendships are formed *en voyage* that last through a lifetime—aye, how many are the legends of old Neptune as a matchmaker, thousands of them written, but countless thousands more

A corner in the main saloon

more real and beautiful than ever the novelists fancy! Only a day or two at sea, and all social barriers fall. It is as one splendid family—one commonwealth of pleasure.



A typical luxurious steamship coffee-room

For every hour of the day on a modern ocean greyhound there is a new delight and a place wherein to enjoy it, from the promenade decks at sunrise to the grill-room where the rarebit and toby await the belated midnighter who has tarried over the intricacies of bridge or in argument on politics or science. There are even gymnasiums where the athlete may keep in training, and where the man used to much exercise in order to keep up an appetite, may work himself into a fine perspiration preparatory to a sea-water plunge in the most luxurious of baths. There are breakfast-rooms and supper-rooms, little nooks where the solitudinarian may steal away for an hour of communion with his favorite novelist or poet; and whatever be his caprice or idiosyncrasy, it is here met with every encouragement. Science has done great things for the modern traveler. Science may not smooth the ocean nor temper the winds; but it can and does offer gigantic bulk for steadiness, and a reproduction of all the luxurious appointments which the land-city offers to the casual guest, and in this it would seem has accomplished well-nigh the great latter-day miracle.

The culinary department of a great ship of modern build would astonish the old-timers. Electricity has taken the place of coal to a very large extent, and work has not only been minimized to the utmost, but the danger from fire reduced to a practical impossibility. When one considers that there are perhaps two thousand people aboard, all of whom must be fed five or six times a day, even a small regiment of chefs, cooks, stewards and scullions are none too many to provide the feast, to say nothing of the care-takers in the great refrigerators below, where the frost hangs an inch of whiteness on the walls, and a butchered herd of oxen and flock of sheep and the contents of a small truck farm are stored away for instant call, and where a ton of ice is manufactured every hour of the day. These are some of the marvels of a modern floating leviathan. Any person who would attempt to furnish for an entire week the food for a village of perhaps three thousand people, and serve it, too, would think that he had a great task on hand. And yet this is what the head chef of a great ocean-liner achieves every trip from shore to shore.

It is said that no time flies by so fast as time spent at sea, and that is because it is so pleasantly spent. The mere sight of the changeful ocean in its varied lights is an inspiration and a joy that will keep one on deck for hours and days at a time.

A marine gymnasium, with modern apparatus for athletic exercise at sea

The manifold pleasures of an ocean

A gymnasium on the Swedish system

voyage cater to every class and passion. Even the "professionals" have not been slack in discovering this, necessitating the posting of warnings through the smoking-rooms enjoining the voyagers to avoid playing any sort of games of chance with strangers. There is something in sea air that is conducive to hazard—something indefinable but existent to a degree that induces men who on land are never given to the mildest sort of gambling, to take a biting interest in the pools on the ship's runs, or even suffer themselves to be inveigled into a light game of bridge. The violations of the gambling rules of a big ship are, however, more rare than the paragraphers on the dailies would have us believe.

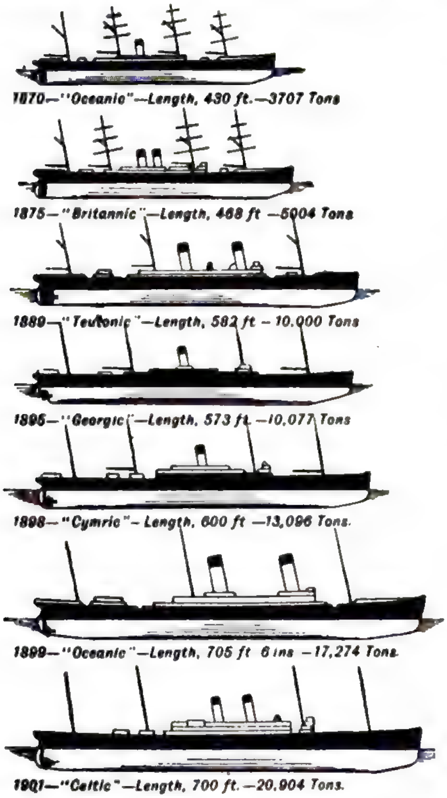
A suite of staterooms, showing the compact conveniences

Within recent years the tonnage of the great lines has increased to a degree beyond the wildest flights of imagination in the days of the side-wheeler, and the end is not yet—nay, there has only as yet been what might be called an auspicious beginning.

The making of steel that could withstand the enormous weight and ride the waves with such safety was the first great step; then the perfection of the triple-expansion engines which avail themselves or the utmost unit of power in coal. Now comes the turbine engine, which brings in new principles of mechanics in such a manner as to produce a stupendous rate of speed with the minimum waste of energy. When it is realized that a day saved on a trip means an increased subsidy of the postal service, a far higher passenger rate, less coal, food and attendance—in all, an amount running up into the thousands on a single trip—the grand prizes that await the genius who can clip an hour from the record, or in any way add to the safety and comfort of the voyager, are well worth the struggle.

Every year the demand for larger and larger vessels increases. The most colossal of these sea monsters in commission now is the *Cedric*, twenty thousand tons; but this magazine will hardly be placed before the public before the maiden voyage of the great *Baltic* will be made from Belfast, where she was recently launched—a great floating behemoth of twenty-four thousand tons burden, capable of carrying passengers and crew to the number of nearly four thousand, and capacity for cargo to the burden of twenty-eight thousand tons. Few people can realize what this means. The four thousand tons in which she exceeds the next largest vessel in the world, represents the tonnage of a good-sized ocean-going vessel in itself.

A corner of a smoking-room



1870—"Oceanic"—Length, 430 ft.—3707 Tons

1875—"Britannic"—Length, 468 ft —5004 Tons

1889—"Teutonic"—Length, 582 ft – 10,000 Tons

1895—"Georgic"—Length, 573 ft —10,077 Tons

1898—"Cymric"—Length, 600 ft —13,096 Tons.

1899—"Oceanic"—Length, 705 ft 6 ins —17,274 Tons.

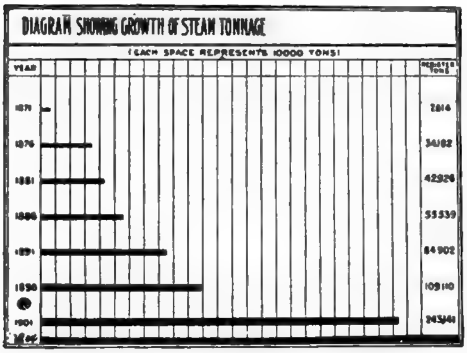
1901—"Celtic"—Length, 700 ft.—20,904 Tons.

The growth of a single Line, illustrated

For mere bulk the *Great Eastern* has long held the record, but the *Baltic* exceeds her by thirty-five feet, and is nearly thirty feet longer than the *Cedric*. The enormous capacity of this vessel may be judged when it is computed that of ordinary freight cars of twenty tons each she can stow away no less than fifteen hundred!

Of course this great floating city will contain the latest models of all appliances for man's comfort and convenience, from automatic electrical egg-boilers to wireless telegraphy. There will be promenade decks capable of accommodating the entire first cabin, where music will be heard twice a day, just as in a public park of a summer holiday. There will be room for the various games which passengers at sea delight in, a library of many thousand volumes, a daily ship newspaper giving the local news, as it were, and such tidings as may be gleaned from passing ships by the wireless method. The baths will be particularly commodious, with gymnasiums for those inclined in an athletic way.

The cost of running such a huge aggregation will mount up into the thousands daily; $100,000 a trip is a reasonable ap-



The tonnage increase of one ocean fleet

proximation. Seventy boilers will eat up two thousand tons of coal to run the massive quadruple-expansion engines of the latest type, and electricity will play a very important part, not only for cooking and for the convenience of the voyagers, but also as safeguards.

Great magnets at the prow will give the alarm of approaching liners in a fog, and likewise give the signal in case any of the lights are extinguished by accident.

An electric laundry will wash all the linen, electric sounding lead will give the alarm in case of shallow depths at night or in fogs, and electric steering devices will keep the course. Electricity will not only cook the meals, but will chill the refrigerating chambers below; electric search-lights will keep night watch, and another electric device will close the bulkheads instantly in case of accident. Of course every cranny and nook will be kept as light as day throughout the night, and all staterooms will be in telephonic communication with headquarters as well as with one another.

The first *Baltic* made the first great ocean record in 1852—nine days and a half—a seemingly impossible feat half a century ago. The last great *Baltic*, which could stow away the first one in one corner of her hold and not notice it, will doubtless do the course in almost half the time. Such is the marvelous progress made in every department of ship-building for the speed, comfort and luxury of the fortunate latter-day voyagers.

The luxurious appointments of a steamship saloon

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

By Herbert H. Rayner

"OH, John, he's growing worse!" The woman stared wildly at the man. Seizing his hand, she placed it on the baby's head. "Feel! He's burning up! Listen to his breathing!"

The man gulped down something in his throat. He hastened to the door, opened it regardless of the storm, and peered out into the night. Blackness everywhere—and the rain poured in. With it came the damp, fresh odor of the woods. Poff! a sudden gust—the lamp went out. He shuddered as he closed the door. The woman hurriedly replaced the light.

The man paced up and down the room. "Such a night!" he muttered; "he'll never come—and to-morrow"—he made a gesture of despair.

The woman raised her arm. "Pray!" she cried. "Pray, man! On your knees! Pray!—like you never prayed before!" The man flopped down.

She spread a clean, wet rag upon the fevered little brow and kissed the dimpled hands—how hot they were! "Oh, God," she murmured, "save him—save my child!"

The man arose. "It ain't no use. I can't pray—while he's a-dyin'!" Tears trickled down his face.

There was a vivid flash, the thunder rent the air. With added force the rain swept down.

The baby turned—and moaned, and turned again. His breath came fast. The little heart beat wildly. The parents stood aghast. Then the mother, with a shriek, fell upon the little form and hugged it madly to her breast.

"Steady now; you'll smother him," came the man's gruff tone. She only clung the closer. "Oh, baby, baby—don't! Oh, John, I'll die! I cannot—let him go!"

Her husband groaned as he resumed his walk across the room. "If it's writ that he's ter go—thur's nought we can do—ter save him!" The wind blew down the chimney, sending a cloud of smoke into the room. The woman wept and moaned, and the man marched—up—and down—pulling his beard, pounding his forehead with his fist.

He strode suddenly to the door, and opened it again. No sound but the patter of the rain. He rubbed his eyes Two tiny lights glimmered through the trees. They were coming—toward him, in a zigzag motion—creeping. Now they loomed up larger. Hope struggled in his breast. Nearer they came, and faster—growing more and more distinct. There was a slush of hoofs, a sound of wheels advancing on the sloppy earth, and a man's voice urging his beasts to further effort. He dashed out into the rain. "Oh, Doctor! Doc——!" he called. There was an answering shout. John yelled.

The panting nags halted at the gate. As the physician touched the ground a big, gruff man embraced him. "God bless you, Doc! Hoo—ray!"

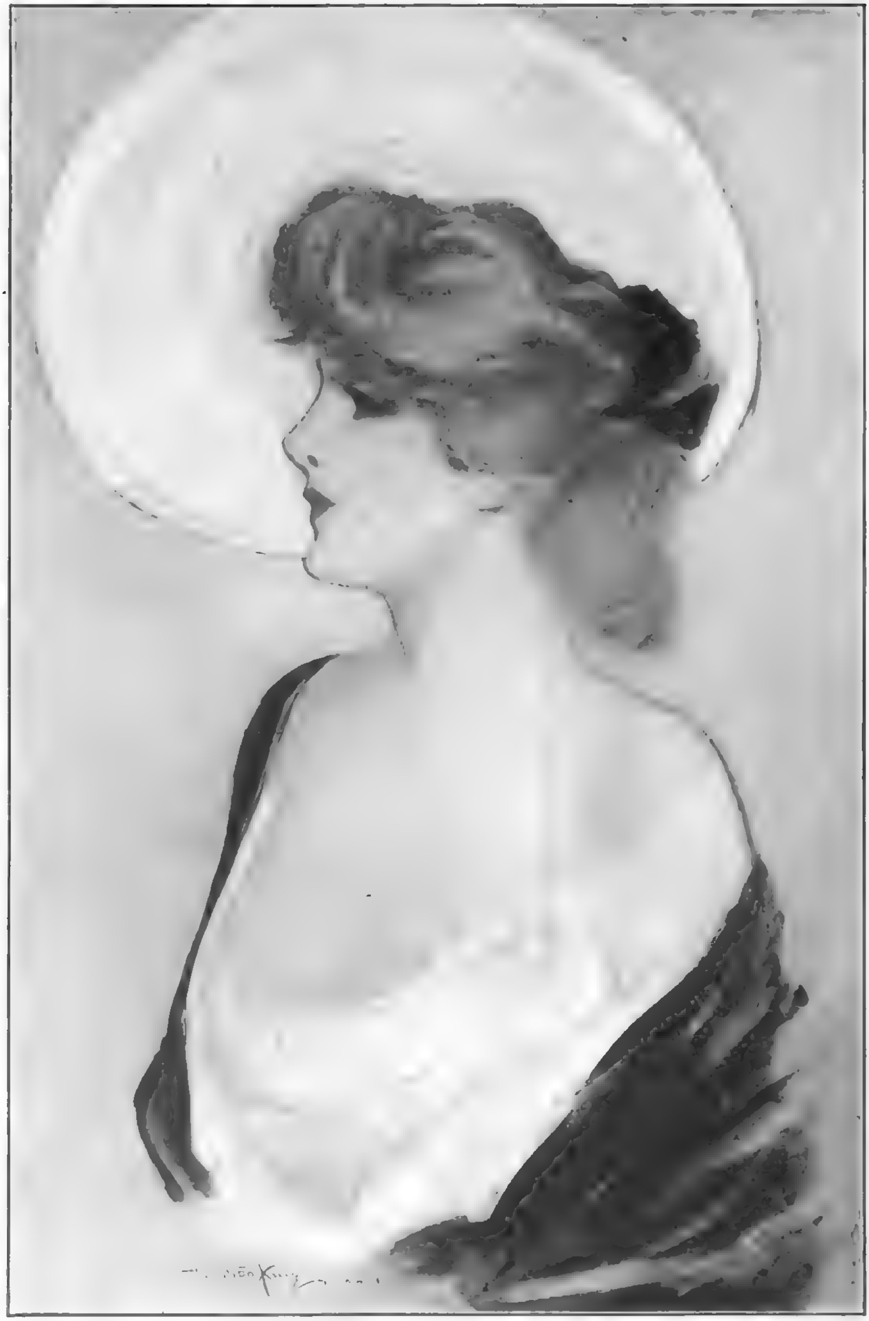
Morning found the child removed from danger. In fact he was improving every minute. The doctor's skill had driven away the fever and the boy's breathing left nothing to be desired. He made a pretty picture as he slumbered. One little hand peeped shyly from the cover and his auburn locks caressed the pillow. The storm had passed. Outside the sun was shining. The birds held choral service; the frogs, in watery temples, chanted a hymn of praise, and the pines distributed their incense.

John whistled as he went about the little farm. Some one called him. Old man Joe, his nearest neighbor, was standing at the fence. "Well, Joe, what's new?" he cried; "storm ain't done you nothin'—hope." The other beckoned; he had something to communicate. What he said caused John to jump, then he listened with a serious face. Old Joe went his way.

John entered the house with solemn gait. "Belle," he called—his voice was choked and broken—"Doc—Doc"—he staggered to a bench—"dead!—struck by lightnin'—at the bridge!"

"Oh—John!"

The baby woke up, smiling.



"THE KING GIRL"

The artist's idealization of the American type of beauty

A PASTEL IDEALIZER OF BEAUTY

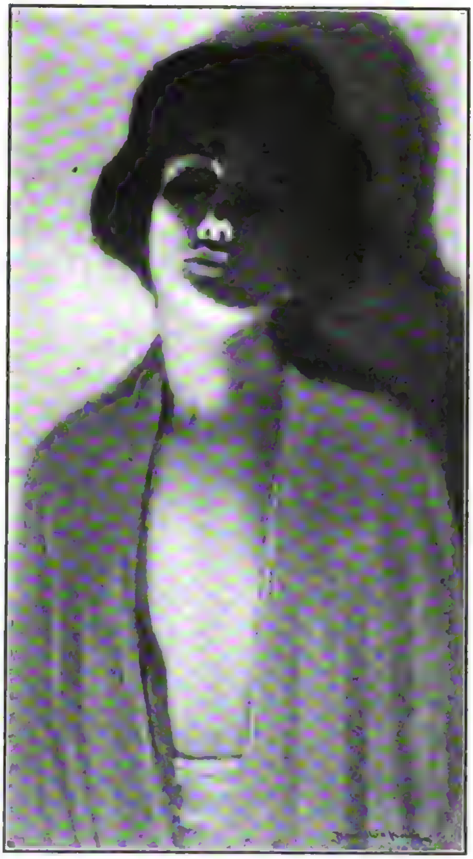
By Robert Reid Sharpe

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PASTEL PORTRAITS BY HAMILTON KING

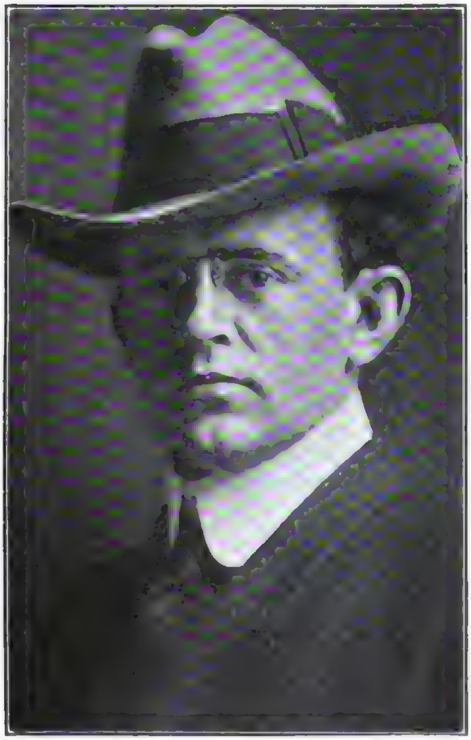
PASTEL as an exponent of individuality is one of the most difficult and yet most beautiful of all the color materials which are at the disposal of the draughtsman. It is beautiful, because it offers every possible effect that can be attained with oil, and it is difficult because it demands absolute sureness of touch.

There are thousands of ambitious men in the arts who have keen sense of color values, but the accomplished draughtsman is a rare personage. Hamilton King, of New York, enjoys the distinction of being both a wizard in color effect and a most deft and accomplished delineator of character, and above all feminine beauty.

Mr. King took naturally to the pastel, for the reason that he is a poet in effects, and this medium is essentially poetical. It is evanescent as the dew, and yet as sparkling as are those diamonds on the petals of a rose at daybreak. The late Robert Blum came very near giving up his life to the pastel, and whereas the poetry of art would have been richer had he done so, it is perhaps as well that he abandoned it for a hardier medium which will survive. Mr. Wenzell, the former's devoted *alter ego*, still clings to the pastel, and has done some very stunning things with this transient material,



"With her hair of braided midnight"



Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York

Hamilton King

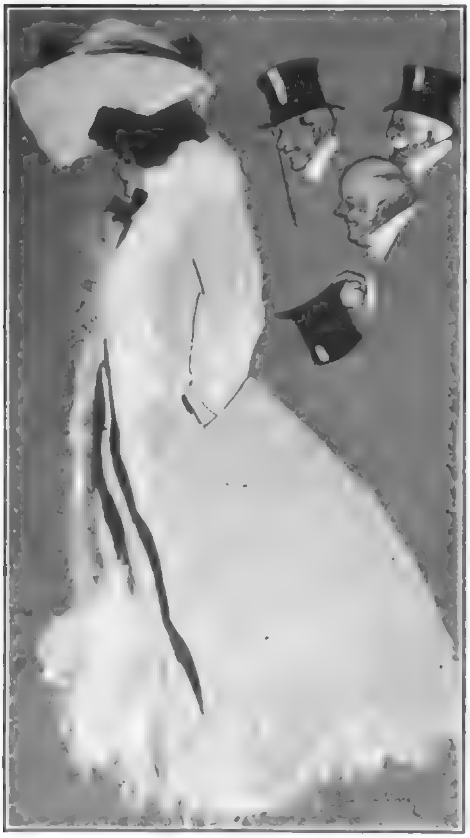
A celebrated actress posing for "The King Girl" in the artist's studio

which have found enthusiasts on both sides of the water.

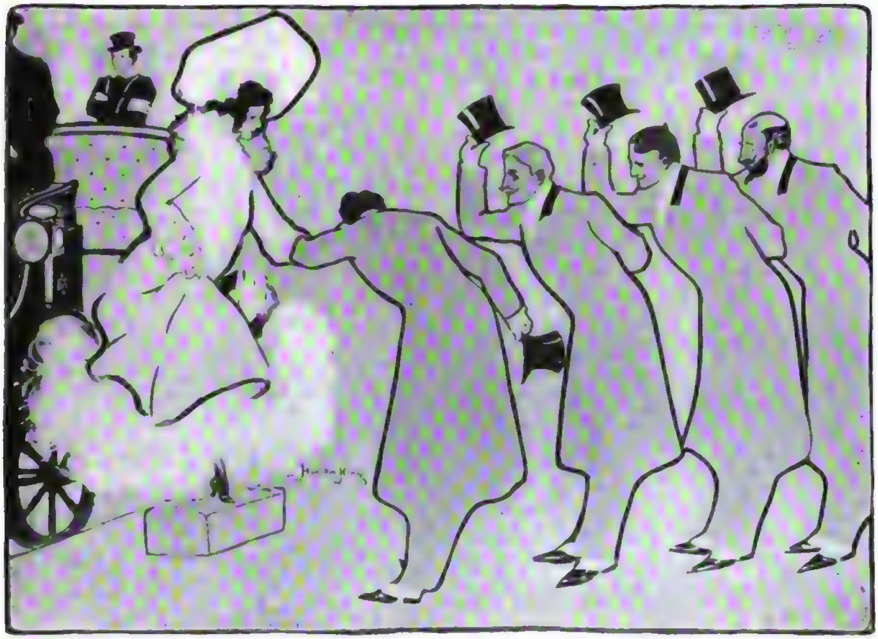
And Mr. King early also fell victim to the charming possibilities of the pastel as an expression of his poetical nature. His feminine types are rugged and wholesome, yet full of native sweetness, and above all sincerity. Mr. King has spent a great part of his life abroad, and has thoroughly imbued himself with the Parisian spirit. He has just lately returned from a considerable period of work in London, where the product of his hand is in great vogue.

Mr. King's studio in Twenty-eighth Street is quite characteristic of the man. He has gathered from all parts of the world strange curios, which serve as backgrounds to his charming models, and which give him a daily inspiration. Like all men who do things in the arts, he lives very much to himself, and with due modesty takes himself at his real worth and not at an imaginary value.

Scores of society people, and others interested in art for art's sake, offer themselves as models to the exquisite pastel work of Mr. King. In reproducing these color studies in cold black and white, a large share of this esoteric value is lost, for the reason that they were never intended to be exhibited under any such auspices. However, the examples here shown give a



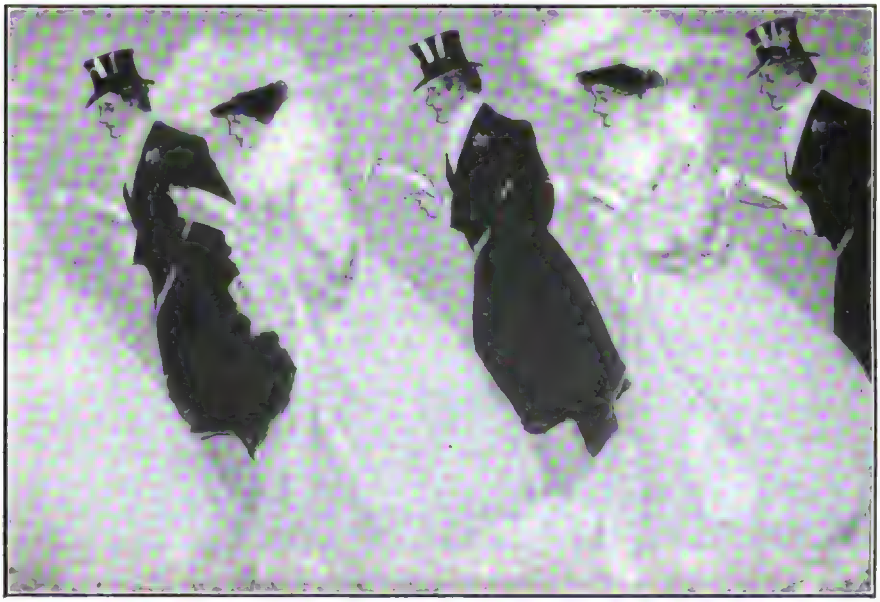
A poster phantasy for an English comedy



The arrival of the American heiress in London

clear idea of his accuracy of draughtsmanship and the essentially poetical value which he gives to the human countenance divine.

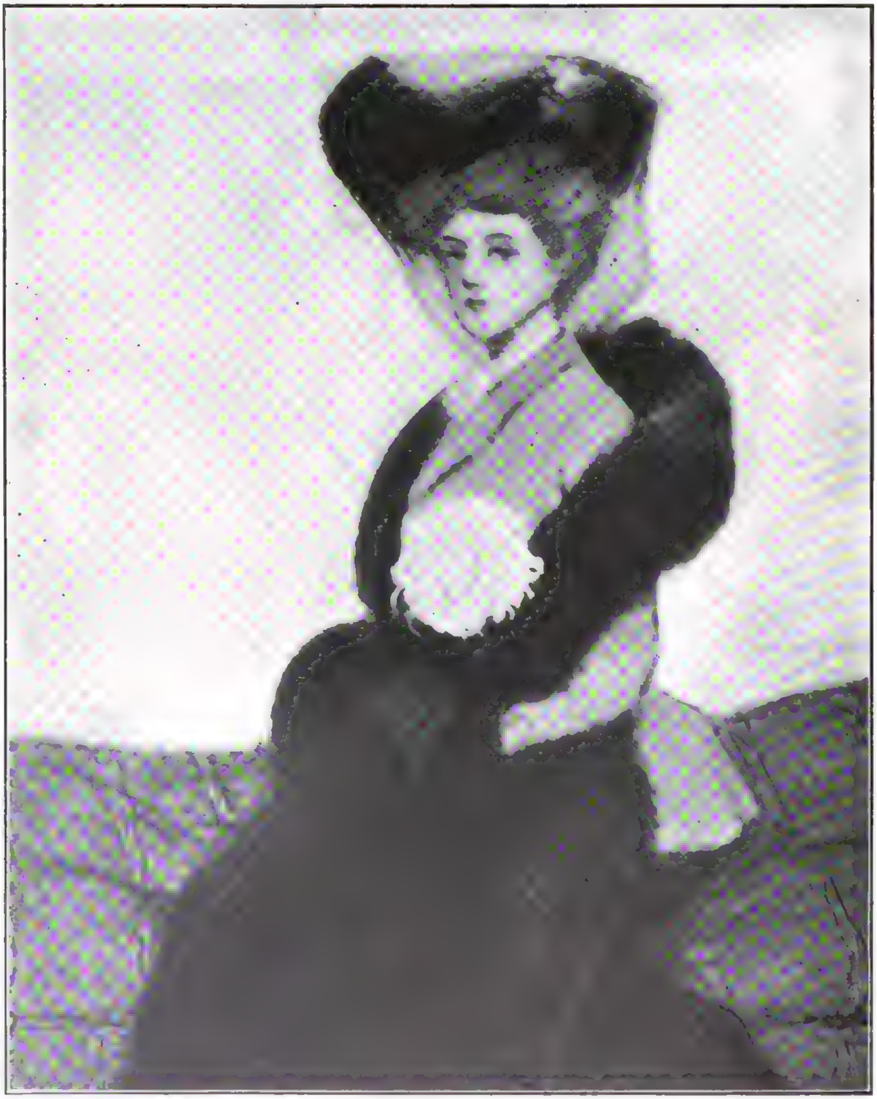
Mr. King has for a number of years been a leading contributor to the magazines and periodicals, making an especial feature of art in combination with wit, humor, and things of a more serious nature. Almost every periodical of the me-



Some smart London West End types

tropolis has at one time or another published some of his drawings, and he has held exhibitions at various art galleries, both at home and abroad.

In London Mr. King's work is appreciated quite as much as it is here in America, and certain months of the year are spent in the British metropolis, where Mr. King is well known at the various clubs whose constituents are men of literature and art. Mr. King is thoroughly American in his tastes and sentiments, however, and being a young man, will doubtless express more and more of the native American spirit in the future, which holds great things in store for him.



Portrait of a lady

THE IMPOSTOR

By W. C. Watts, M.D.

BETWEEN eleven and twelve one very dark night in June, 18—, I was comfortably lounging before a roaring fire studying the latest number of the *Lancet*. I had not been very long graduated in medicine, and was taking a short rest before entering on my duties as Hospital Surgeon. A light tap on my door roused me from my reverie. On opening it, I saw no one at first, and was about to return to my seat, when someone suddenly seized me from behind. Then a second intruder jammed a thick cloth across my mouth, pushing me back into the room and into the arms of a large rocker. Speedily a rope was wrapped round and round my body and the gag secured on my mouth. While one man was knotting the rope, the other turned down the gas and fastened the doors. Returning, they proceeded to completely blindfold me. All this was done in silence.

I had little opportunity to see my assailants. However, both were tall, well built men, and were in long heavy overcoats, with collars turned up, the lower parts of the face muffled in huge scarfs and black slouch hats drawn well down over the eyes. As for me, I was helpless.

There was a hurried whispered conversation. From the movements about in the room there was a search on. There came a rattling of bottles on the medicine shelves, and after a few minutes I felt them untying the cord that fastened me to the chairs. Before I was quite free, however, I felt the cold muzzle of a weapon pressed against my temple, as a low, deep voice commanded, "Doctor, if you attempt to move I will blow you to kingdom come. If you keep quiet, however, no harm will come to you—nothing but good." This struck me so grimly satirical that I laughed even in my terror.

Suddenly I was drawn to my feet, my arms thrust into my overcoat. My hat was then drawn down to my ears, and then I was led to the door. I rejoiced to feel the fresh cold air on my face, even though pinioned by both arms.

The key turned in the lock on the outside. The sound of carriage wheels on the pavement stopped directly before us. I was led across the walk to the vehicle and thrust into it. The door was quietly shut, the two strangers there beside me. Off we drove, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until from the swaying of the carriage I was sure the horses were lashed into a dead run.

We rolled on in silence for a long time, when at last one of my captors said, "Doctor, I will remove that gag now, but only on your pledge of honor not to call out or attempt to make trouble. You must be uncomfortable; and, while we do not wish you to suffer, yet we must not be thwarted in our enterprise. You have nothing to fear while you are quiet and conform to our wishes. Do you agree? Nod your head."

I nodded. The gag was causing me pain. Besides, there was nothing to be gained by refusal.

In a moment I was free. My first words were naturally in great rage. "Ruffians," I cried, "I should be glad to know the meaning of this outrage?"

"We regret it very much," said the voice that had previously spoken, but more kindly. "We are compelled to adopt this course. Our instructions are explicit. We are acting under orders. I will remove this bandage from your eyes in a few minutes, but only on your further promise not to make trouble."

"What trouble can I cause, since you are two to one and both armed? However, I promise."

"On your honor?"

"On my honor!"

The blinds were drawn on both sides of the carriage. I then felt my bandage removed, but still was not much better off, since the interior of the carriage was as dark as the night. Meanwhile the vehicle swayed as it sped onward.

I ventured to ask one or two questions. I was quietly but firmly told that "full explanations awaited me at the end of my journey." So I settled myself comfortably as possible, wondering what was to be the end of all this.

I had little or no money. Certainly robbery was not intended. My kidnappers had not even searched me. If one of them, who seemed to be the spokesman, had not called me by my name, I should have been inclined to believe it a case of mistaken identity, and they had seized upon the wrong party.

We were traveling for over half an hour at this rapid rate. Then at last the spokesman lifted a corner of the blind, and said: "Doctor, I must replace the bandage over your eyes, but shall humanely dispense with the gag. You have promised not to speak. Remember, I have my revolver in hand, and know how to use it."

Needless to say, I remained silent.

The bandage was readjusted, and then I felt the cold snap of a handcuff round my wrist. This precluded all chance of escape. We had turned from the main road, our pace now considerably slackened. Anon we stopped. One of my companions alighted and helped me to the ground. I was then grasped firmly, but not roughly, and assisted across a walk and up some stone steps. A door opened. We advanced. I realized myself at last within a house, silent as if haunted. A few paces forward, and I was released from the handcuff, my hat and coat removed. Again I was held by each arm and warned, the warning accompanied by the ominous click of a pistol. Someone came down a pair of stairs. "So you have got him, eh?" said the welcomer. "Good! Bring him right up." Then in a whisper, "Did he come quietly? Did he not make any resistance?"

"Quiet as a lamb," was the reply of one of the men who held me.

"Right," exclaimed the other with some enthusiasm. "Come, everything is in readiness."

I was assisted up what seemed a long flight of stairs. There was a turn at the top. We went on some little way down a passage, then entered a room at the right, and I was thrust into a comfortable armchair.

The man who met us said quietly, "Doctor Watkins, I must apologize to you for this unseemly course of events, but I assure you most amazing exigencies demand it. No other expedient would have served. First, answer me a few questions, then I will explain."

I inclined my head, scarcely knowing what to say.

"You are a physician and surgeon, duly qualified and able to perform any ordinary operation?"

"I am, sir. But I demand to know——"

"Steady, sir," was the caution. "You are not as yet out of the woods. At this moment a revolver is not a foot away from your head. I have but to say the word and——"

I relapsed into silence.

"I am in need of your service," he added, calmer. "You must perform an operation. But before we proceed we will remove your bandage. Then we can talk matters over calmly."

For a moment I was dazzled by the sudden change from darkness to bright light. When my eyes became accustomed to it, I found myself in a large and comfortably furnished chamber. Two men stood one each side of my chair. Each wore a long mask. A third, also closely masked, was seated in a rocker directly in front of me.

"Now," said the latter, "first of all let me ask you to take some refreshment. You have had rather a long and cold drive. Besides, you have work before you. You need not be afraid to drink of this wine, for it is fairly good, and I will join you from the same bottle, so you may be assured it is not drugged." He poured out a couple of glasses of sherry, offering me my choice.

"To our better acquaintance!" said the host. I nodded, and drank some of the wine. It was excellent.

"To business!" said my captor. "I have not had you brought here without intending to remunerate you for what will be required. The operation is a simple amputation. The patient is in the next room. Your instruments are here in this bag, also the anæsthetic at hand. One of these gentlemen has been a chemist and knows how to give chloroform. We will be your assistants. The patient has been prepared, is willing, nay desirous. Your fee, which will be one thousand dollars, is here in this bag. It will become yours as soon as the work is done. The after care of the patient will rest with these gentlemen. You will be returned to your rooms just as soon as you think best after the operation. Is there anything more you wish to know?"

"This is most extraordinary—uncanny, even criminal," I gasped. "Why, I do not even know your name, nor where I am?"

"Neither will you," he replied calmly. "You will have the expressed wish of the patient, and the fee is generous. Why should you hesitate? If you decline, I shall have to send you back the way you came. You will be the loser of the fee, and a further present of the same amount when evidence is satisfactory that the work is skilfully done. Come, sir, you are in no criminal's house. This amputation of the right arm mid-way between the shoulder and the elbow is necessary. The reason therefor you will not be told. You cannot possibly discover where, nor with whom you are. Any such attempt would lead you into fatal dangers. Come; time flies. I want to return you before daylight. Do you accept this offer or not? I give you two minutes to decide."

I turned the matter over in my mind. Why should I not perform the operation? If the patient was willing, there could be no possible objection. But what was the object, and why this amazing secrecy? I knew of cases where amputation had been made of perfectly sound limbs to satisfy some whim, and if I did not earn the fee, there were others who would not be squeamish about it.

"Gentlemen, I accept the terms," I murmured weakly ere the time limit. "I am in your hands."

"Come, then."

I was led into the next room. It was a bedroom. The light was turned low. There was the form of a man on the bed. His face was covered with some white material. The eyes, nose and mouth alone were uncovered. His hair was dark, cut short, and some portions of a moustache showed through the opening at the mouth.

"Ask him any questions you wish," said my guide.

"Am I to understand it is your desire that I amputate one of your arms?" I enquired gravely.

"Yes, the right," was the reply, somewhat muffled, "and the sooner the better."

I put my hand on the patient's wrist. The pulse was full and strong. The flesh was warm and solid, and entirely without fever. I bared the chest. It was broad and muscular. My strange patient was evidently in a perfectly normal condition.

"Do you really realize what you are going to lose?" I queried.

"Don't talk to me," said the patient, testily. "Go on with the operation, or, if not, leave it for someone else."

I turned and noted that the two men were watching my every movement threateningly. "Very well then," I acquiesced. "Make ready. I will do your wish."

My host and I returned meanwhile to the next room, sat down, and chatted about all sorts of things; books, music, pictures, politics. I found him a highly educated and entertaining man. After a wait of twenty minutes, I was told that the patient was ready. We returned to the bed-chamber which had meanwhile been transformed into an operating room.

The patient was under the influence of chloroform, administered in a skilful manner. I glanced around. From the arrangements made, I could easily see that an experienced hand had been at work, and that I should not lack assistance. Even at the last moment I felt some compunction at the ordeal of robbing a well man of an unoffending limb, but it was too late to back down, so I set to work.

This is not a surgical dissertation, so I will only say that I performed my part skilfully. I know I used every care known to science. After the final bandage, I removed my gown and was shown into the next room again.

"Wait and see how the patient comes out of the chloroform." said my host. Within three-quarters of an hour, I saw that my patient's condition was all that could be desired.

"I am satisfied," said my host. "Here is your fee. Will you take something before you leave? No? Well, prepare then for your return trip. Time flies. It is nearing daylight."

My instruments were brought to me in my bag, also my coat and hat. My patron shook hands with me, thanked me again, asked me at what bank the promised sum was to be paid to my account, and expressed the wish that we might meet again under pleasanter auspices. Then we left, my two captors and myself, and in much the same way as we came. Another long, silent ride and the carriage stopped. I was helped out, released, and told that I was within a quarter of a mile of my home. It was still dark, although a glimmering of dawn was reddening the east. My companions pointed out my way, handed me my luggage, and with a civil " Good night," turned back and drove rapidly away.

For a few moments I stood in silence, like one dreaming. Then rousing myself, I made the best of my way home. There I built a fire, put my instruments away and sat down to think over the night's work.

At first I could scarcely realize what I had been through, but the sight of the bag of gold was a positive fact. It was nearly five o'clock when I retired, sleeping until nearly noon. For several days the paradox of this night's excursion stood before me. I tried to associate every passing voice with one or other of the men I heard that night, read the papers carefully, searching for even a clew, but all without success.

Thirteen days after the occurrence the promised sum was paid into my account. Even from the cashier at the bank, I gathered no hints. He knew nothing about the person who paid in the money; and so time wore on, the matter somewhat faded from my mind, or rather ceased to be a matter of such deep speculation.

One day, over twelve months later, when at my club, I was in conversation with several brother practitioners. One of them asked me if I had heard of the unexpected return from abroad of the nephew of the late General Kneedy, a very wealthy man. I had not, and was told particulars.

It appears that the General had died some few months previous, and that there had been much speculation as to his heir. He had never married, but at one time had been very fond of a nephew whom he had brought up as though the latter were his own son. Horace Winton was his name, and he had been given a college education, and otherwise fitted, as was generally understood, to inherit his uncle Kneedy's property. When just out of college, the rash youth contracted a marriage with a woman far below his station, and of course, against his uncle's wish. For this the old gentleman, after a stormy scene, turned young Horace out of doors with one dolla and his handbag. Winton migrated t Canada, and there his wife died from the effects of a slight accident.

Horace now wrote a penitent letter to his uncle, asking for forgiveness and assistance. The letter, however, was returned to him unopened. From that time on nothing further was heard of Winton. His name was forbidden to be spoken in his uncle's presence, and it was thought the General had altered his will. At his death, however, which was very sudden, the will being read, no alteration or codicil had been made, nor was there another will executed. The absent Horace Winton then was absolute heir to the immense estate. Where, then, was the missing Horace?

The late General's lawyers caused urgent enquiries and search for the legatee. At the expiration of three months, no trace being found of him, other relatives put in their claims. The case was before the court, when a letter was received from a person claiming to be the lost nephew of the late millionaire. It created great consternation. The claimant in person was expected to appear in court. There seemed no great difficulty in proving his identity, although so many years had elapsed. Horace Winton when at college, suffered an accident on the football field necessitating the amputation of his right arm. "I was talking to old Mr. Greatorex this morning about the case," said my club friend, "He says that the letter received was apparently written by a left-handed person, but it goes on to state that Winton had had a bad turn of brain fever and had forgotten a great many incidents that occurred in his early days. Unfortunately there is not a single photograph of the boy in existence, the old gentleman in his passion having destroyed every reminder of his ungrateful nephew. However, he writes of a friend who has known him for years as Horace Winton, and knows the circumstances of his leaving home, so there will not be much difficulty in proving his claim, I imagine. I am going to hear the case when it comes off, as I used to know the lad years ago. Do you feel like coming with me, Doctor?"

"Yes," I said, "When does the case come up?"

"To-morrow morning at ten," was the reply. "I will call for you."

Early the next day we secured seats in court. There was a crowd, the case being of much local interest. The lawyers for Horace Winton opened the case auspiciously, and stated that there would be no difficulty in substantiating the claims of the plaintiff, as the evidence was indisputable.

One sworn witness gave testimony to having known the claimant as Horace Winton in Canada for several years. He had also traveled with him in America, Mexico and Australia. He affirmed that he had often heard him speak of his uncle, from whom he had been estranged, saying that he ought by rights to inherit the General's wealth, but that he feared the old man's desire for revenge had led him to make another will. He had shown the witness a photograph of his uncle, the same being identical with one found at a local photographer's from the only negative in existence. He told the circumstances of Winton's loss of his right arm and other details of his past career, showing that the two were intimate and had been so for years. The evidence was straightforward and highly favorable to the claimant.

The next witness was an elderly man in whose presence there was nothing to excite suspicion, but the moment he took oath and began to give testimony, a strangely familiar note in his voice filled me with vague suspicions. I tried to locate him, but was sure that I had never seen him before, although when I closed my eyes, that same strange ring in the tones commanded me like a voice of judgment. He claimed that he had met Winton abroad, that they had come to America together, and that he too was familiar with Winton's history as the latter related it to him in confidence. It looked all to Winton's advantage.

Here the claimant was himself put in the witness box. The moment he began to give evidence and I heard his voice distinctly, my heart stood still. I realized that his tones were identical with those which I had heard from the lips of the patient upon whom I had performed the operation on that most eventful night of my life. His evidence was strong and clear, his memory seemed to be phenomenal in certain matters, and I myself several times hesitated and questioned my own accuracy of judgment. However, before matters could be irrevocably completed, I scribbled a line to my friend the lawyer, asking him to petition the Court for an adjournment. Surprised as he was, from the look in my face he must have seen something serious dawning. The petition for a recess was granted, and a little later we met in private confab safe from eavesdroppers.

It did not take me long to rehearse the incidents of that most amazing episode, and when I had finished, with the perspiration rolling down my cheeks, Gordon Allen, the lawyer, arose and struck the table with his fist.

"If I do not mistake," said he, "you have unearthed a gigantic conspiracy. The surgeon who performed the operation on Winton at the time of the accident is now at the head of a large sanitarium and within instant call. Come with me and we will solve this problem at once.

The conference with the latter practitioner was most satisfactory. He gave a most lucid description of the operation, and of the scar which was bound to result. An hour later he was placed upon the stand to give his testimony, and the claimant was commanded to stand before him and bare his arm. The aged practitioner studied the subject for a moment, and then said without hesitancy, "That is the result of a perfect operation. In the case of young Winton, your honor, the bones had splintered and perforated the flesh in a very different manner, and would have left entirely different scars. Besides, the limb which I dismembered was at least three inches nearer the shoulder!"

Until now the claimant wore a look of complete confidence and victory. He had not counted upon this unexpected testimony, doubtless thinking that the man who had performed that operation was in remote parts, or perhaps dead, and at least beyond the reach of a legal summons. He staggered a little and stood glaring at the accuser, his face perfectly colorless. Then he sat down with a smile of bravado on his face and gave the Court a look of challenge.

But when I myself was called to the

stand, this glance of daring was changed to one of terror mingled with wonder, for evidently he had forgotten my face and figure utterly. First of all, I described the amputation as my own work, and further, that it was of comparatively recent date. I then started to tell the Court and the thousand people assembled the plain facts of that wonderful night, when in the midst of the harangue and at the moment of disclosure, a pistol-shot rang out and I felt a sting along my forehead. Things grew black and I sank down. For ten days I was unconscious.

When I came to at last, my friendGordon Allen was beside me. "Half an inch surer of aim," said he, "and it would have been all over with you, doctor. But, thank God, for my own sake as well as yours—my own and hers——"

"What do you mean?" I queried.

"The rightful heiress—she is my promised wife," he whispered.

I saw the look of supreme triumph in his eyes and took his hand in mine congratulatingly. "It is a great joy to serve a friend of so many faithful years," I was constrained to say, "as well as to bring the guilty to justice. But tell me; what about him—the impostor who did not hesitate to lose an arm to carry out his enterprise? After all, I half admire his fortitude."

"He will need all at his command for the next few years," was the reply. "He broke down and confessed all. It was he who murdered Winton in St. Louis, after being his intimate companion for many years and pretending to befriend him. He put his body in a trunk and threw it into the Mississippi. It was recovered and identified. It looks like twenty years at least, if not the death penalty."

"Then it was a good day's work to wind up that of a bad night, was it not, my friend?"

"Indeed, it was," said the counsellor. "Here, take this powder. You must sleep now."

And I slept with the pleasant dreams of a conscious duty done.

THE COMMON STRUGGLE

By James T. Garvin

Oh, life is a battle, the wise ones say,
Just to keep up appearances;
We lie awake nights and trouble all day,
Just to keep up appearances.
We skimp and we save when alone and unseen,
We practise economies petty and mean,
Yet swear that the voyage of life is serene,
Just to keep up appearances.

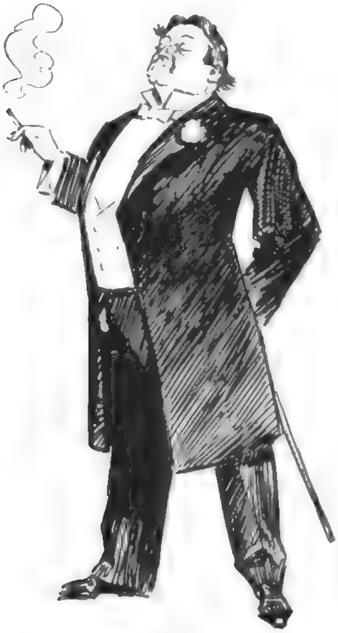
The clubman will go without dinner ofttimes,
Just to keep up appearances;
The maiden will walk to save nickels and dimes,
Just to keep up appearances.
For moderns must have all the luxuries,
E'en if we can't the necessities.
Ah, me! 'tis a Tophet of tyrannies,
Just to keep up appearances.

Ah, when it's all done, do you think it worth while,
Just to keep up appearances?
To suffer in secret and openly smile,
Just to keep up appearances?
Oh, reason is out of the question, you see,
For long as the old world goes round it will be
A battle religiously waged, you'll agree,
Just to keep up appearances.

CLUBS AND CLUBMEN OF NEW YORK

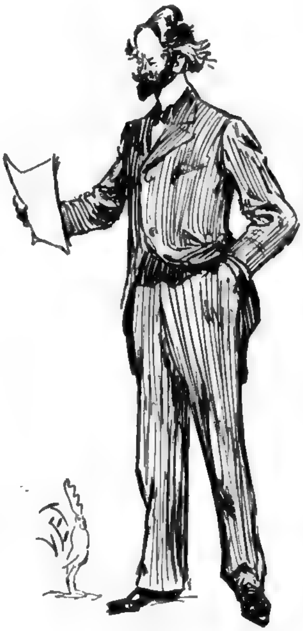
By James Rancan, Jr.

THE club in America is no longer an experiment or a subterfuge. It is an institution, and as necessary to our social well-being as any other built upon broad lines for an exclusive membership, where men foregather for the purpose of discussing subjects which are the nearest to them by predilection or profession. A club atmosphere is soon developed and in many cases very strongly. This atmosphere in turn gives the individual members a certain stamp of their own—characteristics which proclaim them to the careful observer wherever met. The clubman prides himself upon having achieved a certain individuality quite apart and distinct from the general throng. It is not very difficult to pick out the Union clubman nor one of the Players, and of course the Automobile, Riding and Driving Clubs give a more distinct appearance to their constituent members.



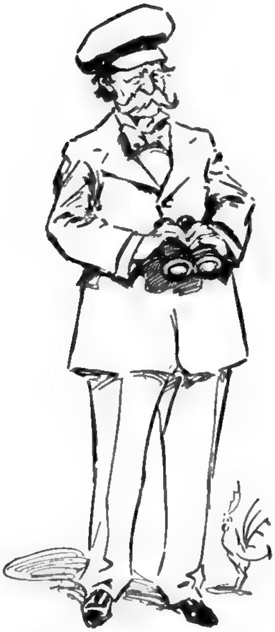
The Players'

New York is indeed a city of clubs. There are about ninety which may be called clubs in every sense of the word as distinguished from associations and coteries of a more local character. The membership ranges all the way from fifty, which is the total membership of the Jockey Club on Fifth Avenue, up to eighteen hundred, the membership of the Union League, also on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street. Of course, other clubs have a large membership made up of young men who are given to special pursuits. Such is the New York Athletic Club, with a total membership of over four thousand, and the Democratic Club, with a membership of something more than two thousand. These, however, come also under the head of the class distinction.



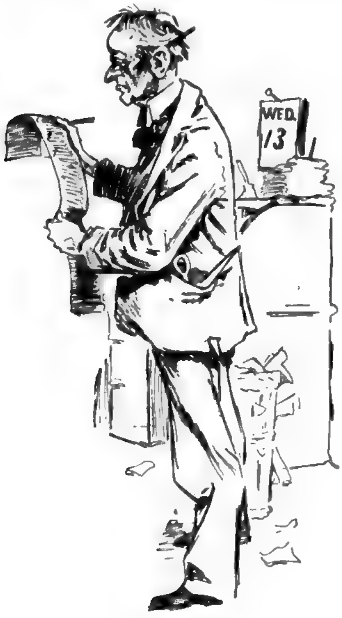
The Lotus

The Union Club is one of the oldest in America, and certainly one of the richest clubs in the world. Its membership limit



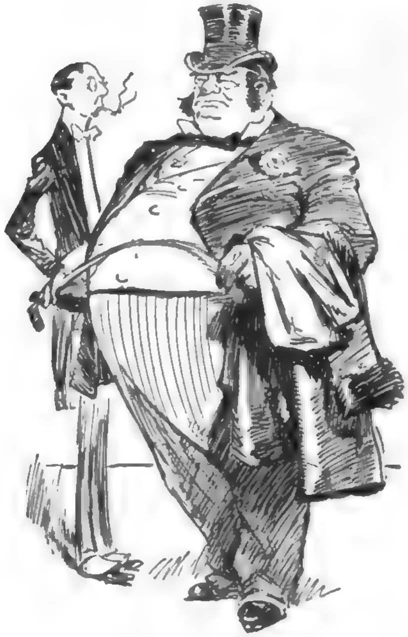
The New York Yacht

of fourteen hundred is already filled, and there is an immense waiting list, as there is also in many other clubs of the city which have a membership restriction. This is one of the most dignified and in a measure conservative organizations in the country, founded and maintained on the English lines. The Century Association, on Forty-third Street near Fifth Avenue, is of very much the same nature.



The Aldine

The man who desires to become identified with any of these ninety bodies can find his special predilection as well as his purse met in every way. Five dollars will make him a member of the New York Railroad Club on Madison Avenue (provided, of course, he have the proper introduction), and one thousand dollars, under the same conditions, will make him a resident member of the Ardsley. The majority of the initiation fees range from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars. The rule with the smart clubs is to hold out at one hundred dollars for a resident membership and fifty for non-resident. The annual dues range from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, and provide for maintenance of a club-house with the more or less elaborate appointments and corps of servants.



The Metropolitan

Some of the club-houses are indeed palatial, as, for instance, the new Union Club and the University Club at Fifty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, both of these being among the finest club buildings in the world. Others, however, are compelled to be more modest. Some clubs in good standing have mere suites of rooms in some centrally located buildings.

The Players' is perhaps the most interesting club in New York on account of the associations and public character of its members as well as its rich collection of relics, books and manuscripts. It was founded by the late Edwin Booth, who bequeathed to it as an organization not only the building especially designed to meet the requirements of the fraternity, but also some of his collections representing years of search.

Like a great many other clubs which start out with a class idea, the Players' has gathered to its membership a great many who are not identified with the stage directly. Among its five hundred members may be found celebrated literary men, artists, wits and men of affairs, just as in the case of the Lawyers' Club on lower Broadway there are several hundred among its twelve hundred constituents who are not members of the bar.

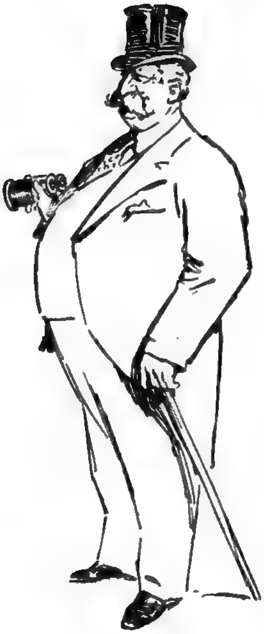
The Automobile

The Lawyers' Club is a very dignified and successful institution. It is more in the nature of a luncheon club than a resort for the foregathering of congenial spirits after nightfall. During the middle of the day the Lawyers' Club is comfortably filled with members and their guests. Boasting, as it does, one of the best cuisines in the city, its popularity with politicians, bankers, railroad magnates, city officials, brokers and men of affairs generally as well as lawyers themselves is well attested.

The Jockey

The Riding and Driving Clubs in the neighborhood of Central Park are also rather more elaborate than the general number. The Riding Club on Fifty-eighth Street is one of the most perfectly appointed, as is also the New York Yacht Club in West Forty-fourth Street. The latter has also special features of interest to the land-lubber and the seafaring man as well, having a model-room where are kept the models of all the leading racers of the past half century, and also abundance of literature on that interesting subject.

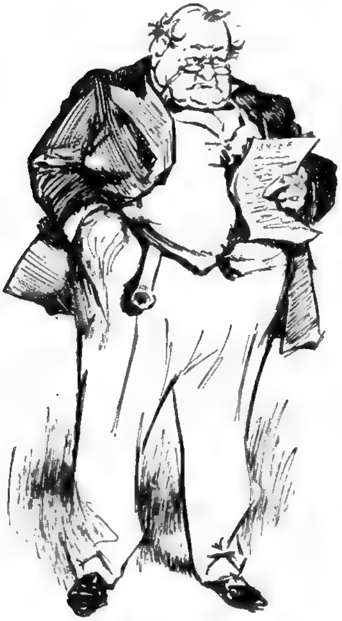
The Authors' Club is a less pretentious institution, having its meeting place at Carnegie Hall, but its list of members includes some of the most famous men of the times. The meetings are very brilliant affairs, particularly on a New Year's Eve when the lights are turned low and around the punch bowl are gathered such men as

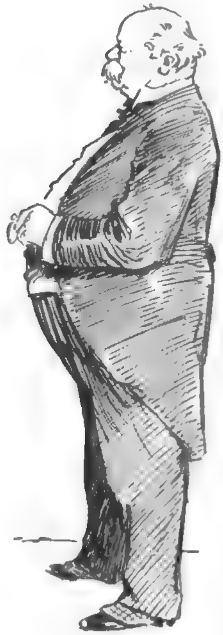

The Luncheon

Mark Twain, Edwin Markham, Edmond Clarence Stedman, James Whitcombe Riley and many others known to fame. Here are enjoyed hours of great delight.

The Lotus Club on Fifth Avenue is probably one of the best known clubs of the world, and is distinguished for the hospitality it extends toward celebrities of this and other countries.

There are clubs given to various sports, such as the Driving, Turf and Field, Automobile, Jockey, Fencers and Racquet and Tennis. Then there are others devoted to the arts and sciences solely, such as the American Fine Arts, Architectural League, Engineers', Chemists', Camera, Salmagundi, etc. Music is represented by the Mendelssohn Glee, German Liederkranz and others devoted to choral or instrumental music. The writers, both newspaper men and authors, as well as the publishers, are represented by the Authors', American and German Press Clubs, The Aldine Association, Grolier, Book-builders, and others.


The Lawyers'


The Union

There are clubs devoted to antiquity and genealogy, whist, chess and other light games, and others for business convenience, like the Hardware, Underwriters', Transportation, Wool, Down-town Luncheon Club, and others. It would seem, then, that whatever taste a man might have and with whatever body of men he desired to become identified, he would find in New York a club to suit all his needs.

THE ROSENFELDT ROBBERY

By Izola L. Forrester

THERE were certain points about the Rosenfeldt case which made it the most interesting and unusual in my experience as a woman detective. It swept me up out of monotonous routine work into a wonderland of which I had only dreamed, where wealth in millions was the magical key which opened all doors, even the door to a woman's heart. And personally, it was the success which I had in the case, and my subsequent share in a few of the golden crumbs from the millions which gave me the chance of leaving a profession I disliked.

I had entered it by accident. Like thousands of American girls, I was semi-self-supporting. There was a large family of us at home, all girls, and while my father's income was sufficient to keep up the house, it could not cover spending money for seven girls. Being the eldest, I was the first to take a position in the city. Being without any specific training I secured employment as saleswoman in the jewelry department of Murray-Judson's dry goods store.

I do not pretend to be gifted with any remarkable powers of penetration, or occult deductions from ordinary happenings, but I have considerable common sense, and enough interest in the doings of the rest of the world to keep an eye on the actions of people around me. I noticed two or three petty thefts from the silver counter across the aisle, and notified the floor detective. On his recommendation, after the recovery of a valuable pearl pendant, I was appointed woman detective in the entire jewelry division. It was easy work, and while not particularly pleasant, interesting.

Four months after my appointment, a diamond studded chatelaine purse was stolen. One day at noon, I saw the purse dangling at the waist of a girl on upper Broadway. I followed her. She turned out to be the daughter of one of the best families in town, and the affair was hushed. The purse was returned at once, and the girl was sent to a private sanitarium in Florida to be treated for kleptomania.

I now received offers of outside work. It gave more freedom than the store position, and gradually I took it up altogether. My fifth and last case was that of the Countess Rosenfeldt's jewels.

A letter came, asking me to call at the office of a certain banker and broker. It intimated that the case in hand was of importance, and money of no question so far as my services were concerned. Upon inquiry, I found that the banker was an Austrian Jew named Kumlowsy. His business was mostly among his own people, although he was known to control the interests in this country of certain foreign capitalists. There was no Rosenfeldt in the directory at the address given, but when I mentioned it at the bank, I was conducted without delay or questioning to a small, richly furnished private office, at the rear of the ground floor. There were two men, evidently awaiting me, one writing at a desk, another who rose at my entrance.

"You are prompt, Miss Clark," he said. "Kumlowsy, you may leave us."

The man at the desk rose to go. He was a man to look at twice, more Austrian than Jewish in appearance. As he passed me, his eyes met my own. It was a direct, intentional glance, and left me with the vaguely uncomfortable feeling of having received a message in a language I could not understand.

Rosenfeldt was different. He was a tall, distinguished man, not handsome, but striking in appearance. His manner was simple and businesslike. There was no doubt of his being in trouble. As he started to tell me the facts in the case, he paced the floor nervously, his voice low, and broken by long pauses.

He was a Boravian count, temporarily residing in New York, his home being the Clairemont on Fifth Avenue, opposite Central Park. The Countess was an American, he explained. They had been married a little over three months. He had made arrangements to sail for Europe, but had been prevented by the robbery of a $10,000 pearl collar, a wedding gift to the Countess. Less than a week after its disappearance, he had received a typewritten letter, stating the various pawnshops where the many strands of the collar could be redeemed, and thanking him for the use of them, enclosed the tickets! He had recovered them all, but without any clue to the thief. There were six strands to the collar. At each of the six pawnshops, an entirely different description was given of the party who had received the loan. In two cases they were women.

The following week, while the Countess and himself were at dinner, in the same apartment, a diamond corsage sunburst, and a large pendant for the hair of emeralds and diamonds, were stolen from a locked steel safe. The latter stood in the countess' bedroom, not thirty feet from the dining room where they were seated. The Countess had discovered their loss while dressing for the opera. Three days later the Count received a letter similar to the first. It enclosed pawn tickets for both articles, this time from Philadelphia.

Finally, only the previous day, a neck chain of uncut amethysts set in silver vanished, together with several diamond rings.

"It is servants, of course," he concluded. "We have six. My valet who has been with me since I was a boy—he is out of the question; Melanie, the Countess' maid, a Japanese butler, two Japanese house servants, and a French cook. There has also been a maid for Zizi, the Countess' valuable spaniel. I have not discharged any servant since the robbery, nor shown the slightest suspicion. Only Kumlowsy knows of the robbery, and he is my friend as well as my financial agent in this country."

Zizi's female attendant, he added, had been taken suddenly ill with pneumonia, and removed to a hospital. It was his plan to have me take her place, and so have a chance of a personal acquaintance with the servants. Even the Countess was not to know of my identity.

"Her temperament is high strung, delicate, emotional. The matter has already troubled her greatly. Any discoveries which you make, you will tell me only. There is a member of my household whom I have never met, yet who evidently lives in my apartments, receives mail, and is known to others. I found this out some time after the first robbery."

He handed me a letter. It was addressed to K. Kinney, in care of Rosenfeldt, The Clairemont. It was brief: "If you can't send more next time, you needn't send any. I may show up in New York myself to raise some. I will wait until the 15th." It was unsigned. "The 15th was the day following the second robbery," said the Count.

'Who receives the mail first?" I asked.

"Yamutso, the Japanese butler. He has orders to place it at once in my study. Melaine, the Countess' maid comes to me, and receives the mail for her mistress, as the Countess does not rise until ten."

"Does Mr. Kumlowsy know of this letter?"

"He knows only of the robbery," replied the Count. "Not even who you are, or why I have met you here. He is merely a business agent."

I agreed to present myself that evening to the Countess, and left the office. On my way out I looked for Kumlowsy. He stood at a desk near the door, and again as I passed, I felt his gaze follow me. I did not like him. To the woman who enters a professional life, and meets men on a business basis, there come times when she appreciates the veil of the Oriental. I could have willingly swathed myself like a Syrian from the long, fixed glance of Kumlowsy.

The following day I became precious Zizi's attendant. The duties were light, and Zizi, a serene atom of silken fur, who went through the ordeal of aristocratic living with delightful nonchalance. The Jap servants, and Jules, the cook, were innocent; I decided that after a few days' acquaintance. There remained Melanie, the Countess' maid, and Kurt von Kurt, the Count's valet. Frankly, I liked them both. Melanie was young, chic, and pretty, with the pert *retrouseè* charm of a Chêret poster girl. The valet was a blond good humored Austrian, rather stupid, but devoted to the Count. Both had been in attendance on their master and mistress for some years before their marriage. It was hard to believe that either one was a thief.

As to the Countess herself, I have never had a definite opinion, and never expect to have. Rosenfeldt had said that she was American. Melanie filled in the deatils for me. As Vivian D'Alroy, the Countess was the most beautiful and noted of a certain Bohemian set the season before. She was tall, slender, dignified, and yet gracefully supple, her chin carried well up in thoroughbred style, her lips full, the curves passionate, yet haughty. Her eyes, a deep, elusive hazel, were long and dreamy, under heavy drooping lashes, and her hair, brown and lustrous, lay in full, soft waves on her head, in almost insolent surety of its plenitude and beauty. She barely noticed me, except to rebuke me once or twice with gracious chilliness.

I was a member of the household for nearly a month without result. One day the Countess' bell rang sharply. Melanie had gone down to the basement to the laundry, and I answered it. She was at her desk, and spoke without looking around.

"Call a messenger, and send this telegram, Melanie, at once."

"It is I, madam," I said. She hesitated, the paper in her hand, then spoke. "You may go. I will wait for Melanie, thank you."

The next day, the Count spoke to me down in the main corridor. He had again received the pawn tickets, and had redeemed the amethyst chain, and the diamond rings. He also mentioned that Kumlowsy was to be a guest at dinner that night. The Countess was going to the theatre later. I was alone, as usual, when Melanie tapped at my door, after the Countess had gone. Zizi was asleep in her bed of silk and lace.

"Madame is cross to-night," she said, with a little gesture of vexation. "She is always so when M'sieur Kumlowsy dines here."

"Doesn't she like him?"

Melanie laguhed. "She likes him, *mais oui*, but ze Count likes not that she likes him. He likes not that any man shall look on her with even admiration. She is his. There must be no flirtations. And Kumlowsy, he has ze eye for beauty. He is most fascinating. But madame, she cares not. What is ze admiration of men? Pouf!"

I heard the echo of her merry laugh as she went down the corridor. A bit of white lay on the rug near the door, and I picked it up. It was a small linen handkerchief, with a tiny monogram, the two letters, "K.K." I felt the first thrill of the scent as I hid it carefully. It was nearly eleven before I thought of retiring, when suddenly I heard a faint sound in the corridor, and turned out my lights. The door was ajar as Melanie had left it. I stood listening. There was the soft swish of skirts on the thick velvet carpet advancing. At last I heard Kumlowsy's voice, low and insistent.

"This is not enough."

"But he will suspect." A woman's voice whispered the demur.

"Has there been another letter?"

"Yes, but I received it." I could barely catch the words. The voice was familiar.

"In another week——"

"Ssh!"

I drew back from the door. There was a minute's pause, then the figure of Kumlowsy passed leisurely down the corridor towards the smoking room. Except for the shaded electric globes at each end of the hall, there was no light. I glanced cautiously out as the sound of his footsteps died away.

In the shadow of the velvet draperies which hung before the entrance to the Countess' suite, there stood the indistinct form of a woman. There was the faint sound of metal on metal as the key entered the lock. It turned noiselessly, and she disappeared. I closed the door, and waited, wondering what to do. In less than two minutes, someone came softly and quickly along the corridor from the Countess' chamber. There was a light tap on my door. "Mam'zelle, you are awake, yes?"

It was Melanie. She rapped several times. I made no sign. As she went on, I thought hurriedly what was best to do. Kumlowsy was in league with the French maid, that was evident. More than that, another theft was either being contemplated, or accomplished. Yet I had not a point of proof on which to spring an alarm. With a sudden impulse, I slipped off my white cap, collars, and cuffs, and followed Melanie. The smoking room was the sixth door west in the apartment. Directly in front of it was a door leading to the main hall and elevator. It was used mostly by the servants. A telephone closet opened next to it. It was cramped and small. As I reached the smoking room, I heard Kumlowsy bidding the Count good night. Melanie had vanished. There was no way of retreat, and I did not wish to meet him. I opened the door of the telephone closet, and slipped in, locking it after me.

There was a gasp, and smothered exclamation at my side. Two hands beat at my face with cat-like fury. In the utter blackness of the place, the attack was a complete surprise. I tried to reach the door key, but could not find it. A sudden pain in my wrist as the small teeth drew blood made me desperate. I wrenched the wrist away, and caught a soft, silk swathed throat in my grasp. The door of the smoking room opened and closed. I struggled to force the figure to the floor and succeeded. It was lithe and sinuous, but I was heavier, and in the narrow space I had the advantage. "If you make a sound, I'll choke you," I murmured, tightening my grip on the throat.

There was a dead silence for a moment, then Kumlowsy's voice was heard in an undertone at the door. "Eleven to-morrow. Ninth Street station, Third Avenue." That was all.

I waited until I was sure he had gone. "Get up," I said, releasing my hold. The answer was a swift one. Before I could realize what had happened, I was swerved to one side, the door opened, and shut with a snap. I was a prisoner! It was certainly another surprise. I found the electric bulb over the telephone, and turned it on. Having no taste for a night's rest in a three by four box without air, I called up the Central Office on the telephone, and asked for connection with the private wire in the Count's room. It was most simple. He had not left the smoking room, and answered at once. I explained my plight briefly. In less than a minute he was at the door, and I was free.

"Wait," he said, in a whisper. I stood in the hall, while he knelt down, and examined the floor of the closet. When he rose, he held a tiny leather case in his hand. With a motion of his head, he directed me towards the smoking room. Kurt, the valet, had entered, with tray and decanter.

"Watch the door, Kurt," said the Count. "Is madame home?"

"She arrived half an hour ago." Kurt took his place at the door, bland, and mild eyed as always. The Count pressed the spring to the case, and smiled grimly at its contents, a splendid blue diamond ring. "You have saved me the trouble of redeeming this, Miss Clark, I compliment you on your courage. Who was your assailant?"

I hesitated. He watched me with keen, bright eyes.

"You may accuse anyone. Whom do you suspect."

"It was a woman," I said. "Until to-morrow, that is all I wish to say." I told him briefly what I had discovered, of the words in the corridor, the entrance into the Countess' suite, and finally the message at the telephone door from Kumlowsy, evidently intended for the person in the closet with whom I had struggled.

"Good!" said the Count. "To-morrow we will also keep the appointment. When you take Zizi for his airing in the Park, you will come directly downtown to the station."

I saw no one the following morning when I took my breakfast. The Countess always slept late, and Melanie was not visible. When I had dressed Zizi for the Park, I slipped a long, dark olive cravenette over my black dress, and left the apartment unobserved except by Yamutso, the butler. In my pocket reposed safely the sole tangible clue I possessed, save the wound on my left wrist, the handkerchief which Melanie had let fall. It was exactly eleven when I reached the Ninth Street station. There were the usual crowds thronging up and down the stair. It was a strange place for a rendezvous. Zizi was restless and uneasy.

Suddenly I saw Kumlowsy. He stood near the newsstand, his overcoat on one arm, idly reading a morning paper. Almost following in my footsteps came Count Rosenfeldt. I had to step aside to let him pass, but he did not even see me. His eyes were on the man beside the newsstand. Kumlowsy glanced up several times, as though on the lookout, but the Count stood somewhat back of him, towards the doors where the crowd was thickest, and he failed to see him. All at once, a downtown train pulled in, and the last figure to alight was the one we all sought.

Kumlowsy started forward to meet her, but as he raised his hat, and bowed smilingly, Rosenfeldt stepped between. His face was purplish, his eyes ablaze with rage. Before there could be interference, he had struck Kumlowsy full in the mouth. "Dog!" he gasped. "Dog of a thief."

"Rupert!"

As she threw back her heavy veil, the Countess had never looked more beautiful. There was no fear in her eyes, only shocked amazement, and pity.

"He is a thief!" repeated Rosenfeldt hotly. "I know all."

"You know nothing." Her tone was haughty and calm. "Do nothing further to disgrace me here." She turned to Kumlowsy. "I regret this more than I can say, sir. Have you the money?"

He handed her an envelope in silence.

"Thank you," she smiled at him with charming grace. "I owe you more than I can say. The matter is closed now. I will explain to the Count myself."

Kumlowsy bowed to her, and went on without even glancing at the erect, silent figure of the Count. As he passed me, a flash of recognition lit his eyes, and he smiled grimly.

The Countess laid her hand on her husband's arm.

"Take me to a carriage," she said. "It is shameful to have this happen in public."

"You chose your own rendezvous." Rosenfeldt's tone held no compromise. They moved towards the opposite exit, when I felt a touch on my arm. It was Melanie, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"We had best return by our own selves, mam'zelle," she said. "Ze curtain is down, yes? Our company is not desired. Let us return."

"I shall not go back," I told her. "You may take Zizi."

"Ah, ze little wise mam'zelle is, how you say, hopping mad for that she has made no grand denouément," Melanie laughed softly. "Fear not, *ma belle*, you have all but made ze establishment of Rosenfeldt go up in one colossal smash. I may say that madame she does not like you so very much."

"It was she then?" I thought of my wrist.

"No, it was I, but for that I bear no anger."

As an uptown train came in, she led the way, and I quickly followed, wishing to hear more. When we were seated, Melanie asked demurely. "Ze diamond ring, it is safe? Madame blames me for it."

"The Count will probably return it to her."

"Ah, you tell him all. And he would kill poor m'sieur Kumlowsy. La, la! the men, they are fools. It is not Kumlowsy, nor is it I; it is all madame."

I drew the handkerchief from my pocket, and handed it to her. "Is that madame's."

Melanie laughed, as she touched it. "Such a wise little mam'zelle! She will have us all ze robbers. 'K.K.' And I am 'K.K?' Ah, mam'zelle, you have ze head, ze clear, ze clever head. *Attendez.* Madame is ze Countess, she is Vivian D'Alroy, but first of all, she is Kitty Kinney and, *mon Dieu*, of lowest birth. Her father was a gambler and blackleg. And there are many Kinneys, ah, *les petits* Kinneys, *les gros* Kinneys, *les pauvres* Kinneys, and several in ze prison. But most of all there is Kinney, ze madame's brother. And he is one dev-vil of a boy. He spend ze money like ze sand of ze sea. Madame must get more, and more, and more, else will he arrive on ze scene, and disclose to m'sieur ze secret of his wife's low birth. In Paris it looks not well to see one Kitty Kinney on ze lineage of Rosenfeldt. So madame tells not, but she gets how you say, ze money on ze spot all ze same."

"But she must have millions."

"M'sieur has. It is ze difference. Madame has ze name, ze prestige, ze credit, ze jewels, but not ze ready cash in ze hand. Therefore, when Kinney *le frère* demands money, she must raise money, and Kumlowsy is ze business agent. Madame gives me her jewels, I give to Kumlowsy, Kumlowsy's private agents pawn here, there, everywhere, ah, it is ze wise Kumlowsy. M'sieur, he is how you say, bamboozled most exquisite, and *voila!* madame she has both money and jewels."

"But now that he knows?"

Melanie shrugged her shoulders.

"Love is ze lawyer. *Vive l'amour!*"

An hour later, I left the Clairemont apartment. There were but few words. The Count explained most courteously that as he had mentioned to me, the case had been one of a most delicate private nature. My services had brought about the end of the mystery. He thanked me. The check was of such substantial proportions that I have not troubled over money since.

The following week the Count and Countess Rosenfeldt sailed for Europe, away from the shadow of the Kinneys.

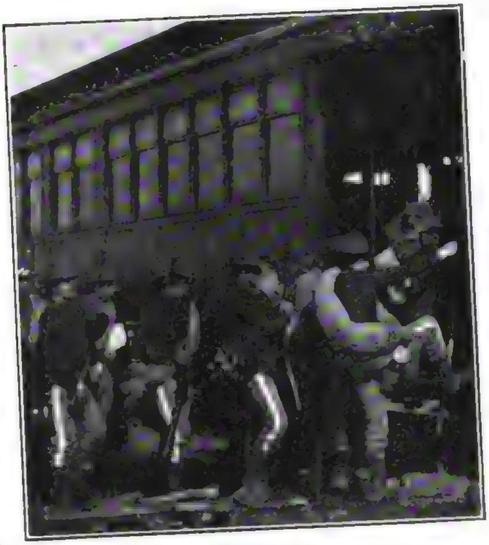
Photograph, Copyright, 1904, by Parkinson studios, New York

"In Maiden Meditation, Fancy Free"

PLAYING AT WAR AT PEEKSKILL

By Michael Rosenfelt

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN DER WEYDE, NEW YORK



All aboard for the summer camp at Peekskill!

WORK, play, comradeship and romance all intermingle in delightful medley at New York's famous Aldershot, Peekskill-on-the-Hudson. It is the life of the soldier, indeed, that is lived in the great white city between the strategic hills of the lower Catskills, one of the most delightful spots in the State, famous for its natural beauties and historic associations, and for the purposes of an encampment most admirably chosen.

Every year, for the last decade or more, the various battalions and brigades have made the journey to Peekskill—if cavalry on horseback, infantry by train—and, under most pleasant auspices, taken up the work of war exactly as if called into the field in defense of their country and their flag.

This year the field service begins on the 4th of June and continues through the major portion of the heated term. Squadrons and troops of the Twenty-third Regiment, New York National Guard, will lead the procession, and others will follow in regular order—the Fourteenth and Forty-seventh Regiments and Seventeenth Separate Company; the Eighth and Sixty-ninth Regiments and First Battery; the Ninth and Seventy-first Regiments early in July;

The white city in the picturesque vale

The Commissary Department at work

the Twelfth Regiment and Second Battery following.

The campers are regularly equipped, just as if preparing for a dash into a distant country, erecting their own camps, cooking their own rations, and proceeding with the order of military business throughout the day and night in a thoroughly military manner.

There was a time when the summer encampment of the various New York regiments was in the nature of a picnic. However, since the Spanish-American war, that has all been changed. One can hardly realize what a strenuous life it is that is led by the young militiamen of the National Guard who drill themselves at summer camping grounds in time of peace in order to be prepared to go to the front in time of war.

A short time ago a complete Commissary Department not only cooked but served meals to the camping soldiers. To-day every soldier is compelled to be his own cook and servant, and must carry not only his complete equipment, but also a miniature kitchen and a well-stocked pantry as well. Then he was permitted to provide himself with a comfortable cot whereon to sleep; now the bare ground of Mother Earth is deemed good enough for him.

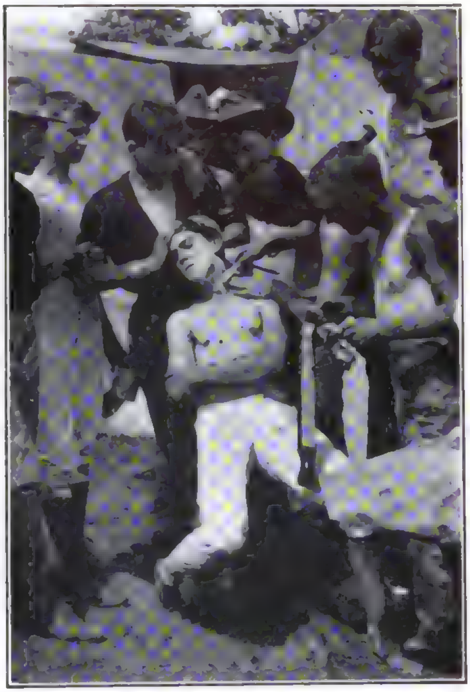
Every soldier his own washerwoman

Carpentering a mess-tent

Then he was allowed to remain in camp for the greater share of the time, and his principal duties consisted of drills, instruction in various tactics and plans of campaign, all varied from monotony by social converse and the outdoor sports which were natural to him. Now, however, he is not allowed to remain in this one delightful spot, but at reveille at daybreak he is compelled to rise, pack his tent, and, having cooked his own breakfast, be off with the battalion on a five or ten-mile run through the blind wilderness to do mock battle with members of some other regiment impersonating a foreign foe.

Not only that, but there exists a strong rivalry between the regiments simultaneously in camp. The officers of these regiments do all they can to foster a spirit of competition. Thus brigades will start out from the various stations, making, perhaps, a ten-mile detour, meeting in a clash as if at hazard in some difficult and strategic part of the surrounding countries. There a sham battle takes place, almost as thrilling and as valuable from an educational standpoint to the young soldier as an engagement in actual warfare. When it is realized that from four to six hundred men on a side clash at arms in some dense wilderness on the mountain top or along a river bed, and every man feels that he is likely to win a good report at Albany and be in line for promotion, it is seen that the competition is of the keenest nature.

An early morning job at the sutler's tent



A morning shave under difficulties

Not only do these engagements take place during the day, but the alarm may be sounded at the dead of night. Then from his rude bed (consisting of an army blanket and a rubber sheet stretched on the cold ground), the National Guardsman may be called out to do duty either in defending the camp against attack or to put himself in readiness to go forth under cover of darkness and win some difficult point of vantage from the supposed enemy.

Many of these night attacks are the severest possible trials, and none but a strong man could safely undertake them. For instance, the five-mile run from Peekskill to the further banks of Lake Mohegan is not only a very arduous tramp by night, but upon arriving at the shores of the lake, the young soldier is compelled to plunge in with all his arms, provisions and accoutrements of war, making his way as best he can to the far side of the lake, a distance of more than half a mile through deep, cold water. Small rafts are constructed for the purpose of assisting those who are unable to swim, and for keeping the tents and blankets dry, but the guardsman himself plunges in to the neck, leading his horses after him across the cold stretch.

POST OFFICE
Arrives.
Departs.

One of the most popular stations on the field

It may be thought that this discipline is more rigorous than the necessity of the occasion demands, and that men who are more used to the comforts and refinements of city life should not be subject to such strenuous expedients. However, it must be remembered that men in the ranks are watched very carefully, and that only the strongest are picked out for these heavy duties. To run five miles through the darkness over a pathless tract, plunge into a lake and swim to the far side, and then take an imaginary stronghold, is not a pastime for even a man of ordinary physique. However, there are few who shrink from undertaking any arduous duty, for the strife for preferment is strong from the humblest private in the ranks up to the commandant himself, and this outdoor life is conducive to invigoration of body, clearness of mind and quickness of action.

Every important movement of the regiment is reported day by day to the National Guard powers that be at Albany, and deep is the desire of one and all to preserve the integrity of the regimental body and to add to its laurels. In one or two instances, however, they have been caught napping and great has been the consternation resulting.

For instance, during one of the encampments at Peekskill the commanding officer of the National Guard paid a visit to the camp unbeknown to the officers and men thereof. He not only succeeded in passing through lines, *mirabile dictu!* at dead of night, but actually made a thorough tour

A critical moment in a game of whist

After the mail is distributed

of inspection—as thorough as could be afforded under cover of darkness—and was back in Albany shortly after daybreak. There he wrote the commanding officer of the regiment a most scathing arraignment, charging him with a laxity of discipline that was nothing short of criminal, affirming that he was not even challenged by the sentries on duty, but also found two of them asleep at their posts, as well as discovering evidences of a frivolous picnic spirit in various parts of the camp. This was too much for his soldierly forbearance, and his wrath fell upon the colonel in command, who in turn called his officers to account, captains, lieutenants and sergeants each taking the rebuke of his superior and wreaking it with quadruple vengeance upon the men in the ranks. The lesson was a wholesome one, not only for the regiment in question, but for other regiments likewise lacking in vigilance. The result of such a midnight visit from a disguised commanding officer of an enemy may well be imagined.

But it is not all work that the National Guardsman takes as his portion at the summer camp. As will be seen by the illustrations accompanying this article, there are many pleasures to be enjoyed at our American Aldershot. Many of the lads are skilful musicians on such instruments as may be carried to the field, and many more are gifted with exceptional voices. Music has charms quite as much to the soldier as to the man of peace and many a good song has beguiled a tedious hour.

Then, too, there are card parties and other games to break the monotony of the midday heat, and baseball and football are not prohibited, although after a day's drilling the men have little ambition for the rougher sports. There is always an abundance of good literature floating about the camp, and of course the daily and Sunday newspapers and the weekly and monthly periodicals offer mental food and inspiration during seasons of rest.

There is no doubt that the men of the various regiments in the Peekskill camp thoroughly enjoy the outing in spite of the severe routine of drill and the necessary hard work; and the fact that the discipline is more severe every year does not detract from the pleasures of the summer encampment nor deplete the numbers of the ambitious campers.

A few years ago there was a movement on foot to make the Peekskill camp a permanent institution, such as that situate outside of London at Aldershot, where various British regiments meet for drill and discipline regularly. It is claimed that the

A letter to the old folks

En route to the guard house with an arrest

spirit of military discipline is kept up by the maintenance of such an institution, and that officers no less than the men profit by the privileges of such a permanent camp.

At Aldershot there is a field, several square miles in extent, with suitable buildings and all the paraphernalia of warfare, so that the work continues throughout the year. It has been thought expedient to make Peekskill such a permanent station, and it is believed that by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars, such a camp could be made a year-round institution instead of merely a summer tent-city for a short season of training.

Something of this kind will doubtless be the result of the efforts of the New York National Guard to make the Peekskill encampment of the greatest possible benefit to the young militiamen of the State.

The parting salute!

BEHIND THE PALMS

By Forbes Dwight

THE best man was hurrying toward the broad stairs, when behind some palms in one corner of the hall he spied a huddled figure in white. He also heard a very suspicious sound. He paused a moment irresolute, then stepped quickly behind the barrier of palms.

On the wide window-seat was one of the bridesmaids—and, as the best man discovered which particular bridesmaid it was his heart gave a little jump which a glimpse of any of the other bridesmaids could not have produced.

A closer inspection revealed the nature of the suspicious sound that had arrested his steps. The bridesmaid was weeping.

The best man stood quite still and rubbed his cheek thoughtfully. Like all other men, he was pathetically helpless in the presence of distress, feminine gender. He felt very much the intruder, yet he was determined the tears should cease before he beat a retreat. The cheek-rubbing process failing to produce inspiration, he thrust both hands into his pockets.

"Oh, I say," he remarked with deprecating cheerfulness, "this won't do, you know."

The bridesmaid turned her head. Her eyes were red and on either cheek was a tear. The best man, lacking originality, mentally compared that face to a dew-wet lily.

"Go away!" said the bridesmaid irritably.

The best man looked wistfully behind him; then he looked more wistfully before him; finally he sat down on the window-seat by the bridesmaid. That lady, after grudgingly making room for him, utterly ignored his presence.

The best man waited several embarrassed minutes before he hazarded a remark.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" he asked at length.

His query fell on unheeding ears.

"This isn't a funeral, you know," he protested.

Again there was no response. The best man moved a little closer to her.

"What are you crying for?" he asked solicitously.

The bridesmaid turned, and her eyes flashed withering scorn.

"My dinner, of course," she said shortly.

This bit of repartee fell short of its intended effect. The best man was quite unmoved.

"Is it customary to—er—weep at weddings?" he said calmly.

"No," she said, "it isn't. But he'll take Ethel to the ends of the earth. It might as well be her funeral, for all we'll see of her after this."

"Horrid man!" he consoled.

"Don't limit it to the singular," she said tartly.

There was silence again for some moments, and then the bridesmaid sat up and resolutely wiped her eyes.

"Forgive me for being so silly," she implored prettily.

"Silly?" said he. "Nonsense! What would woman be without her whirlwind emotions? I hope someone weeps at my wedding."

"I'll do my best to," she laughed. "When is it to be?"

"It's very like the recipe for cooking hare," he commented. "First, get your wedding."

The orchestra on the broad landing began to play. The girl listened pensively.

"I don't like weddings," she said suddenly.

"I haven't any amazing set for them myself," the best man admitted. "Just as soon go to a justice-of-the-peace or the mayor's office, if only it was with the right sort of girl."

"The right sort of girl," she said severely, "wouldn't go to a justice-of-the-peace or the mayor's office."

"I'd have been married long ago," he confided, "but for two drawbacks."

"And those?" she asked.

"Afraid to ask the girl, and scared blue of the wedding," he announced.

"I didn't realize you were so timid," she said.

"I'm outgrowing my fears gradually," said he. "I find weddings don't seem to be necessarily fatal; but I'm still afraid of the girl. I hope to overcome that in time."

"Perhaps by the time you have, the girl will be married to someone else," she suggested.

"That's so," he reflected. "Never thought of that. I'll ask her to-day."

"I would," she advised.

"Here, behind these palms, would be a good place. Where are you going?" he asked, for the bridesmaid had risen.

"I'll leave the coast clear for you," she said. "I'll stand over in the doorway and head off anyone who steers for the palms."

"But you mustn't go," said he. "You must stay here."

"It's very probable I'd play eavesdropper at a proposal, isn't it?" she said.

Photograph by Parkinson Studios, New York

Holding the mirror up to fair nature

FROM THE CHURCH TO THE HOUSE

By Caspar Johnson

THE best man entered the carriage and banged the door after him viciously. In the corner—the very farthest corner—sat the maid-of-honor, her skirts drawn tightly about her in an obvious attempt to be as inconspicuous as possible.

The best man noted this. It seemed to him that she drew her skirts away as from some contaminating element. Therefore, he pushed himself well back on the cushions of the diagonal corner of the carriage, and stared fixedly through the window as they drew away from the curb before the church and rattled over the pavements.

A block of this sort of thing, and the best man turned his head for a cautious look at the maid-of-honor. Her eyes were turned from him; she was staring out of the other window. There was just a touch of angry color on either cheek, and her lips were set in an odd expression—half annoyance, half grim resignation.

The best man straightened himself, gave his tie a nervous twist and coughed. The maid-of-honor turned her eyes from the window and regarded him with cold indifference.

"I'm very sorry to inflict such annoyance on you," he said formally, "and I merely wished to tell you that when I heard you were to be maid-of-honor, I did my best to have Jack release me from my promise to be best man. I realized how distasteful it would be to you. He simply wouldn't listen to me. That's why I'm here."

"It was thoughtful of you," said she frigidly. "When Kate told me you were to be best man, I also sued for release, with similar results."

She turned her eyes to the window again. Evidently she considered the matter closed. The best man, in his turn, stared out of his window. The smart clatter of hoofs and the bumping of the carriage were the only sounds to break the stillness. The best man turned from the window again, gave his tie another nervous twist, and coughed once more. This time she looked at him with a little frown of disapproval.

"I was about to suggest," said he, "that for Kate's sake and Jack's, we—ah—bury the hatchet until the reception is over. Wouldnt' it be better to be friends temporarily on their account?"

"If you think so, perhaps it would," she admitted.

"Er—suppose we begin now, to get the proper adjustment of the thing, you know?" he suggested.

"If you like," said she without enthusiasm.

"We're friends once more, then?" he asked hopefully.

She nodded. "Temporarily," she reminded him.

"Of course, of course," he agreed hastily.

The carriage swerved round a corner. The asphalt pavements gave but little sound.

"Being friends," began the best man, "I want to tell you how stunning you looked at the church."

She pursed her lips.

"I mean it," he said, with such confirmation in his eyes that she said, "Oh," in soft apology, and turned her head.

"I looked at you there, and it made me feel very much a brute," he observed.

"Indeed!" she said. "Your conscience awakens rather tardily."

"I had my punishment," he said. "Wasn't it Moses who was shown the promised land he could never enter?"

"I believe so," she said.

"Well, Moses has my deepest sympathy," he said, pointedly; whereat she blushed.

"Pride is an expensive luxury, isn't it?" he pursued.

She made no answer.

"It's so expensive I can't afford to keep mine. I've thrown it to the winds."

"Since?" she questioned mockingly.

"Since you came up the aisle to-day," he said.

"Perhaps after to-day you'll conclude to keep it," she remarked.

"Never," he asserted firmly. "I mistook pride for principle once. I thought I was defending a principle that night we—er—differed a bit."

"Whereas, it was pride," she said sardonically. "You defended it admirably, whatever it was."

"Too well," he observed gloomily. "It began about my pack of hounds, I believe."

"Which you averred you would keep till the Judgment Day, if you chose," she said.

"I'd give worlds to unsay some of the things I've said," he asserted.

"Do you still hunt that pack?" she asked with sweet irony.

"That pack? Heavens, no! I gave them away."

The girl started. Then she turned her eyes to the window and deliberately watched the line of elms slip past. The man regarded her intently. The color in her cheeks had deepened; one little gloved hand worked nervously.

"I gave them away next morning," he said. "I couldn't bear to keep them—after what had happened."

Suddenly the girl turned to him.

"I—I didn't mean for you to really give them away," she confessed. "I wanted to see if you would—because I asked it of you."

He smiled grimly.

"I was afraid I would cut them to pieces if I saw much of them after that. It seemed, that next morning, as if they stood for all that was evil in the world."

The girl was looking at him curiously. She leaned towards him.

"I—I think I could forgive you without——"

"The hounds?" he asked.

"The pride," she said.

"Thank goodness, I haven't either," he said, moving to the seat beside her.

Presently the carriage drew up before the house. From the next in front of theirs, the bride and groom were alighting.

"Jack and Kate are ahead of us," she said.

"Only a little way," he chuckled significantly, as he gave her hand a little squeeze.

OPEN SEA

By John Gilbert

Out, out! where the breath of the sea
  Comes damp and strong on the spray—
Out! where the boat runs free
  On her wild, white way—
Out, out! till the timid land on the lea
  Is lean and silent and gray.
      Let her heel and dip
      Till the bulwarks drip
    With the rushing foam!
      Head in the wind—
      And God be kind
    To the beggar who cries for home!

Out, out! to the hills of heaving green,
  In the chase of the secret tide;
Out! to a world unseen
  By the fearful-eyed—
Out, out! where the blade of the wind cuts clean
  Through the heart of the fool untried.
      Feel her reach and strain,
      Recover again,
    In her splendid race!
      Let the waves unbind—
      And God be kind
    To the beggar who asks for grace!

Out, out! till the deep is one with sky,
  And your soul is loosed as a bird—
Out! with your eagle cry
  Till the seas have heard;
Out, out! where the prayers of the puny die,
  And God is a mighty word.
      Give her sail on sail,
      No man dare quail
    With a coward plea!
      Oh, Brothers of wind,
      May God be kind
    To his kindred of the sea!

' Training the hair to wave naturally is rather difficult, but it is an art that pays for the pains."

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY

By Sylvia Harte

TO a woman, what greater tragedy than the loss of her personal beauty? To see the fullness and richness of youth gradually shrink and become colorless brings a pang to her heart, all the keener on account of her comparative helplessness. Time and its ravaging marks are inexorable, and because even the fairest of God's creatures have only a little while to bloom, women are inspired with a determination to cheat this great despoiler of their personal charms.

Every woman who has reached the age of forty finds that the sooner she begins to forestall the outward evidence of age, the longer will her loveliness remain. She is, indeed, wise in her generation, counting no hour lost that is devoted to some one of the many beauty-preservers known to art and science.

Woman realizes that she is like a rare flower which, with ordinary care and nourishment, will bloom in all its beauty until the blossom is full blown; then it begins very gradually to fade, losing its superficial charm. With a deal of care, however, with loving and watchful protection, she can make the flower of her beauty bloom and so conserve its loveliness for years.

Up to a certain point in her life a woman's energies all tend toward this state of perfection. The crisis then approaches. It varies with the individual, but every woman knows too well when the knell has been sounded. She has only to look in her mirror day after day and watch the little signs that, alas, cannot be mistaken. Tiny crowsfeet appear at the corners of her eyes; her hair begins to lose its luster and thickness; her glances have less brightness, and she finds that it is necessary to keep a constant watch over her personal charms in order to have them always at their best.

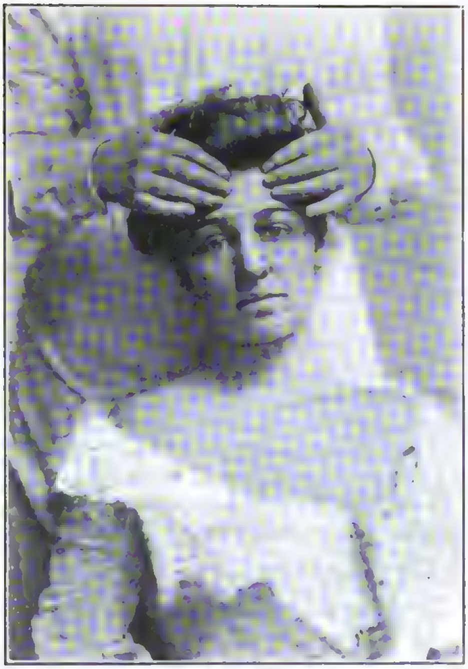
To grow old gracefully is what every

woman hopes will be her fate. Hence the mad pursuit of beauty on which every woman is bent, be she rich or poor.

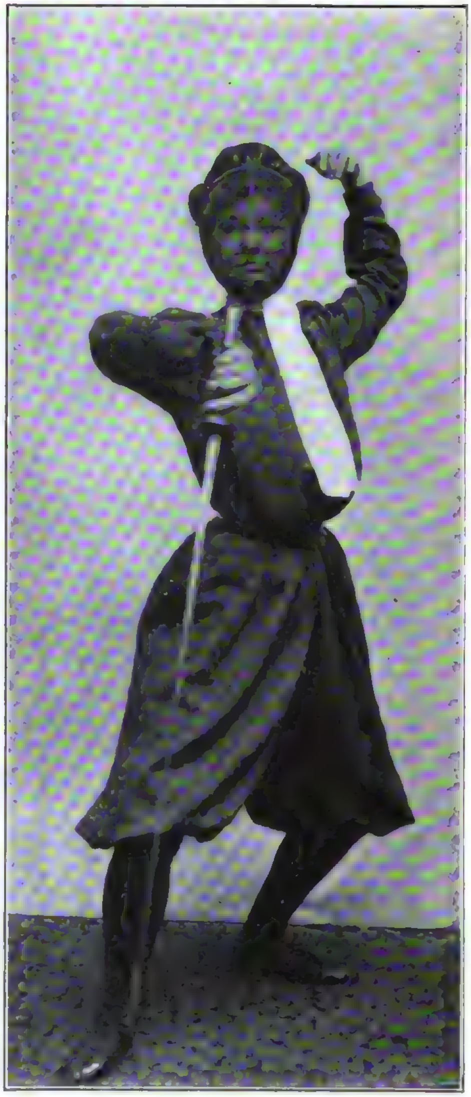
From the tips of her well-modeled feet to her crowning glory is the woman of to-day cared for at the hands of the masseuse, amateur or professional. She is rubbed and bathed and perfumed, treated with various creams and with electricity to keep the tissues and skin in the best possible condition. Like the plant she, too, is being carefully and scientifically nurtured.

Of course the physical condition of a woman is the main factor in restoring and preserving good looks, for beauty invariably depends, first of all, on perfect health. Granting then that the woman who seeks to retain her attractions is in fair health, she can make of herself her own beauty doctor with perfect confidence.

The wealthy woman has the advantage in that she has more time to devote to this pursuit. However, those of small means sometimes succeed as well, even though they must depend a great deal on their own efforts and individual skill.



"A survey of Beauty's face by the bright morning light urges her to yield willingly to the deft touches of the masseuse"



"Fencing, besides being a most delightful exercise, develops all the muscles of the body, and tends to perfection of figure"

The daily routine of the beauty-seeker is by no means easy. In the first place, on arising and throwing on a loose negligée, it is a good idea to walk straight to the window, throw it wide open and stand there while taking twenty deep breaths of the fresh morning air, bending the body in a horizontal line from the waist with each exhalation and straightening it with each inhalation. The pure air cleanses the lungs and sends the blood coursing through the veins, making one feel glad to be alive.

Next, it is well to take a few exercises,

"By using a skin-brush and a good facial cream, the cheeks may be made soft and fully rounded"

the nature of these depending entirely upon the woman's physical requirements. If she is a little bit stout, she strives for a reduction of circumference; and if thin, she is equally eager to acquire flesh and muscle.

By the time the beauty-seeker has gone through with such a set of exercises as she

"The care of the nails marks the personal character of the individual, and should in nowise be neglected a single day" may find helpful, and is in fine glow, she is quite ready for her morning tub. This may be hot, cold or lukewarm, according to the temperature best suited to her physical condition. A little perfume as a refreshing scent thrown into the water is an added delight, but most women prefer the odor of cleanliness that comes from pure water and a good soap. Benzoin is excellent for the bath, and besides acting as a cleanser it invigorates one very agreeably.

So far for the day, so good. By this time the fair beauty-hunter has become conscious of a very good appetite, and her chocolate or coffee and rolls with fruit and, perhaps, a boiled egg, are brought to her boudoir. There she enjoys her morning dainties in repose. Later in the morning, perchance, she makes a visit to the manicurist, where her pretty nails are shaped, the loose and rough bits of skin removed, the tips of the fingers pinched and pressed into tapering points, and the almond-shaped nails rubbed and polished until they have a delicate rosy hue. The well-bred woman scorns highly polished finger tips, as she does those that are stained a deep pink with a salve made for the purpose.

"Beauty's crowning glory is her chiefest care, but the trouble is well worth the cost"

Massage of the face and throat is the great art upon which women hang their hopes of lasting beauty. The clever person doesn't wait until wrinkles have already begun to make their appearance before she devotes long and diligent hours to the rubbing of tissues and the use of creams, et cetera. Massage methods are legion, but there is none so mild and effective as the tapping movement. This consists in gently tapping the face and neck all over with the balls of the fingers after the skin has been well cleansed and moistened with a facial cream. The region around the eyes is a very delicate part to manipulate, so in this part the tapping is extremely gentle. On the forehead it is a little more vigorous, while on the cheeks and throat it is rather severe, so that the blood is brought to the surface in a fine healthy glow.

A Buddhist in New York has started what might be termed the alphabetical cult for the improvement of the tissues of the throat. He has pointed out that, by saying certain letters of the alphabet with considerable vehemence, different sets of muscles are made to work, and are thereby strengthened and made fuller, so that in time the possessor of a scrawny neck may be the proud owner of a full, round, and shapely one. The man claims that the throat gets less exercise than any other part of the body, because it is difficult to reach advantageously, but the alphabetical cult solves the problem in a very simple and effective manner.

A first-class facial cream is as essential to the feminine toilet as food is to health. No woman thinks of scrubbing her face with soap or of using water to cleanse the pores when a good cream will accomplish the purpose in a miraculous way. The cream may be applied to the face and neck, and then removed with a soft linen cloth.

"Beauty is as particular about the shape and growth of her eyebrows as she is of any other of her attractive features"

Woman's crowning glory is her chiefest charm and care—the hair. She may not go to the trouble and expense of having it dressed by a fashionable coiffeur daily, but she is determined to have it thoroughly brushed, washed and treated, to preserve its beauty and luster. The woman who has reached the age of discretion has probably acquired a few gray hairs, but it would never do to have these tell-tale marks proclaim her age.

The little scheme of combing the gray hairs with a dye-comb of the desirable shade, ranging from sunny gold to glossy black, has been tried and found eminently successful. As it does not harm the texture of the hair nor the scalp, and is antiseptic and clean, no one need be the wiser for its use. The removal of superfluous hair by some such harmless and painless process as De Miracle, for instance, is also very desirable—nay, a compulsory feature, as blotches of hair on the feminine countenance detract from its beauty.

An hour every week is spent in having the hair trained to curl. Waves are in vogue, and as very few women like to become martyrs to the curling tongs, coiffeurs have devised a little trick whereby even straight hair can be made to assume a very natural curl, and, best of all, the curl will defy rain and mist. The process is rather long and tedious and necessitates pinning the hair down in little undulations, but the game is certainly worth the candle, as any woman will declare.

There are all sorts of complexion aids resorted to by women, and the better class of them are perfectly harmless. A little powder does not harm the skin, especially if it is put on over a good facial cream, and in some cases rouge is even recommended. A colorless woman is certainly a fright.

The eyebrows come in for their share of brushing and care just as regularly as does the hair, and the fact that so few badly shaped eyebrows are seen is due to this excellent treatment. A few women make a practise of taking drops to brighten the eye, but this is too dangerous to be recommended. Besides, good health is the best freshener and brightener of the eyes known to science.

But all these tangible charms are as naught unless they are supplemented by grace of carriage. Every woman ought to possess this by nature, and if she does not, then there is nothing better for her to try than a course in fencing. This exercise is really remarkable in the way it imparts suppleness and litheness to those who have mastered the trick of parrying and thrusting. When the fencing foil can be wielded with skill, it goes without saying that she who handles it has grace and rhythm of movement, by far not the least of her charms.

Besides quickness, alertness and suppleness, there must be vigor also. If fencing is not violent enough, the woman who is physically able to stand it should spend as much time as possible outdoors in walking, playing golf, tennis, canoeing or riding. There is nothing like such diversions to develop those beautiful Hogarth's curves which the whole feminine world longs to claim.

One can eradicate wrinkles by a little care each day by the fingers pressing upward instead of downward along the skin. An ill-shaped mouth that begins to develop hard lines may be remedied by the exercise of imitating a broad grin and then pursing the lips as if about to whistle, keeping up this exercise for some little time. An upward rubbing of the crowsfeet at the corners of the eyes with a similar motion will eradicate them, and the hollow spots in the cheeks can be rubbed out in the same way by persistent effort. Cold water and a towel are a very satisfactory remedy for many facial evils.

Sleep is very essential to beauty, and an excellent remedy for sleeplessness is to bathe the feet in hot salt water, and then sip a cupful of hot water freshly boiled. The bedroom should be fresh and airy, the window kept open throughout the night even in the coldest weather.

After all, the struggle to secure and maintain beauty at almost any cost is a praiseworthy effort, and the woman who keeps herself young and good to look upon for a term of years beyond the average is increasing the pleasure of the world in general. She need not be a Poitiers, a Madame Recamier, a Duchess of Devonshire, or a Katharine of Russia, but she, by constant and watchful care, may retain her beauty far beyond the accepted limitation of youth.

HIS PROPOSAL

"I LOVE you, pretty maid," he said,
"But should you say me nay,
I would not die as others have
Whom you have turned away.
"I would not go and kill myself—
A foolish thing to do—
I'd give some other pretty maid
The love I offered you."
She sat awhile, all wrapt in thought—
What else was there to do?
She heaved a sigh, and shyly said,
"I think I'll marry you."

HELENE GRAHAM—HER JOURNAL

By Mrs. Andrew J. Scott

JANUARY 1st, 1895.

HAVE decided to keep a journal. Have never kept one for a whole year. Once when I was ill, kept one for twenty-seven days—straight. Oh! but it was a morbid thing. Think of chronicling all one's pains, both of mind and body. And whisper! I have it yet. The old faded Journal! Why do I keep it? That's the question. Why? One thinks. The thought is written down in black and white. Its existence is prolonged indefinitely, or it may be wiped out by simply consigning the paper on which it is written to the flames. Talk about burning thoughts! I have seen —actually seen, thoughts of mine become a lurid hue. But, of course, they were in the fire then, and the fire was a great aid to that. I must not use this journal for self-examination. No. I am going to use it as an outlet for all my real thoughts. Society is such a sham these days that really it is war between sincerity and tactfulness on one side, and real downright falsehood on the other.

One meets a friend gowned in a beautiful frock, but the color slaying her charms. And she has many. One can but say impulsively, "What a charming frock! How chic!" She dimples with pleasure.

"The color," she says, "do you like it?"

What is one going to say? A brutal frank "No," that will make the light die out of her eyes? A compromise? saying "It really isn't *your* color, you know, but the gown is charming." Which shows Truth with a big T is in one's mind, and one darting through every little loophole to evade it. Now comes the time for the display of tact. A tactless woman will take the bit between her teeth—pardon the simile—and ride rough shod over her feelings, leaving her bruised and bleeding inwardly but outwardly smiling, although the light has grown dim in the glorious eyes.

The woman with tact will say just the right thing, but how treacherously near she sometimes gets to the precipice Falsehood. Do you not think that the hem of her gown oftentimes comes away just a *little* bit soiled from having come in contact with the edge?

Four o'clock! What a dreamer! I am going out with mama for a drive, and then the ball this evening.

The morning after! What a drone, to be sure, to lie in bed and the sun so high in the heavens. The ball! Oh, that glorious ball! Such an evening of bliss that would have been unalloyed if that stupid little Bertie Chilchester had not steered me into the conservatory and bored me to death with his inane speeches—his eyeglass, and his aping of English ways. How I detest him! I like a man, but, ye gods! is he one? He told me last night that he loved me, as if there were room for love in his infinitesimal heart. I could not even listen to what he was saying on account of those clothes of his. It seemed to me that I could smell the fog of London on them. If I were a man—an American man, I would be so proud of it that I would not go across the water to buy my clothes. I would patronize home industries. The music! The flowers! It was like fairyland. Dear—stupid old Jack Marvel glowering at me from his corner because I was with Bertie. If looks could kill I would not be here now. I would be dead; slain by a look, and from the man I love. Yes, *love*! I can be honest sometimes, I suppose, when I am far from the madding crowd. And I do love the old stupid, too stupid to see it. For *him* I save my prettiest speeches. For *him* I wear my most stunning gowns. For *him* I do my hair the way he likes it, although another way I know of suits the shape of my head better. And still he cannot see. Oh! the blindness of all men; the particular blindness of this one. Heigho! "Love is a pleasant woe." That odious Hetty Davidson was there, gowned in white like a debutante and this her third season. And she making eyes at Jack. The minx! Wouldn't she like to catch him in her net. She has been angling for him long enough. I hear Nanette coming with my cocoa and to prepare my bath, so my dear journal I will lay you aside.

JANUARY 25th.

One of my broken New Year's resolutions. I was going to write in my journal every day, and it is thirteen days since I have written a word. Thirteen. That's unlucky. Why did I write to-day? Well, I had to, to relieve my overcharged feelings. Bertie's uncle or great uncle, or something, died and left him a million. Mama has been acting so queerly since she heard it; inviting him to her select dinners and fairly beaming on him whenever we meet him. I wondered and wondered. Now I *know*. He asked father if he might pay his addresses to me, and father—dear soul, egged on by mother, said yes. I think I am suffocating even while I write it. I will *not* marry him. A man without an original idea in his head. And then, too, his size. Little insignificant cad. I despised him before, now I *hate* him. Imagine being tied to a man of his size and caliber, and going through life as the wife of that thing. Jack, oh, Jack! Why didn't your uncle or great uncle die and leave you the money instead of Bertie. Oh, the irony of fate! Mama used to be civil to Jack, now she does not see him when we meet. Such is the effect of money! He looks so miserable, poor fellow, and mama engineers all my affairs, so I am never permitted to be alone with him. What will be the outcome of all this skillful maneuvering? Time alone will tell.

FEBRUARY 27th.

Lent has stopped all gayeties. Am glad of it. Have been surfeited with balls, dinners, etc. Every place I went there would be that insufferable Bertie, smiled on and made much of by mothers with daughters to be gotten off their hands. What a life! And still there are girls in the humbler walks of life who envy us. What is this like but a slave market of old? Girls sold to the highest bidder. What matters it that they have feelings, sensibilities, capabilities of loving that their own flesh and blood do not wot of. They are led lamblike to the block and auctioned off. For money, perhaps, or a title, and their heart inclinations never given a thought.

I went to the Guild this afternoon to sew for the poor, and the talk was all about Bertie. Covert glances were shot my way. I appeared all unconscious, but several times the needle drew blood.

MARCH 27th.

So many of the girls came in this afternoon. Easter bonnets and Easter gowns was the sum and substance of their conversation. I am so sick of it all. When they asked me what mine was going to be I could not give them a very comprehensive account. But mama will have it one of the sensations of the season. For I can have unlimited gowns now without the asking. Now, when gowns occupy a secondary consideration in my mind.

Bertie calls regularly. Think he is more insufferable than ever, with his added wealth. And he has adopted such a tender tone towards me. It's maddening! He seems to have taken a proprietary right to me. What will be the end of it all. Jack doesn't come near the house now. I wonder what he has heard. I must see him even if I have to resort to some means that would bring down the vials of mama's wrath on my head. Will I marry this frame for hanging English clothes on, or will I not? Mama continually dins into my ears all that his wealth would buy me; the assured place I would have in society. Does she realize that I would have to live with *him?* It seems to me that she ought to be the first one to save me from such a fate. But perhaps I am old-fashioned. People don't seem to marry for love these days. It is a back number like some of the standard books. The public, wild-eyed, reach out a grasping hand for the one novel heralded by the newspapers, devour it with avidity, and oftentimes, what does it amount to? Is one better for having read it? Was it written for a purpose other than to have money flow into the author's coffers? Alas! often, no. How many copies of Dickens, Eliot, Thackeray, do we see in the hands of people nowadays? Has anyone ever improved on their style? So with love. With our ancestors, money was not such a factor? To marry one upright, honorable, one they loved, was the height of their ambition. But *tempus fugit.* And these good times have also flown.

APRIL 14th.

This is Easter Sunday. Such an eventful day! After service—which was awfully long—we walked slowly home, making part of the procession of Easter gowns and bonnets. Stayed behind to talk to Frances Fleet and mother, walked on with Mrs. Coyne. Jack passed, bowed, and was going on when I called to him. He stopped, and I went to meet him. "Jack," I hurriedly said, "I must see you. I will be at Miss Fleet's this afternoon. Will you come there? Don't refuse me, Jack," I said as he hesitated, "for the sake of old times *don't* refuse me."

"I will be there," he replied, lifted his hat and was gone. What have I done? Outraged all the proprieties! What if mother should find out what I did? It was my impulsive nature over-riding my common sense. I told Frances and she said she would keep the coast clear. When mother was taking her nap I slipped out. Jack was there before me. After awhile Frances made some excuse, left the room and we were alone. What had I to say? How to begin? And Jack not helping me a bit.

"Jack," I managed at last to gasp, "what can you think of me for asking you to meet me here?"

"What have you to say to me?" he answered. "Say it quickly so I may go, or I fear I may utter words for which a life time could not atone." Fiercely he turned to me. "Are you going to marry Bertie? Are you?" he repeated, seizing my hand and pressing it so roughly that I cried out in pain.

"Oh, Helene, forgive me—forgive me," he pleaded, pressing my injured hand to his lips, "but you know how I love you, and you love me. Dare to deny it," he raged, his eyes burning into mine with a fire that sank into my very soul.

"Yes, Jack, I do love you," I sobbed. "But what can we do? We cannot marry. You have no money, and, Jack, I am an arrant coward. I could not face poverty even with you."

The expression on his face changed, as he answered quietly: "Then you do not love me with the right kind of love. If you did, Helene," he went on gently, "poverty shared with me would have no terrors for you. There is no need of prolonging this interview, painful to us both, and I will say good-by. Good-by, Helene. Don't worry. Make the most of your life, and if you ever need a friend, remember you have one in Jack Marvel." And he was gone, without even a hand clasp. I sank to the floor sobbing piteously. Such agony I never suffered! Oh, my heart's ideal! My love! How can I give you up? I composed myself as best I could, and when Frances returned to the room I said, "I am going home now, Frances. Some day, perhaps, I will have something to tell you. She said never a word, but kissed me fondly.

MAY 14th.

Just a month ago to-day! I have never even as much as caught a glimpse of Jack since. I am wretched—miserable, and the thought that I deserve to be is no consolation. Told mother I would marry Bertie whenever she and he decided, so the date is set for June 12th. Rather hurrying matters, I think. But who am I that consideration should be shown me? "Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed." No, cannot quote any more. Am not good enough. What a mockery is my life! Bertie haunts the house with a self-satisfied smile on his face. I meet him all over the house. The only place where I am free from his odious presence is in my own room and I keep to it a good deal these days.

JUNE 1st.

Am counting off the days on my fingers. I think a swift death preferable so a slow lingering one. The house is overrun with people these days. It is to be a house wedding. Am in the hands of the *modiste* every available moment it seems. My trousseau is nearly finished. We are going to Florida for the honeymoon. Mother's face is like a cloudless summer's sky. But father—dear old soul, looks solemn when he glances at me, and twice I heard him sigh. I wonder if it is right to marry a man, hating him. Think I will tell him I have found out that I have made a mistake. You coward! You are not brave enough. If you were not brave enough to face poverty with a true man you are not brave enough to do this thing.

JUNE 12th.

After I awoke this morning it was some time before I could collect my thoughts. Then with startling vividness came the thought—this is my wedding day! It is a beautiful day. Wonder how I will get through it. Wouldn't it be queer If I should die? I feel such a sharp pain in my heart, and it hurts me so to breathe. The ceremony is at four. If something should happen to prevent it. How strange that would be! Haven't been out of my room, and it is now three o'clock. Hear madame's step on the stairs. She is coming to assist in my wedding preparations.

I am dressed now and they have all left me for a moment before I descend to the parlor. My wedding gown is beautiful, and I see they have given me orange blossoms.

Dear old journal! Here in this room all my better nature dies. I have burned my ships behind me, and I will not look back. But the best part of me was in the burning ships.

Just a word in conclusion. For this is conclusion. I will keep a journal no longer. For I will have no more real thoughts, hereafter they will be artificial.

I am married! I am Mrs. Bertie Chilchester now! When I heard the minister say, "I pronounce you man and wife," I thought surely I was dying. That queer pain in my heart again, but it passed off. I stole up here as fast as I could to get away from the crowd, and finish my journal.

Hark! I hear some one calling. It is Bertie. "Just a minute," I call back. My new life has begun. These are the last words I shall ever write in this journal. Am going to seal it. Doubt that I will ever break the seal. Good-by, dear Journal, good-by!

My real life ends with you, my artificial is just beginning. "Yes—yes, I am coming."

A JUNE REVERIE

By Viola Burke May

Sweetly breathes the violet,
  Tremulous the hawthorn bud;
Nature tips her coronet
  With drops of blood.

Winds drone low and yearningly
  All the harplike woodlands through;
Springtide counts her rosary
  Of buds, not yew.

Cloudlets in drab havoc chase
  To the brim of yon blue west;
Flowers in my love's embrace
  Flourish thrice blest.

Autumn, umber-cowled priest,
  Grave thou wert, severe tho' grand.
Who that would forever feast
  At Summer's hand?

December writes in haunting sighs
  Legends weird and drear and long;
Yet 'tween each drawn measure lies
  A Springtide song—

A song of hope and promise fair,
  A forecast of the vernal morn;
For youth gives Winter's griefs no care
  When June is born.

PIRIE MACDONALD, PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN

By James N. Falsom

Photograph by Stein, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pirie MacDonald

A SHORT confab with Pirie MacDonald is an inspiration. It cannot be otherwise than short, for he counts his time more precious than the jewels of Ind, and it cannot but be enlightening because first of all Mr. MacDonald is an intense believer in himself, as are all men who do things, displaying this in the quality of his work; and secondly, he has acquired by long training the difficult art of bringing out of every man his best expression, be it of countenance or speech.

The man who has the splendid courage —I was about to say noble effrontery, for where woman is barred to some people it will always stand as an affront on the sex—to proclaim himself the photographer of men and men only, has certainly arrived at some conclusions in life. It may be that he has realized certain limitations in his own genius, or that there have visited him in his introspective hours certain disillusions with regard to the artistc values of the feminine countenance as expressing the deeper psychical phases of the human heart.

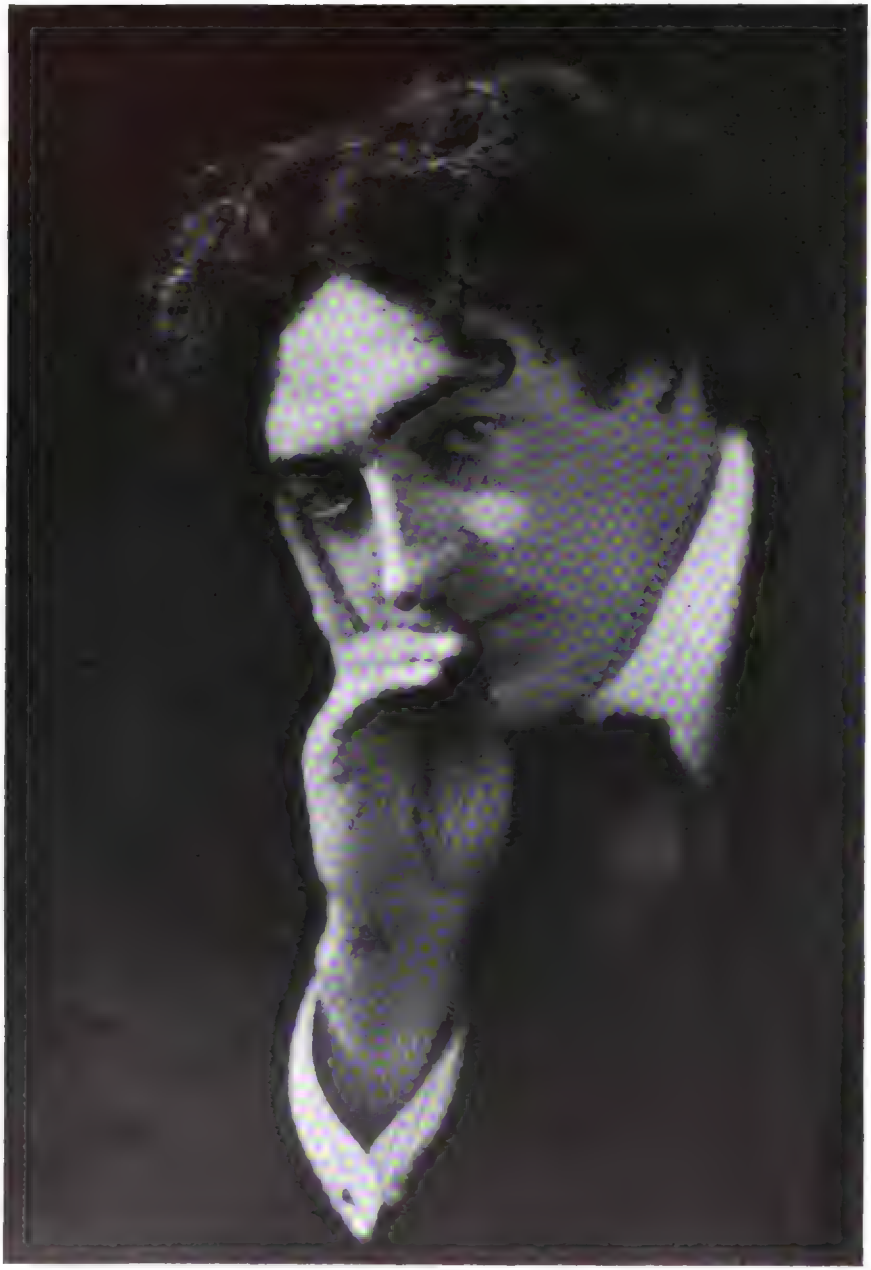
For instance, what woman would offer the secret arcanum of her soul to be subjected to the merciless scrutiny of a lens, to be photographed and set in high places as the poet Stedman permitted Pirie MacDonald, as the novelist Crawford, the dreamer Le Galliene or the rhapsodist Markham? What is a supreme virtue in these men, woman would regard as

> "all her faults observed,
> Set in a notebook, conned by rote to cast into
> The teeth—"

of a too-curious generation. No woman would give herself up to a photographer that far—nay, not to any man, indeed, save perhaps one once in her lifetime, and that man's gallantry would treasure it too much to parade it before the world. With woman reservation is no longer a science; it is at once her vantage and her salvation.

And so, perceiving at last after long experience that lovely woman is incapable of appearing naturally before the camera (or if happily so, being pleased with the result), Pirie MacDonald turned his attention to children. He thought that fortunately he might find in them the responsive qualities which waive all encumbrances between sitter and artist, and permit the inner workings of their little souls to be seen in the luminous sweetness of their eye glances and smiles. But even here there were other obstacles and, more discouraging still, other limitations; and Mr. MacDonald can brook no restraint. He longed for the higher flights—the esoteric in photography—the things which concern the philosopher and the seer rather than the mere operator. Thus he turned to Man with an emblazoned capital "M," and found his true province.

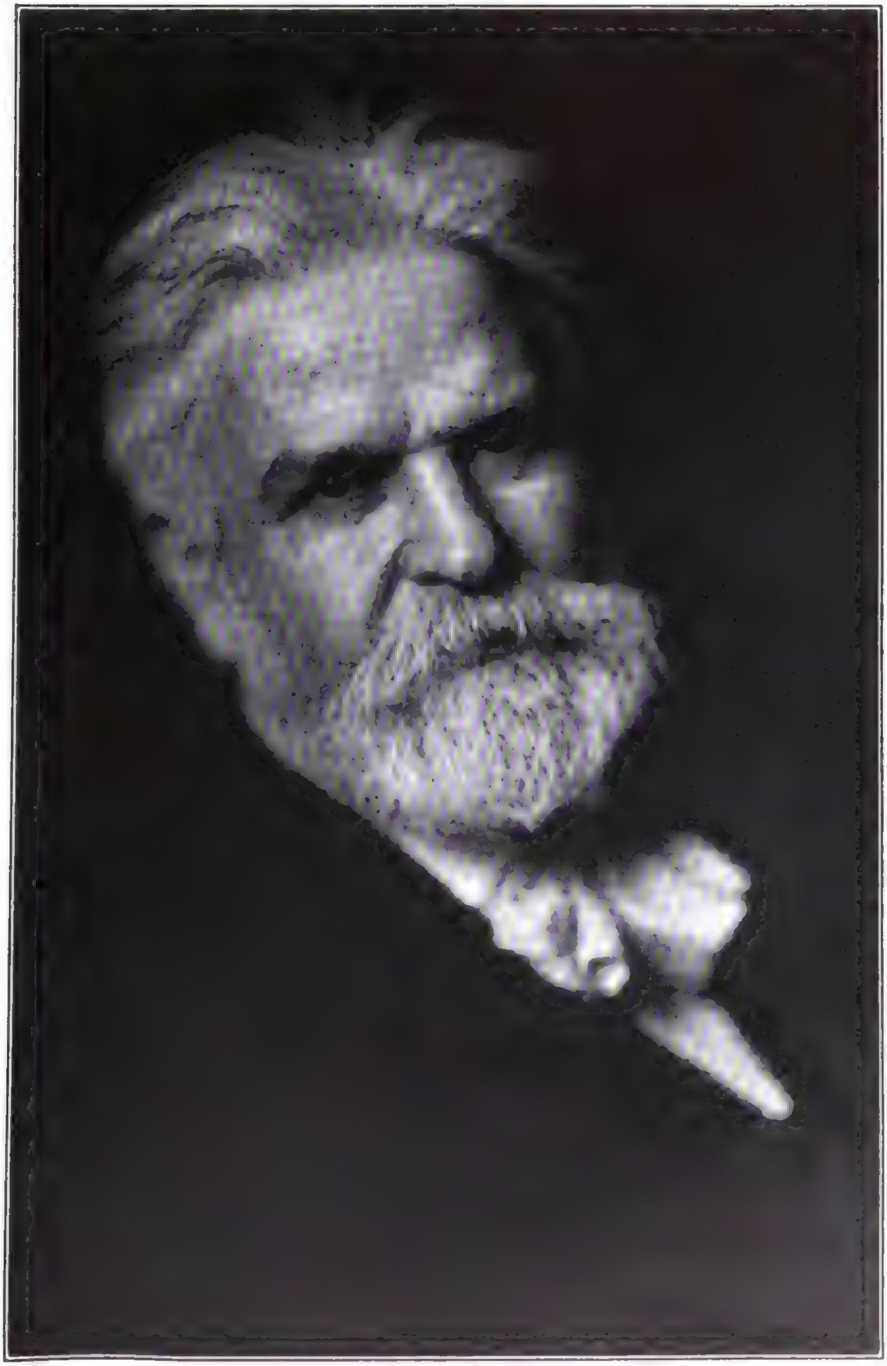
And in this same province the wizard of the lens has remained ever since. He has taken more medals for his work than any



Photograph, Copyright 1904, by Pirie MacDonald, New York

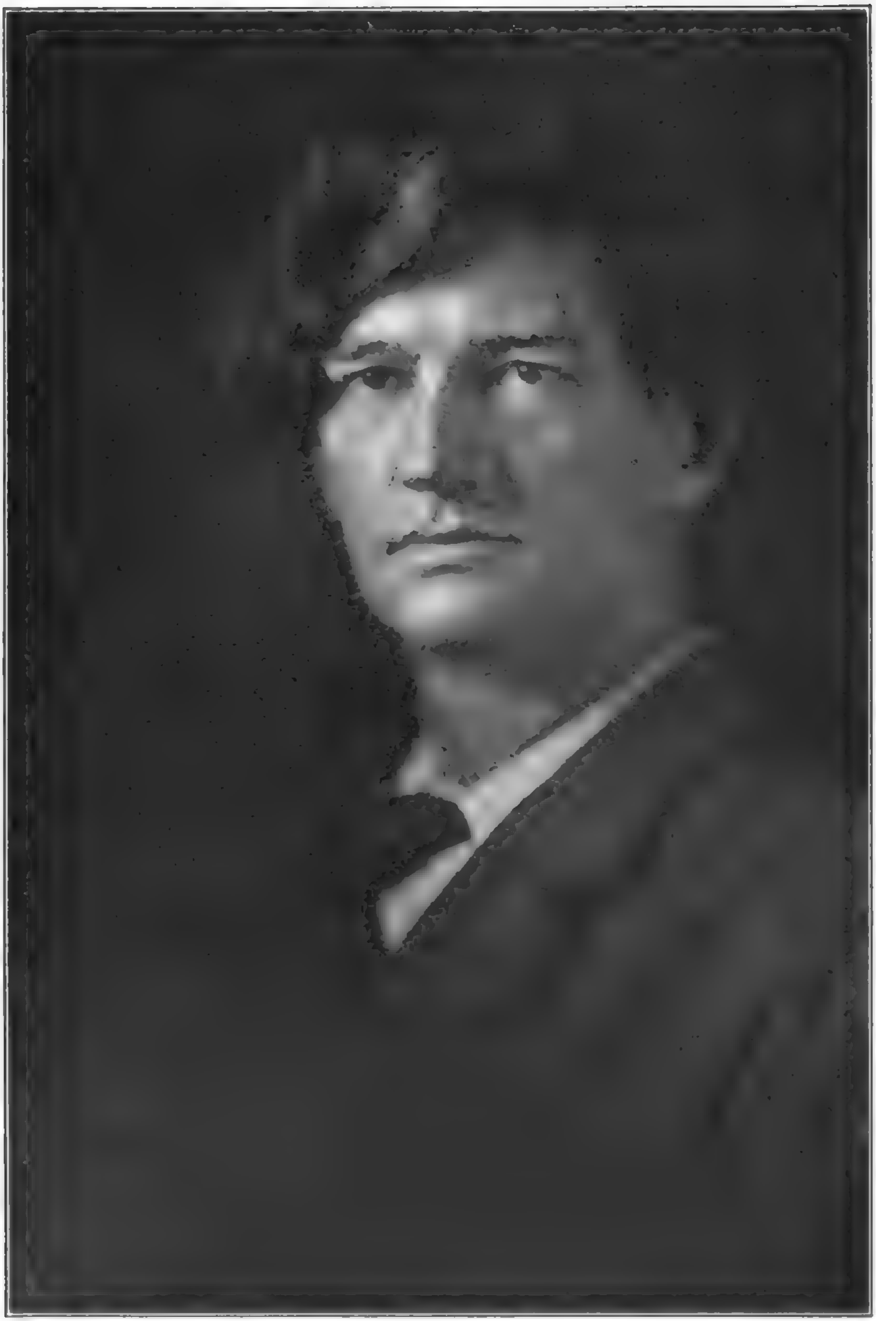
Richard Le Galliene

living photographer—gold, silver, bronze; Europe and America. He never misses a chance to send the newest products of his studio to the latest expositions, where they invariably make a sensation among judges and art-lovers alike. Critics one and all see in the work of the master the qualities which go the furthest yet to prove that photography does not consist in cameras and chemicals alone, and that there is such



Photograph, Copyright 1904, by Pirie MacDonald, New York

Edward Markham

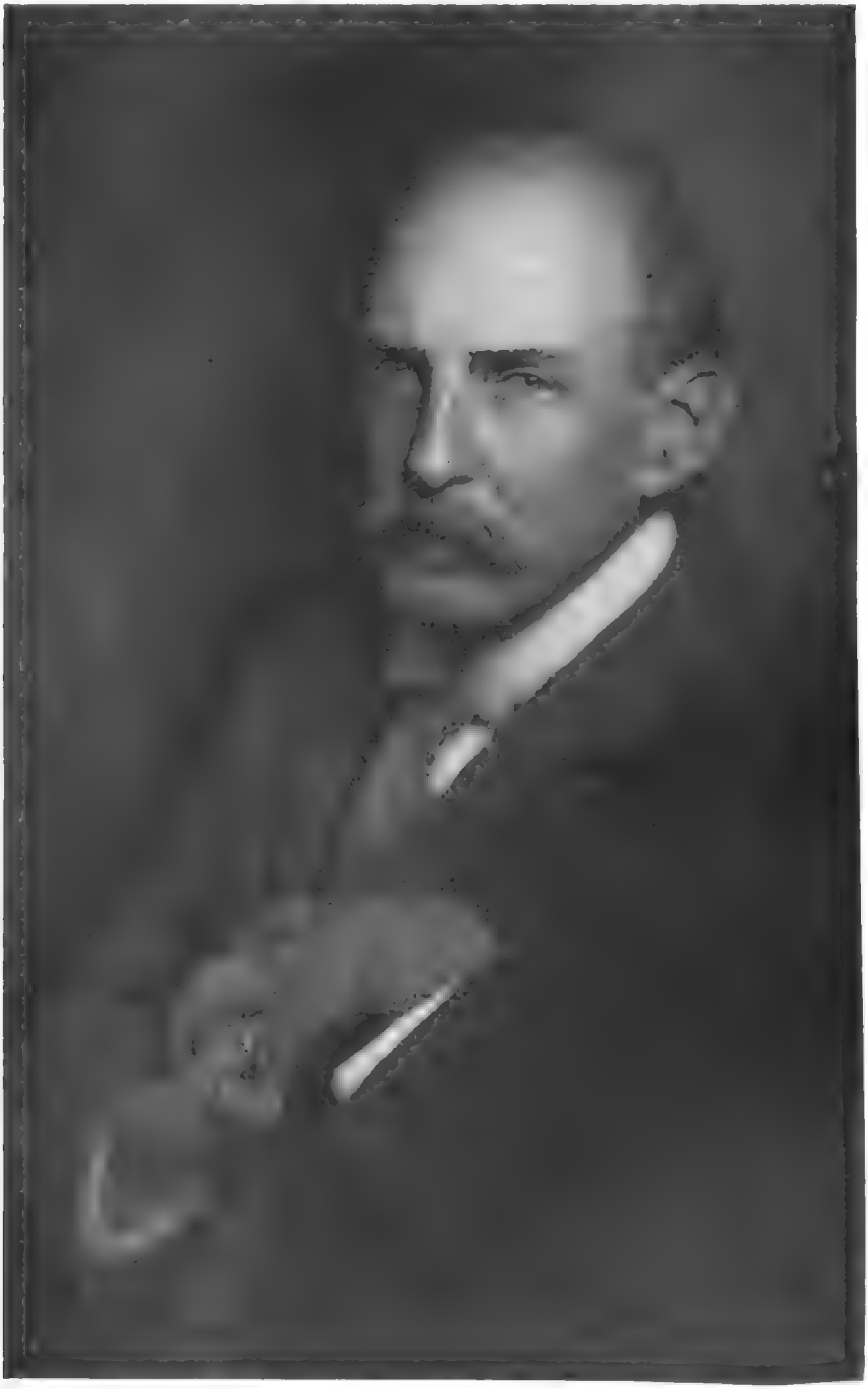


Photograph, Copyright 1904, by Pirie MacDonald, New York

Bliss Carmen

a thing as making a photograph speak grave and subtle things to those who are grave and subtle enough themselves to appreciate them, and indeed in a peculiar way as nothing else of finite invention can. There is a species of real triumph in this.

Like all masters of their craft, Mr. MacDonald uses tools that the ordinary worker



Photograph, Copyright 1904, by Pirie MacDonald, New York

Marion Crawford

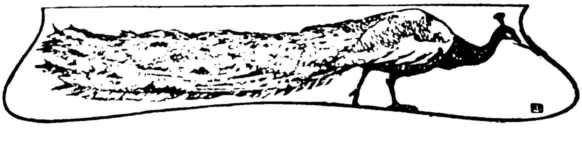
would find meagre and certainly unimposing to look at. Beethoven used five combinations of sound, Whistler as many in color, and yet both arrived at great conclusions. Pirie MacDonald's studio looks indeed like a workshop. There is no posing, no desire to unduly impress, and above all no smack of the dilettant and the bluff. He looks you straight in the eyes and his handgrasp is like steel. Like all such men, he has no patience with any other sort of man, and as he intuitively understands men, so men understand him and give him their best. His studio further suggests work by being situate in a great downtown building, sixteen floors above the ground. Empty the inhabitants of that building on the broad earth and give each a habitation, and they would make a respectable little city. There aloof he works, overlooking the whirl of Wall Street, and as far from the gilded salon of Belgravia as Manhattan Island allows him to separate himself.

There he works with sleeves rolled up four hours a day, the rest of the twenty spent in meditation, recreation and sleep. The most celebrated men of the time have come to him, and a peep into his personal book of testimonial letters looks like an autograph fiend's treasury.

As was recently quoted, Mr. MacDonald's idea of the secret of success is that, "first, he must have ample time with his sitter; second, if possible, know his sitter fairly well beforehand; third, in any case decide what is the sitter's prominent point of character and attitude of mind; fourth, attempt to represent this by a characteristic expression. In addition to all which, he must—fifth, attempt to make his portrait a symphony, by building up such a scheme of tones from the deepest shadow to the highest light as will emphasize the desired expression and subdue all non-essential detail."

To use his own words in a recent interview: "To obtain a proper expression, I have to make several exposures which I know would not satisfy me. I get you interested in my work, and make you forgetful of yourself. While studying your face, making three or four different exposures of it, I am all the time working *toward* what I want. I know that with most sitters an expression requires time to grow, and that if it is a natural expression there must be pauses in the growth; therefore during each posing I talk to you; but the moment I feel that your interest is flagging or your expression liable to be strained, I make an exposure and change the plate-holder, to break the chain of conversation, but which leaves you on the way toward the expression that I want. I usually begin with positions and lightings which are not quite satisfactory, and in my experience the proper expression and the best lighting and pose to embody that expression almost invariably come together. They are seldom good enough before the fifth exposure. When I have reached the good one I am always quite sure of it, so that I do not need to make more exposures. I have at times made more than seven exposures in one sitting, and obtained a satisfactory result, but these are rare cases. Generally, if I have made seven exposures without being satisfied, I make some excuse for a new sitting. By this method I 'waste' many hundreds of dollars' worth of plates in a year, and I have tried the experiment of making my first two or three exposures on blank holders. Theoretically, it ought to be possible to 'dummy' the exposures during which the expression is growing, and to put in the plate only when pose and expression are satisfactory. I do not know why this scheme will not work, but I have never been able to make it do so. There certainly must be something psychological about it."

And that is wherein Pirie MacDonald excels; better than most men of his profession he understands the psychological side of the difficult art of photography, and profits by it. "Blest indeed is the man who has found his work and does it."



Old Trinity—The Dead

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD OF BROADWAY

By Morrimer L. Sterling

IT has been said that Broadway never sleeps; it has been remarked that its rush and bustle never cease, that its lights never go out, that its money mart never closes. As a matter of fact, the so-called "Electric Highway"—the marvel of visiting tourists—lying in the theatre precinct between Thirty-second and Forty-

Broadway near the Post Office—The Quick

fifth streets, takes on a new life when darkness falls. It scintillates, it sparkles, it vibrates. It thrills with that curious, feverish gaiety that makes Paris the Temple of Pleasure. This night life of Broadway is distinct from that of the day, with its procession of busy shoppers. The great shopping district lies between Fourteenth Street and its most recent extension, Thirty-fourth. It is during the shopping hours a woman's thoroughfare. American women take their bargain counters seriously. They take their promenade on Fifth Avenue. They shop, buy bonbons, and eat their hasty luncheons on Broadway. That is, the fashionable set.

Below Fourteenth Street, just where the traffic is heaviest, just where the crowd is most dense, the city's battle comes to a sudden pause. A chime of bells ringing out an anthem strikes the ear. A church tower rises aloft and a sward of green lawn, climbing vines, and bright flowers refresh the eye. An oasis of calm and quietude. It is Grace Church, one of the quiet spots of Broadway.

Below this momentary lull the din increases. One begins to reach the wholesale districts. Great, massive buildings suggesting the solid wealth of their owners and the importance of their enterprises, line the streets, a solid mass on either side. Few women are seen hereabouts. A vast stream of men with puckered brows and intent eyes, immersed in business, pass to and fro, jostle each other unceremoniously, neither giving nor receiving courtesy.

Another burst of greenery, another lull in fracas, and City Hall Park is reached. It is a veritable breathing space, a sort of refuge from the seething cauldron of jostling humanity, whirling electric cars and rumbling vehicles. It is almost as much as one's life is worth to reach the quiet safety of City Hall Park, which still retains, in spite of passing years, something of the quaintness of old Manhattan and our Dutch ancestors.

Mail Street is in a hubbub of busy mail carriers and restless horses. It takes but a moment to skirt the shadowlessness of the post office (why is it that great pile of stone seems to cast no shadow?), and behold a few steps farther on the opposite side, at the junction of many streets, another quiet spot is reached. A transition from the quick to the dead. One is at the iron gates of old St. Paul's. The ancient edifice lifts its modest towers in the midst of an expanse of groves. Crumbling tombstones on which are chiseled records of lives that have found peace after a good battle. Between the crumbling lines that note the passing away of a strong husband in his prime, a young mother who lived just long enough to bless her infant son, one finds this same son resting at her side, venerable with his three score years and ten. "All must pass this way" reads one of the moss-covered stones. "In the midst of life we are in death" is the natural trend of one's meditation even when the wild whirl of the Broadway is reached again, and one is carried willy-nilly down the rushing stream, a babel of noise, confusion and many voices. The mob of men seem possessed of a strange fever. They push forward with fixed eyes, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Fakirs cry their wares unheeded. Little newsboys wriggle in and out of the crowd, screaming the news of the day with shrill, penetrating cries. Great piles of yellow oranges and crimson apples strike the eye almost painfully as they are heaped for sale at corner stalls, overhead a deep blue sky, and permeating an atmosphere of dazzling purity. A peal of solemn bells. A sense of coolness and shadow, a burst of sudden silence—once more from the quick to the dead—Old Trinity rises before us, Old Trinity's churchyard is spread out before us.

It is well worth while to snatch a short hour wandering about its paths, reading its epitaphs, and absorbing the history of our forefathers at the same time.

Another stretch of Broadway, which widens and diverges and shows spaces of old Dutch residences squeezed in between great palaces of industry. There is a whiff of salt air, a shimmer of blue waters stretching to the horizon, Battery Park is reached—cool, inviting and deserted. Ferryboats ply up and down the river. White-sailed skiffs nod lazily on the crest of little waves. Afar off the bay breaks into the ocean. Beyond blue mists and mystery. Broadway becomes the bride of the ocean.

THE REAL THING

By W. A. Curtis

ON A TEXT FROM THE PRESS

HENRY —— and Matthew —— arrived home from the Klondike last Wednesday, bringing with them their clean-up in the shape of gold bricks. Our readers will remember a letter from Mr. ——, which we published some months ago, announcing that it was their intention to bring their gold home to ———. They report an interesting time in Chicago, where they were surrounded by a swarm of crooks eager to rob them. But anybody in ——— knows that the man who gets ahead of Hank and Mat has to rise early in the morning. Needless to say that the crooks were nicely foiled and had their labor all for nothing. Weekly ———, ———, Connecticut.

Mr. Barney Higgins, now of Chicago, well known in certain circles in some ten centres of population in our great republic under as many, and even more, aliases, a knight of industry, as the French would call him, and perhaps did call him, for I hear he went to the Paris Exposition—Mr. Higgins had received a letter from his friend, Mr. Constantine Regan, now of Seattle. This letter was to the following purport:

"Two rubes from Dawson will hit Chicago on the ninth, over the Northwestern from St. Paul, bound for their former home in Connecticut. They are dead easy. They are carrying the gold they took out, right with them, in a couple of grips. They are afraid of express companies, and besides, I guess they like to exhibit the gold to any friends they may chance to run across. I laid for them at Seattle. Slim Dempsey had a crack at them at Victoria and took a thousand out of them. He said he would have got it all, if they had stayed there over a day. He sent me the tip. But I missed them, and all I can do is to pass the tip along to you, suggesting that if you make anything on the deal, you send me whatever you think is right."

And so on and so on, the letter containing a description of the personal appearance of Mr. Henry L. Stafford and Mr. Matthew T. Stokes so complete that they could easily be recognized, especially as each was said to be a man of rather marked appearance.

Now whether Mr. Constantine Regan had doubts of Mr. Barney Higgins's ability to hustle, or was thinking of the uncertainty of residence of gentlemen of his profession, or was merely moved by friendship, he also wrote to Mr. Theodore Dunlap, a retired safe fancier, and having in Seattle, after missing the quarry, piped the thing off to the other knights of industry there, some four of them wrote to some six colaborers in Chicago.

So it was that when Messrs. Stafford and Stokes got off the train at Chicago, they were met by quite an array of friends from the old home in Connecticut. Of these, Mr. Barney Higgins was easily the most ostensible. He had spent a day in the public library studying a country history, and had had his friend, Mose Schreckenstein, run up into Connecticut from New York and write him all the latest happenings and describe to him the lay of the land in the old home of Stafford and Stokes. Indeed, it is more than probable that if he had been given a free hand, the Klondikers would have fallen into his clutches, but here on all sides were other former Connecticut men. They rose up from the depot platform on all sides, some with Irish brogue, some with German accent. Even the easy men from Dawson were made very suspicious.

"Say," whispered Stokes to Stafford, "all of them fellers ain't old acquaintances from Connecticut. Did you ever hear a Yankee say, 'already, all both, all yet'? They're after our gold, and don't even trust this feller that says he's Tom Ransom's boy Jim that we all thought was lost in the Pacific with the rest of the crew of the ship he was cabin boy on, twenty-five years ago, even if he has got a photograph of old Tom. I don't remember Jim much, seein' he was only ten when he went away; but seems as if this feller did look like him."

"Didn't he swear an oath at Dawson not to let another man have hold of our grips?" replied Stafford. "I ain't backin' out, you can bet, though if it wasn't for the home folks wantin' to see the gold, I think we'd done better to deposit it in a bank. Not even Jim Ransom can touch my grip, for even if he is Jim, accordin' to his tell, he has knocked around the world for ten years since bein' rescued from the island he was the sole survivor on, and didn't go home until since we left there, two years ago."

Attended by the jostling crowd of their Connecticut frinds, the Klondikers passed out on to Wells street. Here and there people clamored to carry their baggage; not the wonted small boy who assails the ordinary traveler, but men, grown men, of none too savory aspect; and the Klondikers had to struggle to retain possession of their grips, and might have had to struggle harder, had not nature endowed them with respect-compelling shoulders like quarters of beef, and hands like hams.

As they proceeded on their way, stockbrokers, promoters of all kinds with good things on hand, assailed them with invitations to retire to fourth story rooms to consult privately with gentlemen of business integrity and keenness relative to going in on the ground floor on promising deals, and the Klondikers were quite sure that most of these gentlemen had a bit before been old Connecticut acquaintances at the railway station. Of the Connecticut men, only Jim Ransom now remained. He had no proposals for embarking on business enterprises, not he. He cordially, but not too pressingly, invited the comrades of his infancy in to have a drink, and spoke of seeing the town; but he had no stocks in refrigerated air and hot air to sell, no good things to let the Klondikers in on. In fact, he denounced the insistent persons who sought to stop the Klondikers and engage them in conversation, though not so the insistent persons, who all the while watched him narrowly, could hear.

"These fellows are bunco men, grafters, con. men, trying to steal your gold," whispered Jim. "But I'll see you through. I'll steer you. Stick by me. Follow me"—which the Klondikers did not do, marching straight for the hotel of their choice; and Ransom followed them.

In the hotel lobby for a moment they were free from the importunities of their persecutors.

"They'll git it, every bit of it," said Stokes in despair. "Why didn't we send it by express?"

"Most of the other boys carried theirs right with them. Now see here," said Stafford, as they saw the mob of grafters, one after another, filter into the hotel lobby, "this gang will try to git it somehow. They'll rob the hotel safe, or hold up the train, if we send it by express, or cut our throats to-night, or do something, for they're a pack of wolves that's smelled blood. There ain't time to tell my plan, for here comes the man who says he is Jim Ransom. Gentlemen," continued Stafford to the several individuals who were approaching him, "will you all come into the writing room?"

In the writing room, Stafford opened the grip, and there gleamed before the eyes of the crowd the beautiful gold bricks into which he and his partner had had their season's gains cast. "Gentlemen, I am from the Klondike. I have here some gold bricks. I am in need of ready money to git out of town. I will sell any or all of these at a large reduction on their worth. They are solid, virgin gold, as you see. I will sell them at three-fourths their worth."

"Hank Stafford!" came a surprised, a grieved, and indignant protest from the mouth of Stokes, "are you crazy?"

A chill silence descended upon the gathering in the writing room. Lips parted in smiles that were not smiles. Then spoke he who had called himself Jim Ransom.

"Saay, you are a couple of good things. Your make-up is fine. You'd fool anybody. And the agony that this here man got in his voice when he kicked on selling at three-quarters price. Where'd you come from? Trying the gold brick racket in Chicago on us, on me, Barney Higgins? Why, I dropped that ten years ago. Why, you could go down to the stock-yards and hunt all the week and not find a farmer who has come in from Wisconsin, Indiana or the Illinois valley with a load of hogs who wouldn't give you the merry haw-

haw if you tried to work that old played-out gold brick racket on him. Come again, birdie."

"But I have something else you might like to buy," said Stafford, holding up his hand adorned with a splendid diamond of purest water, "a diamond that cannot be told from a real one. I would like to raise some money ——"

"Rats!" interrupted Mr. Hugo Detmolder. "Every fakir on the street has 'em by the dozen at a quarter apiece. Say, you guys make me tired. What do you think we are in Chicago?"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Barney Higgins, "I do not wonder that you are inclined to feel insulted when any one tries to work such an antediluvian gag as the gold brick on us. But I take it that it is all a josh. Our friends in Seattle put up a job on us, that is all. These gentlemen are some of the finest. Who could look at 'em and not think they were jays? They get off the train laughing in their sleeves at us guys. Then to grind it into us for a pack of chumps they pretend to spring this gold brick business. When you consider what jays we've shown ourselves, I don't know but that maybe a man could sell us a gold brick."

"To explain how he had these gold bricks," said Stafford, "let me say that we really expect to sell 'em in Connecticut. In fact, I have already agreed by letter to sell one."

"If anybody could sell a gold brick," said Mr. Barney Higgins admiringly, "you could, you're that green, and honest, and child-like looking. Gentlemen, it's on us. Come into the barroom."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Higgins, when all had gathered before the bar, "we looked for a couple of rubes and found the real thing. We all respect and admire the real thing. Gentlemen, let us all drink to the 'real thing.'"

"Gentlemen, once more," said Stafford, "the same toast," and his eyes fondly caressed the beautiful gold bricks that gleamed from the grip open on the bar before him, and he raised his glass aloft in the hand upon which glittered the splendid diamond of purest water, "gentlemen, the 'real thing,' the 'real thing.'"

BONNIE'S RESOLUTION

By Ethel Marks

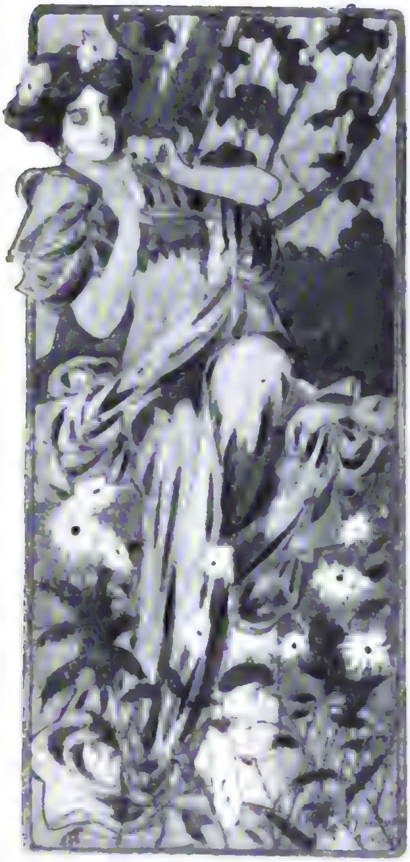
Bonnie is not vexed,
Bonnie's but perplexed,
Pondering on a problem that arises;
Nay, no love affair,
Nor what she's to wear
At her graduation exercises.

'Tis a problem graver
Than a lover's favor,
Or some paradox *sans* rhyme or reason
Just this vital query
Grips the gentle dearie:—
Where shall Bonnie spend the summer season?

Europe's too expensive,
Mountains are too pensive,
Seasides lonesome and to pleasure proof;
Go away? Nay, nay;
For (since Jack must stay),
Bonnie takes a hammock on the roof.

THE PARISIAN POSTAL CRAZE

By Dorothy Keller



The spirit of June

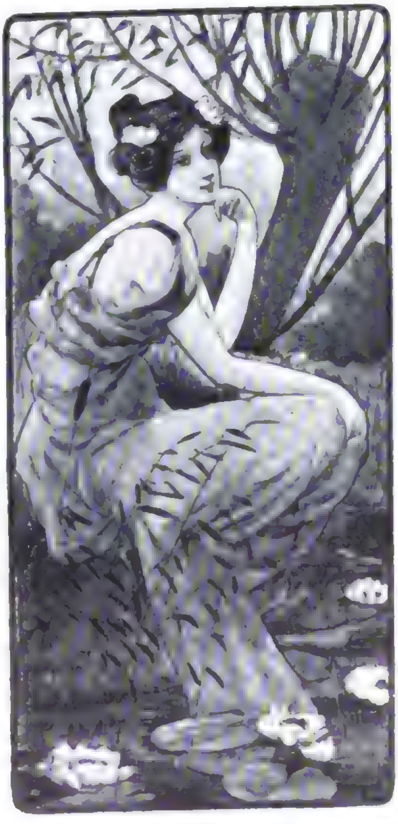
WHEN there is a lull in any branch of artistic endeavor, it takes a Frenchman to discover or create a new one.

For years the poster was regarded as hopelessly banal and commercial, till one day there arose a band of workers such as Mucha and Steinlein—when lo! the poster became the thing. It at once became another form of artistic expression. It became of great value to the profession and to the managers and attractions alike, and hardly less so to the public at large.

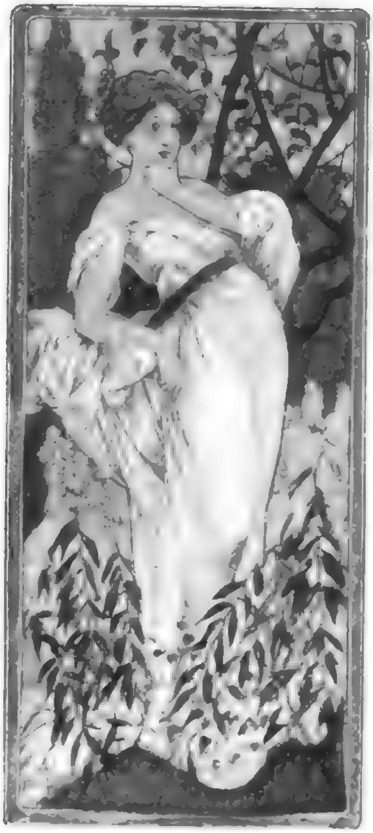
Later that other necessary but apparently sterile factor in affairs, so far as art is concerned—namely, the postal card—came in for recognition from the art set and at once a series of the most beautiful post cards were issued by the Paris press and became very popular. Now the styles in post cards change with the time and the events, like the fads in gems and fine laces.

In America we have followed the Parisian innovation with more or less interest, perhaps running to colored photographs rather than to postal-card works of art such as are here shown. They consist of interesting souvenirs of persons and places, however, and are growing more and more in vogue.

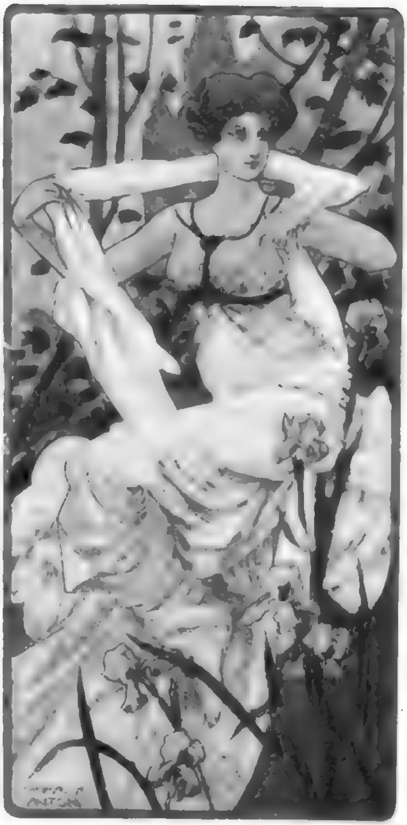
It is not unlikely that there will follow something of an art cult, making the postal card its circulating medium, and that the public will encourage native talent to present miniature reproductions of distinctly American scenes and personages in a



The nymph of Midsummer



Poesy



Art

manner worthy of them. The popularity of this phase of imported art is a step in that direction. It it is certain that grace and beauty can be charmingly exemplified even in the small space afforded by a postal card, and certainly its wide circulation is a very acceptable feature of the fad so far as the individual artist is concerned.

IN JULEP TIME

By Ray Moore, Jr.

In julep time the fragrant mint
Gives forth to all the world the hint
That dead in earnest June is here—
The goddess of the vernal year,
        In julep time.

Behold the Southern colonels sprint
Up to the rail, if you by dint
Of courtesy say, "What's your cheer?"
"The same, suh, thanks!" methinks I hear
        In julep time.

White-aprons, with his business squint,
Now takes a glass and piles up in't
Fruit, vegetables and nectars clear,
Then tops it with a check so dear
You utter things ne'er seen in print
        In julep time.

A WILFUL WOOER

By Camilla Jane Knight

"IT is 'M. D. L.,' or used to be, Mildred, anyhow. What?"

"Tom Charlton! I can't believe my eyes."

"Come in—come up—come somewhere—I want to talk to you."

"That sounds natural. You used to say 'I want to talk to you,' to somebody forty times a day. But please let go my hand. You surely——"

"Oh, don't mind a little thing like that. I don't. Besides, I'm afraid you'll get away if I don't hold on to you."

"But, please—in such a public place—"

"Oh, if you put it that way. Well, I suppose you can't get out of the elevator till it stops."

They had met unexpectedly in the rotunda of the Wells Hotel, and as they left the elevator, he took her left hand and led her, like a child, to a little alcove off one of the small parlors.

"There! Now I've got you. Let me look at you. You haven't changed a bit!"

"In fifteen years? Don't perjure yourself."

"But it's so." Then he began to take off her gloves.

"What are you doing? Surely you can talk to me with my gloves on."

"I felt rings on that hand. Ah! no plain gold one. Then you are not married?"

"No; are you?"

"Do I look like a married man? Great Scott! I've been waiting all these years for you. And now I've got you!"

"Don't be too sure."

"We'll see about it. But, first, tell me why you sent me that awful letter, setting me adrift and leaving me to the tender mercies of a cold and heartless world. What?"

"Well"—after some hesitation—"you know girls are hard, and uncompromising, and—and—after you had gone, I got to thinking how short a time I'd known you, and——"

"It doesn't take more than a century to fall in love, does it? 'Twas an instantaneous process with me."

"And all the other girls you'd told me about——"

"I told you about 'em myself, didn't I? And there's never been anyone since."

"Then I suppose my rigid, inherited, New England conscience stepped in and made me feel that I ought not to have what I wanted so much."

"Then you did want me? And you did love me, too, my dearest love? Remember how I used to call you that, and just say 'M. D. L.' when folks were round? What?"

"Don't for a moment imagine they didn't see through it."

"Well, go on. Any more good and sufficient reasons for dropping me like a hot cake after putting on butter and syrup galore?"

"Tom, I didn't. Then I wondered how my family could ever get along without me, and decided they couldn't."

"Your family! You always spelled it with a great big capital."

"So I wrote you. I always wanted to explain, Tom, but you never answered, and——"

"Great Scott! What could a man answer to a letter like that? It was as final as the drop at an execution. Besides, I was mad at first, and my pride wouldn't let me write. Then, you know, there were three deaths in our family——"

"I didn't know."

"And when my magnanimous and forgiving amiability rose to the top——"

"Like scum."

"It's rude to interrupt—rose to the top like cream, my letter came back to me like Noah's dove, but alas! with no olive branch."

"Why, I left my address with the postmaster, and ordered my mail forwarded when we left Starford."

"But of course I supposed you sent it back. Well, I'll forgive you now, and we'll begin all over again. Where are you, anyway? Here in the city?"

"No, I'm camping for the summer at Spruce Lake."

"Boarding?"

"Yes."

"Good! I'll go there and board, too."

"But we are living in tents."

"Better and better. Got an extra tent?"

"Ye-es, but I'm with some friends, and——"

"I'm willing to be friends with them on your account."

"But they won't take another boarder."

"Ah! they haven't seen me yet. I'll come out and make arrangements to-morrow. I have to see a friend of Hunnewell's to-night. Remember Hunnie? He's dead, poor chap."

"Is he? I used to like him. But really, Tom, you can't plan to stay at camp. Lora isn't strong, and Willis——"

"Who's Willis?"

"He's a distant cousin of mine, and——"

"Married?"

"O yes; he's Lora's husband."

"That's all right, then, but you gave me such a turn."

The conversation went on, with some constraint on her part, as it was difficult to keep her self-possession with Tom's eyes fixed admiringly on her. Suddenly he burst out:

"Say, girlie, how do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Keep yourself looking so young. I wish you'd take off your hat. I'm sure there must be a gray hair or two. You've had your eagle eye on my bald spot ever since we sat here, measuring its size, and probable annual growth in time to come."

"You ridiculous creature! How old are you, anyway? You act like a boy of sixteen."

"I'm forty, and you know it, for you are getting there yourself. But you don't look a day over twenty-five. Won't I be proud of my young wife!"

"What arrant nonsense!"

After a while, he remarked in a contemplative manner:

"I believe I must."

"Must what?"

Not answering, he got up and went to both doors of the room, looking out furtively.

"What are you looking for?" she asked.

"For something I don't want—people. But there isn't anyone around. You see," coming nearer, "I've decided that I must have a few kisses to tide me over till to-morrow——"

"Tom! I must go. It's getting late——"

"And if you will let me have them quietly and at once, probably no one will come. But if I have to use violence, it may take time, and——"

"But Tom, I really must go," and she rose and began putting on her gloves.

"That's right. I'm glad you're standing. It will make it easier for me." Then very earnestly: "Sweetheart, you do love me. Look at me, dearie. You haven't looked straight into my eyes this morning. Look up! You do love me!" Then she found herself yielding to his embrace, and her lips responding to the burning kisses pressed on them.

After a blissful, unmeasured interval, he straightened up and said:

"Great Scott! This is worth waiting fifteen years for! On the whole, I——"

"Tom—please—I'm sure I hear some one. People will be coming in."

"Shoot the people!" Then, as she looked reproving: "Well, drown 'em, then. That's a much easier death." He released her, however, just as a bell-boy appeared.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Ring? No!" in a voice approaching the tender accents of thunder; adding, as the boy vanished: "Do I look like a man that wants anything? But I was saying, on the whole I can't wait till to-morrow for more kisses, so I'll go out to camp with you now. What?"

"But—Tom—you can't!"

"I'd like to know why not! Are lovers prohibited from riding on street cars in this blissful borough?"

"But Lora won't expect me to bring any-one—you—to lunch."

"I'm not hungry. I'll just look at you while you eat. We might as well be starting. There's a horrid man! Shoot—no —drown him!"

As they entered the car, she said:

"O, I came in to look at the register. I thought some of my friends might have come to the convention."

"And you forgot all about it! Good! That's the most encouraging sign yet! But don't think of registers this warm day.

Think of refrigerators—ice-palaces—think of something refreshing—think of me!"

"You are not in the least like a refrigerator."

"I wish I were; for you are ice itself, and —you know what refrigerators are for?"

"Tom, don't say such things in a public place. You are——"

"Where can I say 'em? This is where we are; and I can't say 'em where we are not."

"You might wait till we get——" she stopped, confused.

"Thank you. Then I'll wait till we get ——and then I'll say what I please when we get——where we get. *Nicht wahr, Liebchen?*"

"Tom, you are incorrigible."

"And irresistible. What?"

As they neared the lake, she said:

"Tom, I fairly dread to introduce you to Willis and Lora. I don't know what you may take it into your insane head to say."

"I don't, either, but I'm willing to trust to inspiration."

"But please be good. Please behave. I don't want to be ashamed of you."

"I like that." Then, seeing real distress in her eyes, he added: "Don't worry, little girl. Unless I'm provoked in an otherwise direction I'll be as proper as a—as a piazza post. That's a propper, isn't it? Faint this way, dear. I'm very strong and I'm very ready. Oh, is that your camp?"

"Yes, and there's Lora setting the table, now."

"Outdoors? What a lark! Do you always eat outdoors?"

"Unless it is very cool, or rainy."

The introductions over, they sat down to luncheon, Tom behaving with most commendable dignity, even when Lora, out of pure mischief, said:

"Mildred said she might bring a friend to lunch with her, but I didn't know whom she expected to meet."

Then Willis suddenly remarked:

"Why, Mildred, you must have got a new tonic in town; you look so well and rosy."

Tom rose to the fly. "She did. She got me."

"Mr. Charlton, will you have some salad?" said Mildred, in an unmistakable tone.

"Thank you. You might spread some on the table cloth around my plate. I just helped myself to all the plate would hold." Then, catching Willis' appreciative eye, he went on: "'Mr. Charlton'! Why, she's been calling me 'Tom' with every other breath ever since we met. And we're going to be married in a few minutes!" most cheerfully.

"Tom Charlton! I never said——" gasped Mildred.

"Yes, you did. Excuse me for seeming to contradict you, but you said it fifteen years ago, and then you said you wouldn't. Now it's my turn to say, and I have said," with great emphasis. Then mildly, "Don't you think she's rather worth having, Mr. Naylor?"

"Why, yes," responded Willis. "I've been considering a settlement in Utah, myself, but somehow my wife doesn't seem quite to get reconciled to the idea."

"Now doesn't Mildred look young and pretty when she blushes? I told her when she was blushing so there in the hotel——"

"Oh!" interrupted Willis and Lora in sympathetic unison.

"That she didn't look a day over twenty-five," continued Tom, composedly. "But we won't tease you any more, dearie. Have a pickle? You don't seem as talkative as you used to be."

"Does anyone talk with a phonograph running full blast?" flashed Mildred.

Lunch finished, Mildred insisted on helping Lora with the dishes, while Willis and Tom enjoyed their cigars and a seemingly serious conversation under the trees.

Meanwhile Lora demanded:

"Why have you never told me anything about him?"

"There wasn't anything to tell."

"He talks as if there had been a good deal."

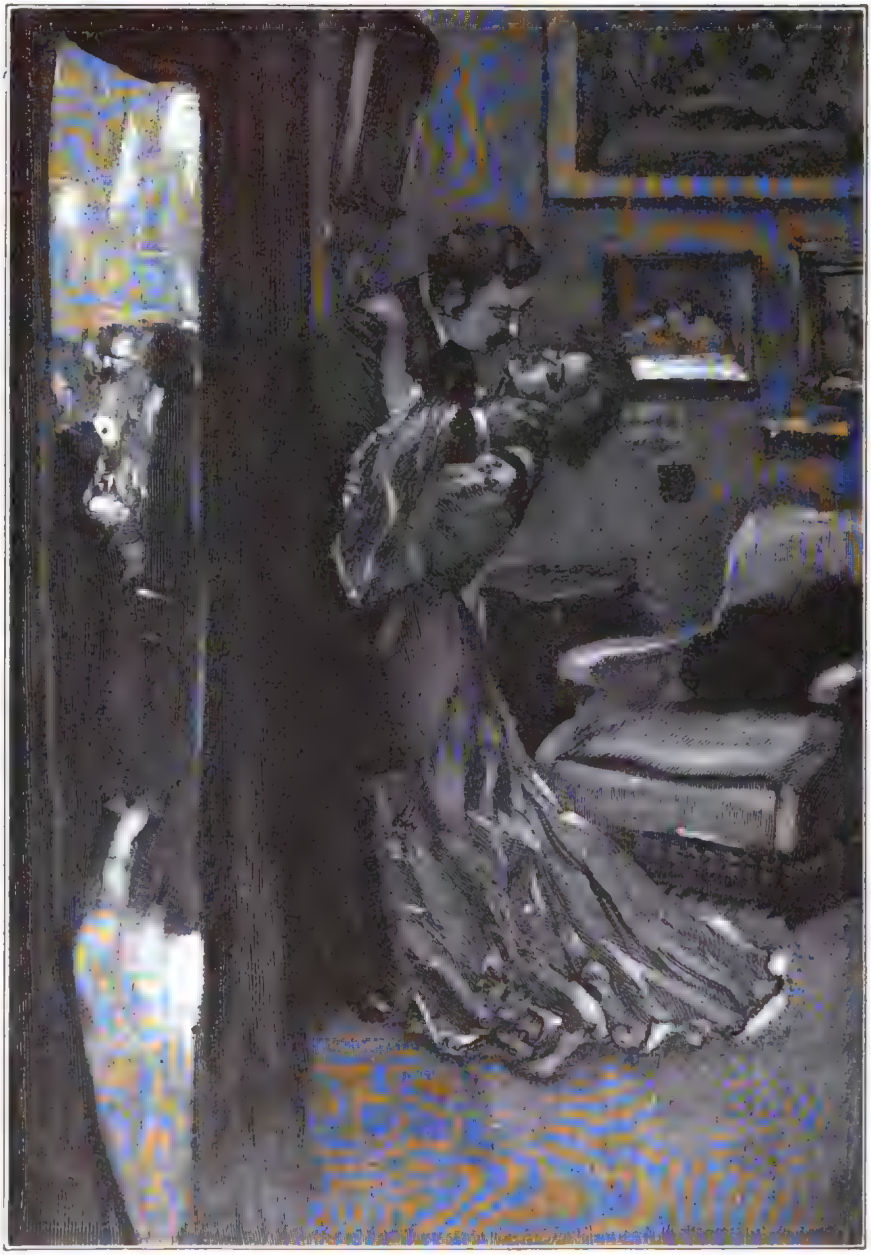
"Oh, he talks—yes."

"But you are going to be good to him, Mildred? I'm sure he will be good to you."

"I don't know what I'm going to do. I haven't had a chance to think, yet. He takes everything for granted so—I can't get in a word; and he doesn't care what he says or does before anybody."

"Well," said Lora, laughing, "I'll make your wedding cake 'in a few minutes.' "

"Aren't those dishes 'most done?" called Tom. "Now, where's your hammock?"



"Look at me, dearie! You haven't looked straight into my eyes this morning!"

"We have two hammocks," said Willis. "Shall I put them both up?"

"Just put up mine," answered Mildred, quickly, "and Tom can lie in it while I sit in the steamer chair and read to him."

"Read to your grandmother!" muttered Tom. But Mildred had vanished.

When after much protesting, he was at last settled in the hammock, he said:

"Do you think I came out here to be read to? No, my dearest love, I am here on business. I am going to make love to you 'for keeps,' and you are going to marry me, and that right soon. I'll kiss you right now, if you interrupt. To-day's Tuesday. Thursday's a good wedding day, don't you think?"

"But—Tom—such a short time—and my family——"

"There's that capital F again. Hasn't it got so it can walk alone yet?"

"And I can't get ready."

"Now see here, my dearest love. Ever since sister Dell's wedding, I have thought that if ever I got married—which meant if ever I found you—I'd have no fuss and feathers, but have the knot tied as soon as possible after the engagement. Dell had clothes and clothes, and bridesmaids, and maids of honor, and so many showers and teas and functions generally in her honor that she was worn to shreds, and fainted twice the day of the wedding. Then she went through the ceremony under the influence of such strong stimulants that I wonder the minister didn't ask her to sign the temperance pledge instead of the register, and that is the truth."

"Well, I suppose——"

"If you must have a new gown, you can go into town to-morrow and buy one and wear it Thursday. Do you suppose I care what kind of clothes you wear? I've seen all sorts of clothes on women during the last fifteen years. What?"

"But Jessie is so near."

"How near?"

"Only a hundred miles."

"I would like to see Jessie. We might go there after we are married, on a visit."

"But I'd like to have her here—someone of my own, you know."

"What's the matter with me? I'm your own. But I don't blame you, sweetheart, and you shall have her, if she'll come on short notice. I'll write to her now; or shall I telegraph?"

"Oh, if we mail it to-night, she will get it to-morrow."

Tom at once produced his tablet and pen, and scribbled industriously. "How's this?

"DEAR SISTER JESSIE:

"Mildred and I are going to be married right away quick. Can you get here by Thursday afternoon? We met recently, and I've persuaded her. Wire answer at my expense and I'll meet you at the train. Oh, she says you have a husband; so we want him to come.

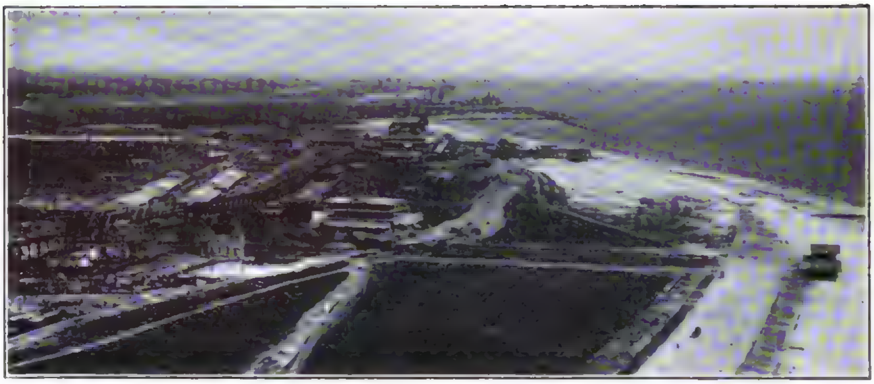
"Yours most blissfully,
"THOMAS CHARLTON."

Mildred added a word of confirmation and the letter was sent.

The details of the next two days may be passed over. On the afternoon of Thursday, with Jessie and her husband and Willis and Lora as the only guests, the wedding was solemnized in the same little alcove where they had spent the time Tuesday.

The instant the minister's last word fell from his lips, Tom had his wife in his arms; and as he slowly released her, he looked around with moist eyes, and there was a tender trembling in his voice as he said:

"There! I'm thoroughly and gloriously happy, and I don't care who knows it. What?"



Barren Coney Island as it was, looking toward Manhattan Beach

THE REDEMPTION OF "OLD CONEY"

By George Fox

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY REYNOLDS, HALL, TONNELÉ, ETC.

TWENTY years ago what is now New York's chief perennial playground was a vast stretch of sand dunes and scrub pine, dotted here and there with a more or less pretentious roadhouse with a dance-hall addendum.

It was the resort of people who regarded the Sabbath as not only a day of rest, but that kind of rest which is synonymous with unbridled license of action and unrestrained dissipation without the disadvantages of a strict police vigilance.

For honest people Coney was a good place to avoid; and from the initiative of that remote day, it has taken two decades to recover. Indeed, the very thought of Coney Island in many minds is even now associated with all that is regardless of life, property, and the sanctity of the Sabbath, but, fortunately, that prejudice is gradually disappearing from the most biased metropolitan perspective.

Two great revolutionizers struck Coney at somewhat the same time—one of infinite good, the other of apparent calamity, but working good as a resultant issue. The first was the introduction of many of the Midway attractions that made the Pan-

An Esquimau family, children, dogs and all

A fête-day procession

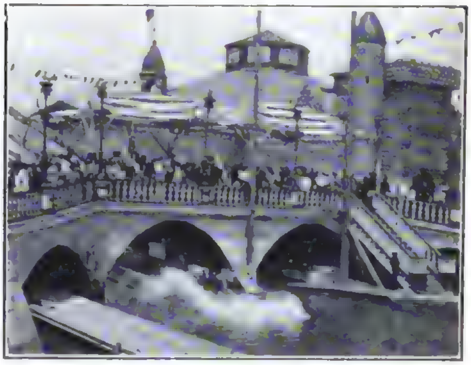
American Exposition such a success artistically if not altogether financially. The other was a fire which swept down and blotted out a foul nest of dives, rookeries, dance-halls, and assorted rendezvous for the panhandler, licentiate and general drifters on the tides of pleasure, upon which valuable space are now erected a number of buildings worthy of the era of Coney's redemption in every way. To these two factors in Coney's regeneration may be attributed the rise and gowth of what is now regarded as an institution of Greater New York, a district which offers the largest audience perhaps on the entire globe.

The average number of people visiting Coney Island on Sundays and holidays exceeds that of any exposition of the world. On the Fourth of July during the Pan-American Exposition year, the number of visitors did not exceed 110,000. And yet this was accounted a gala day in the history of the Buffalo fair. During last summer's season the number of visitors at Coney Island was, authoritatively estimated, from ninety to one hundred and sixty thousand, and on a hot Sunday the one-hundred-and-forty-thousand mark was reached several times, even though it was a cool summer and not a particularly prosperous one for that reason.

A dromedary ride

When one stops to think that every person visiting Coney Island on a holiday spends on an average one dollar, and many as high as forty or fifty, the income is seen to be large enough to pay a heavy rate of interest on a vast expenditure of money.

Realizing this, the expert showmen of the country regard Coney Island as the paradise of the amusement-maker. It was during the Pan-American Exposition that the owner of a ten-cent amusement park approached one of the Midway showmen and asked him his price to transport his attraction to Coney as a special feature of his enterprise. The Barnum of the Midway replied that he preferred not to venture there as he regarded it as a mere half-dime resort frequented by the cheap classes of the metropolis and the surrounding boroughs. However, he was won over at a price, and brought his twenty-five cent show at great cost down to Coney Island.



Shooting the Chutes

The result to him and all concerned was a revelation. Thousands of people that had never gone to Coney Island before because of its doubtful reputation, now paid it a visit to see this particular Pan-American feature. The owner of the park found to

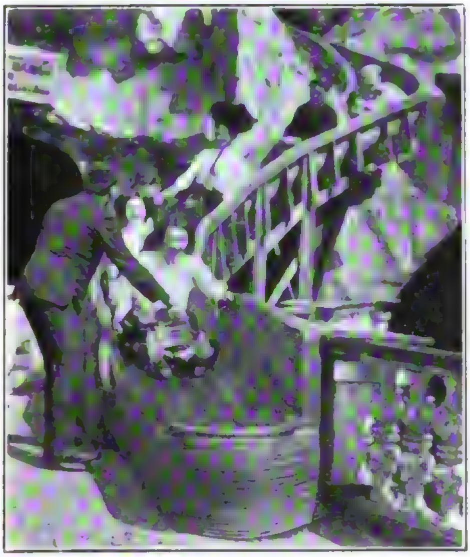
Luna Park undergoing complete rebuilding

his chagrin that he had invited a camel into his tent, and that the camel was fast making off with the tent. This enforced introduction to Coney Island proved of great benefit to that district itself, although it made enemies of the ten-cent showmen. Out of this enterprise grew that enormous aggregation of spectacular features known as Luna Park, with an investment of more than two millions of dollars, and employing a staff of a thousand men, with no less than one hundred interesting amusements.

Wonderland, in course of construction

The children's mirth-maker

Encouraged as the Coney Island people were by the enormous influx of metropolitans remaining from a few hours to many weeks at a time, the banks flourished, tradesmen began to assume an air of supreme content, and capitalists, realizing the advantages of spot-cash propositions, were



The razzle-dazzle

more than anxious to supply money with which to undertake new enterprises.

"Dreamland" was the outgrowth of this realization, and it must be said that its projectors understood fully what a silver mine of dimes and quarters the barren stretch of Coney Island is. It is said that six millions of dollars have been expended on this stupendous institution, and still there are others to follow.

The result of the infusion of new blood, and the advent of new talent, has been not only to bring prosperity to the Island, but also to purge it of many of its undesirable features. Anyone who contrasts the Coney Island of a few years ago with that of to-day must realize that the pleasure-seeking public has assumed a more superior air, and that there is far less license in this regard for laws moral and technical than there ever has been in its history.

The future of Coney Island is pretty well defined when we realize that within two years at least twelve millions of dollars have been expended in preparing attractions for the public, and that the interest on this investment will justify the expenditure of many times that sum. In the near future the result is sure to be the establishment of a permanent world's fair within easy access of the metropolis.

The burnt district in course of reconstruction

Of Americans it cannot be said, as it is said of the English, that they take their pleasures seriously. In fact, they are more liable to go into sport and recreation of all kinds for all there is in it. There is an insatiable desire on the part of a majority of them to see everything and to do everything in the shortest possible time, regardless of expense either of nerves or of money.

Well knowing this weakness, amusement-purveyors have ransacked every corner of their fertile brains to discover some new sensation, or to give the jaded nerves a new thrill. Every phenomenal experience known to man, beast or imaginary being is counterfeited with realistic fidelity. Here, for instance, you are swept through space into the region of the planets for a half hour, anon transported into the depths of the earth or under the sea, and there shown the mock splendors of the regions never penetrated by man in actual life.

Seven nations at one strong pull

Filipino, Esquimau, Hawaiian, Alaskan, Chinaman, and Japanese

But if even this is not sufficient, one may be given a shudder by a collocation of ghostly apparitions, or perchance carried down over the rapids at the rate of three miles a minute, or swung through the air at a hair-raising pace.

Some of these so-called amusements savor of fool-hardiness and the tempting of fate; but these, indeed, seem to be the more popular. Even so, it would appear that the

The Indian Durbar procession

desire to undergo some amazing personal experience is far preferable to the enterprises which enthused the average Coney Island frequenter in years past. Then the dance hall and its banal vulgarities drew the crowds. To-day, however, in place of the danse du ventre or the coochie-coochie we have the loop-the-loop or the razzle-dazzle, which latter, while not exactly edifying, at least do not serve to deprave public taste.

The hanging gardens in process of construction

But perhaps the chief charm of Coney Island is that which may be enjoyed without money or price—the sweet pure air, the cool breezes, and a dip in the invigorating surf. For this free and acceptable bounty do the thousands flock from far and near in every kind of contrivance known for the transportation of humans. The city sees to it that large stretches of the beach are not only accessible to the public, but are also kept clean and otherwise guarded both day and night. In this regard Coney Island has indeed suffered a regeneration of spirit.

Thanks to an able police force, it is now possible for people of all classes and ages to visit Coney at any hour of the day or night without suffering an infliction from any source. A few years ago this was quite impossible. It was no less dangerous for a man to be abroad after dark in the narrow streets of the thickly-populated district or on the long, lonely beaches than for one of the weaker sex. For this relief a grateful public renders due thanks.

Aside from the showmen, who are bound

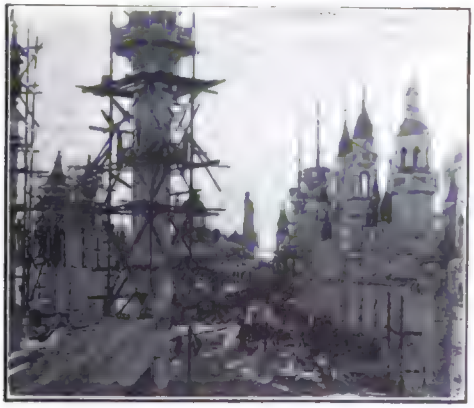
The miniature railway

Artists in papier-mâché and plaster

to reap large harvests during the season, others have profited by the redemption of "Old Coney." Real estate has increased in value—in many cases ten-fold, and tradesmen who are permanently established there have profited by the influx of a higher class of people than heretofore. The municipal powers that be have also exerted themselves to give the Island good government and to provide for adequate street-cleaning, water and light supply, and to establish other measures for the public good.

A few years ago the graft system was nowhere so prevalent as in Coney Island and the vicinity. To-day, fortunately, these phases have almost disappeared, at least in their flagrant form.

There is, of course, room for much improvement in Coney Island, but with the advantage of a few more fires and the far greater advantage of the incoming army of brilliant amusement-makers and their capitalist backers, we shall make of the island a veritable garden of pleasure. It is indeed fortunate that the greatest city of the western hemisphere has close at hand such a boundless and enticing a spot where the sick may recuperate and where the jaded and the brain-weary may find sweet and wholesome recreation.



Bits of Moorish architecture

The statistics of mortality show that a city's poor are vastly benefited by having breathing-spots well removed from the tenements, accessible at a low rate of transportation, so that even the humblest may avail themselves of its delights and privileges.

A procession of freaks on the grand thoroughfare

New York, which is in some quarters the most crowded city of the entire globe, finds such a refuge as Coney Island an absolute necessity; and were it shut out from the metropolitan perspective, the rate of mortality, particularly among children, would certainly rise to a pitiable point.

Three generations, the last being the only Esquimau babe born in Greater New York

IN THE BEGINNING

Said Love's god to the dust, "Lo I am there!"
And cast it forth on the unfooted free;
And Nature saw a star rise forth and be,
Taking up throne in darkling everywhere.

There fell a raindrop in his hollow hand:
"Be thou its sovereign ocean!" murmured he;
And there arose a silver-turbaned sea
To frame the tropic glory of the land.

A spirit hovered near: he stayed its flight;
"Rule the world, and call it hence 'The Earth!'"
And woman, glorious woman, sprang to birth,
And where she reigns is joy and peace and right.

A HOMECOMING

By William B. Breeze

THEY stood by the rail on an incoming steamer, Miss Carroll watching a thin, blue streak that had risen from the water on the western horizon and Forbes intently watching Miss Carroll. The little waves sparkled in the early morning sun, and the breeze was freighted with that pleasant, earthy smell prophetic of land.

They had been chatting gaily, when the girl, suddenly and without apparent reason, had lapsed into pensive silence. Her little gloved hands clutched the rail tightly, and her eyes were looking straight ahead. Forbes leaned idly beside her, waiting for a resumption of the conversation.

At length Miss Carroll turned to him. He saw her face was very grave.

"It's home," she said, almost with a sigh.

"Eh?" said Forbes.

"It's home," she repeated, "that dear little streak of blue, ahead there."

"Oh, yes," said Forbes dully and without enthusiasm, "it's home."

"I always feel strange—sort of queer and choky—when I first catch sight of it," Miss Carroll explained. "I don't know why I should—I'm not given to sentiment. Still, when I *do* see it, I always feel like this."

She spoke with sincerity and considerable feeling. Forbes was silent.

"Don't you ever feel queer about it?" Miss Carroll asked.

Forbes shrugged his shoulders. "The little streak of blue, you mean? Dear me, no. I'm afraid it doesn't rouse a particle of emotion in me, save, generally, a feeling of relief that the run across is over—and this time I'm exceedingly resentful that the journey is so near its end."

He said this last with a meaning glance at the girl. If she caught the import of it, she gave no sign that she had. Her eyes were fixed again on the western horizon.

"I suppose you've lived abroad so long it doesn't mean much to you here," she hazarded.

"I confess," said Forbes, "the cliffs about Sorrento seem far more homelike to me than that." He pointed to the dim outline ahead.

"You're sort of—sort of—expatriated, aren't you?" she said.

Forbes laughed. "In a way, yes," he replied.

"But aren't you ever anxious to get back here?—it's your real home, after all. Weren't you ever the least bit homesick for it?"

"Just once," said he. "I was sick for the rattle of an elevated train, for the clatter and din of an honest American street, for the sight of a few substantial skyscrapers. But that was in Algiers," he added, "and the devil himself would be homesick in Algiers."

"You're a hopeless nomad," she said.

"I am something of a tramp," he admitted. "Still, I suppose when it comes to settling down—when I really have a home—it will be back here."

She turned to him quickly.

"I think, after all, you feel much the same as I do about that blue streak, but you won't admit it."

"No," said Forbes gravely. "Honestly I don't. I haven't a spark of sentiment about it. It's just the land at the end of a voyage—my native country, if you like, but never a thrill at the thought, and no tear-dimmed vision when I gaze on it. I wish it wasn't thus with me."

"It's home," said the girl, simply, but with such emphatic satisfaction that Forbes moved uneasily.

"I wish I could feel like that," he said.

"You should," the girl replied with conviction.

"I'm afraid patriotism is one of those things which I have left undone," he remarked.

"I can't give you absolution for that confession," she said, following the trend of his speech.

Forbes looked at her with questioning eyes.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "you think there is something lacking in me because

I'm cold-blooded about this homecoming."

"I really think you should feel differently about it," she said; "sort of unaccountably glad, you know."

Forbes looked absently over the water. He threw his cigar over the rail and watched it slide astern.

"Perhaps I might feel unaccountably glad—if there were anything to be unaccountably glad about," said he.

"For instance?" she questioned.

"If it were indeed home," he said. "You see, I'm very much alone in the world, and to a man in that condition one country is very much like another. There are times of unutterable loneliness wherever he may happen to be."

Something sombre in his voice made Miss Carroll say, "Oh!" in soft sympathy.

"But it could all be very different," he went on. "I might have ties and—well, things to make that little blue streak mean everything to me, if a girl I knew——"

Forbes stopped abruptly. Miss Carroll was staring ahead.

"If a girl you know," Miss Carroll repeated. "Well, what about the girl?"

"If the girl would risk marrying a nomad," he said.

"And when was the last time she refused you?" asked Miss Carroll, with an attempt at levity.

"The last time she refused me," he said solemnly, "will be in a very few minutes, when I ask her to save me from expatriation."

Miss Carroll gazed fixedly over the port bow.

"I'm—I'm waiting to be refused," said Forbes meekly.

"You'll have to—to wait—an awfully long time," she said.

Forbes caught one of her hands in his. With the other hand he pointed to the blue line on the horizon.

"It's home," he exclaimed, with unbounded satisfaction.

THE CHAUFFEUR'S DIRGE

By Wilbur N. Stacy

Presto, furioso:
"Alas, alack, oh woe is me!"
The million-dollared chauffeur cried;
"My new French car which cost a mint,
Took umbrage at a cow and shied.
She shinned up several trees, then tossed
Me headlong 'cross a river wide;
And turning somersaults a few,
Flopped down into the raging tide.
Parbleu! ten thousand dollars flat
Would not replace my pet and pride.

Adagio, sotto voce:
"And what makes matter worse, you see,
If such could be, I'll now confide
I had my mother-in-law with me,
Taking an hour's speedy ride.
Through all these mid air flipflops she
Clung to her seat quite dignified;
And there she is, bolt upright still,
But upside down on the under side.

Staccato, remorso:
"Oh, miserable me, what have I done,
That thus the 'venging Fates should chide?
To 'phone down for a wrecking tug,
Or—keep it dark, I'm sorely tried.
Jove! sporting life is costly, eh?
I really am quite mortified;
Ten thousand dollars gone. . . . oh, fudge!
I'll roll a puff and let it slide."

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JUNE NUMBER OF

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY CHARLES EDWARD BARNS

Vol. XIII JUNE, 1904 No. 4

THIS is the age of picture-writing, which would seem at first glance to be something of a reversion to first principles. However, thousands of people read magazines by the pictures only; and if perchance these illustrations lead them to peruse further, that is their particular privilege. We have therefore endeavored to lay greater stress upon the pictorial value of our pages, though by no means neglecting the literary and human interest value of the accompanying text, but on the contrary raising its standard both in the matter of the special article and in fiction.

Fiction of the right sort is very difficult to obtain, and it is the editorial privilege to render here grateful acknowledgment to the thousands of writers of short stories throughout the land who have so enthusiastically responded to our request to submit short stories for publication in the pages of BROADWAY MAGAZINE—an invitation which brought much new blood from out the general field.

It is a matter of editorial regret, however, that the many letters of inquiry in regard to our fiction features, unaccompanied by manuscripts, were so voluminous that we were unable to reply to them all; and for general information we would respectfully counsel authors to send their unsolicited manuscripts with no other personal information than their addresses and such terse remarks as might elucidate any obscure points in the text. This being a busy age and the competitive strife being a serious one in publication as in authorship, we are unable to answer irrelevant and wholly unnecessary queries.

Purchasers of a magazine, particularly for the first time, take the same upon good faith. We likewise take the work of our contributors upon the same abiding principle. It is not necessary to state that a story is original with the author or founded on actual life or experience. In the former case, that it is original with the author goes without saying; and since all good stories are so by virtue of their nearness to real life, discussion to that end is superfluous.

Authorship to-day is a special profession, and the writer who committed the offense of offering an article previously published from his own pen or that of another would soon find himself in general editorial disfavor throughout the land. The rules are all simplicity, but many seem to fail in grasping them. Trained readers can open a manuscript at any page and discover at once if there is literary merit, and above all, that story-telling faculty which seizes the salient points of a situation, nor burdens the reader with useless disquisition, and so justifies further perusal. Manuscripts should, if possible, be typewritten, on one side of the sheet only, with stamps enclosed for the return of the unavailable offering, and in every case the name of the author and the address upon the first page. Be assured that every such manuscript (they may amount to scores in number in a single day), is carefully read with a view to our particular use, and since merit is the chief consideration, the name and fame of the author carries with it little additional weight.

Many excellent stories are located either in an historical period or in a region of the world remote from contemporary interest; others begin brilliantly, proceed upward to a certain climax, and then go down hill unnecessarily on the other side of the Alpine height into another country; still others offer snowshoes in August and primroses in January; again others run along three-quarters of a long way on a dead level, thence making a strong and sudden ascent, requiring a general curtailment far beyond any legitimate justification. But most of all, offenders start out with an excellent idea, doubtless the initial incentive of the writing thereof, accumulating interest and whetting the appetite for a feast at the climax—which feast never materializes. This is most disappointing. It is plain that the author in the latter case lacks either the courage or the imagination to achieve a sustained effect and to make the interest cumulative to a climax which makes the reader lay aside the story with regret that it is not longer and with an enthusiasm which causes him to pass the story on to another with high commendation.

Pictures are open books, and one who glances through the pages of a magazine must read them whether one will or not. But every story requires concentrated thought and the expenditure of a certain amount of mental energy. Unlike the manuscript reader, the purchaser is not paid to peruse the pages of a story, but on the contrary, must pay a price for that privilege. Therefore, the author must see well to it that he gives the fullest value of which his pen is capable.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE hopes for a continuance of popular favor, and its readers may be assured that every effort will be made to pay them monthly an entertaining and instructive visit, and that being safely taken into the home or upon a journey with people of culture, when it finds in a reader a friend to prove itself worthy to be passed on to another friend.

Photographs by Tonnelé & Co., New York

MEMORIAL DAY

By Mark Dalgreen, U. S. A.

Storm-blast of the grizzled North
  Balm-breeze of the Southern vale!
Mingle ye here and summon forth
  Flowers deep from the heart of June—
Flowers as fair as heaven's noon,
  Wreathing these precious graves to-day—
Mounds that bespeak the silent tale
  Of heroes true: the blue and gray.

II

Handclasp of the veteran strong,
  Brothers estranged won back again!
Hallowed the hour 'mid praise and song,
  The bugle's blast and cannon's roar,
  Ye deck the mounds of those of yore
    Whose heritage of peace be ours;
Bravest of fighters and best of men!
  Thro' ye we're first 'mong earthly powers.

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The Theatrical Season from the Managers' Standpoint

IT is customary, at the close of the theatrical year, to make a sum total of the footlight situation from the standpoint of the various managers' private offices. The casting up of accounts for the past season certainly brought to light many surprises, but at the same time there is cause for many congratulations. Scores of new productions were offered to the public, and some of them survived through to the hot spell, and, indeed, seem destined to be revived again in the fall, so great was their success. Others perished by the wayside, as was quite natural.

There is no greater gamble in the world than a play, and it is now a venture upon which people of means only may safely embark, even though the rewards be great when success comes. Many a play or comic opera which has cost from twenty to fifty thousand dollars to produce has not earned enough to pay for the initial outlay; whereas others, which were not regarded as particularly promising, have brought tens of thousands into the coffers of the managers.

For an instance take the extravaganza "A Chinese Honeymoon." This attraction enjoyed a run of more than four hundred nights on Broadway, with two companies on the road, and made up for the failure of some others of the half dozen big productions of the Shubert combination, which now controls eleven theatres and employs more than a thousand people of the Thespian profession.

The Frohman combination was also fortunate in scoring many winners, having at one time no less than fourteen shows simultaneously in New York alone, besides managing twelve theatres (six in London and as many in New York), and employing more than six hundred stars and their support. The Klaw & Erlanger forces have also won the public heart and purse in spite of the handicap of the Iroquois fire in Chicago. Able management made up in a measure for the reverses of destiny. Their revival of "Ben Hur" was a drawing card, and was one of the most beautifully staged attractions of the year—perhaps unparalleled in the history of the stage.

Forbes Robertson made an admirable impression, and it is to be hoped that he will return next year under the same competent management. The "Rogers Brothers in London" company made a strong bid for popular acclaim under the same auspices, and their tour of the leading cities was a good deal of a triumph for themselves and their sponsors.

Photograph, copyright 1904, by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Ethel Barrymore who has scored so successfully in the pretty play "Cousin Kate"

People who are not acquainted with the theatrical situation from the impresario's standpoint have little idea of the amount of money that is passed into the hands of the theatrical fraternity for their services. Mr. Frohman pays his stars from three hundred and fifty dollars a week up to two thousand (I believe Maud Adams receives far more than this sum), and the average of the support is from forty dollars to three hundred weekly. When we consider that the strolling player in times past, even when successful, had a hard time to make ends meet, these sums appear to be quite princely.

Photograph by Rosen, St. Louis, Mo.

Rose Flynn who recently appeared in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" which had a successful New York run

The truth is that the people of the stage are less overworked and are better paid now than ever before in the history of the drama. The Shuberts, for instance, do not employ any one at less than fifteen dollars per week, from the fifth row of the chorus up to the front, and four of their players receive the neat sum of five hundred dollars each weekly, while in two more instances the sum is doubled. It is understood that the same house has four operas and two dramas in course of preparation, but their titles are not yet announced.

Revivals have been seen to be the paying propositions in New York this past season, and the chances are that the coming season will see still more of the same class. Shakespearean revivals under such splendid auspices as those afforded by E. H. Sothern and by Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner, for instance, could not but be popular, but the success of "The Two Orphans" with an all-star cast was not foreseen, although it was admirably played and beautifully staged. The revival of the old favorites in comic opera, like "Wang" for instance, shows the public taste in that direction. The coming season may see some of the many others which remain dear to memory again placed before the public under pleasant circumstances.

Photograph by Tonnele & Co., New York

Frixy Friganza, in one of the recent productions of Henry W. Savage, who has a new rôle in an important production for the fall

William A. Brady catalogues no less than ten good things opposite his record. He found excellent material for his fertile brain in "The Pit," "Foxy Grandpa," and "Way Down East." He also combined with Klaw & Erlanger in "The Two Orphans," and with the Shuberts in the excellent production of "Wang." "Way Down East," by the way, enjoyed the longest run of any of these fortunate ten—twenty-four weeks in all. Mr. Brady, too, employs more than seven hundred pro-

Photograph by Armstrong, Boston, Mass.

Camille Clifford, who took the part of *The New York Girl* in the "Prince of Pilsen," and is now interesting London in the same part

Orrin Johnson, the indefatigable matinée hero, who has appeared in four plays this season and who has two rôles in preparation

fessional people, whose salaries range from ten dollars to seven hundred and fifty per week. A second company of "The Pit" will start out in the fall, and Grace George will continue in a leading part in "The Two Orphans" and later produce a new and brilliant American comedy, all under Mr. Brady's management. There will also be two companies of "Foxy Grandpa" and three of "Way Down East." Besides all these, Mr. Brady has in preparation a new American drama by the Rev. John

Photograph by Hall, New York

Three country girls from "The County Chairman" at Wallack's

Snyder. It is entitled "Cape Cod Folk," and Robert Loraine will take a leading part. There is also on the busy Brady schedule a revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with an all-star cast. It would seem from the revival craze that the spirit of originality has abandoned our playwriting fraternity of late.

David Belasco found a jewel in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," even as he did in "The Darling of the Gods." The latter wonderful production made quite as flattering a sensation in London as it did in New York. Mr. Belasco has two new plays in preparation for the coming season, and it goes without saying that from a spectacular

Photograph by Byron, New York

A critical moment in the amusing French play "The Secret of Polichinelle" which has had a phenomenal run at three different metropolitan theatres, with William H. Thompson in the chief rôle of "*Mons. Juvenal*"

Photograph by Hall, New York

Clara Morris as *Sister Genevieve* in "The Two Orphans" in the New Amsterdam Theatre

standpoint it will be a masterpiece of realistic effects.

Henry W. Savage found in George Ade a man who possessed and made the best use of his talent. "The County Chairman" is an admirable piece of work, and certainly is substantially appreciated by the American public. It will likewise make a jump over the hot season and continue in the fall.

Grand opera in English is one of Mr. Savage's strong features. He has succeeded here where others have rushed in to meet what seemed an inevitable failure.

Mr. Savage is, first of all, a business man who has been through the grind of many

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Elita Proctor Otis as *La Frochard* in "The Two Orphans," successfully revived at the New Amsterdam

strenuous real estate enterprises, and who went into comic opera as a recreation. Such success rewards him that his former occupation is abandoned in favor of the one more congenial. Mr. Savage's career tends to prove that an impresario needs to have first of all a keen business sense, and after that artistic appreciation for the things of the esthetic world which is supposed to be so far removed from the material. It has been recently rumored that Mr. Ade has undertaken work in new fields, and that Mr. Savage has taken consolation in the talents of that master-wit of the Players', Oliver Herford, and that early in the fall the genial Oliver's maiden effort will be seen on Broadway. It will be looked forward to with interest.

Taking it all in all, the managers of New York have many reasons for congratulating themselves. Whereas, there has been in certain quarters a deal of dissatisfaction with the theatrical situation in general, there have been no heavy failures recorded, and, on the contrary, a large number of new attractions are announced. As long as the American public continues to pay into the box offices of the various theatres throughout the country the sum of twenty-nine millions of dollars (as is estimated was spent by theatre-lovers during the past season), there need be no fear of a dearth of ambitious managers who will reach out and absorb as much of these convenient millions as they can gather in. The number of theatres is increasing at an amazing rate, but so also is the army of those who wish to be entertained and are willing to pay a high price to have their tastes and longings in this direction satisfied.

THE SUNDERING OF WEBER AND FIELDS

BROADWAY has regarded it as a misfortune that Weber and Fields should have found it expedient to sever their long successful business relations. However, I do not regard it in the light of a calamity at all, for the reason that such an uninterrupted period of prosperity was found to have a reactionary effect, and they were wise enough to allow the rulings of fate to come between them. The talk of family jealousy and all that sort of thing certainly has no very great foundation in fact. The two Dromios of Dutchtown comedy were absolutely equal in their occupancy of the lime-light, and their earnings went into one hat. Such clever artists are first of all business men and actors afterward; and even though they found it uncongenial to keep up social relations, nevertheless a severance of business ties is a very serious proposition, unless there be something stronger to occasion it than a mere

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Maude Fealy who will appear in a leading rôle in the early autumn

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Louise Drew, daughter of John Drew of the famous Thespian family, now touring the country in "White-washing Julia," and to appear in a Broadway attraction in the fall

family jar. I think the Big White Way will miss Weber and Fields to such an extent that they will be called upon to lock arms again after a season of single harness, and that the ovation which they will receive will make up for many deficiencies. Some cynic said that in order to preserve absolute domestic felicity it is well for a wedded pair to be separated for at least three months in the year, just to prove to them how necessary they are to each other. The probabilities are that the season of not un-

Photograph Copyright by Strauss, St. Louis, Mo.

Otis Skinner as *Sir Charles Surface* in "The School for Scandal," which made a triumphal tour through the South and West

friendly estrangement between the famous comedians will be likewise fruitful of much good, and end like the good stories in the boarding-school libraries, "happy forever after."

NEW YORK THEATRES SAFEST IN THE WORLD

The renewal of the yearly licenses for the theatres of New York was an incident of interest and not a little trepidation in certain quarters, it was said on authority, not for any legitimate doubts as to the safety of playhouses in particular under discussion, but the general terror of a temporary hold-up while investigations might be delayed and business blocked if not ruined utterly. Nothing of importance occurred, however, and evidently the building department which has these matters in hand discovered the truth that New York is one of the best-protected cities in the world so far as concerns the dreaded

Photograph by Hall, New York

Margaret Anglin and Charles Miller in a recent revival of "Camille" at the Hudson Theatre

foe, fire, and that every theatre could on occasion duplicate the recent speedy abandonment of the Proctor house in Harlem. Could we say the same of every church, school, factory, sky-scraper or other place where humanity foregathers in great aggregations throughout the metropolis? We rather fancy not!

PHOTOGRAPHIC IDEALIZATION

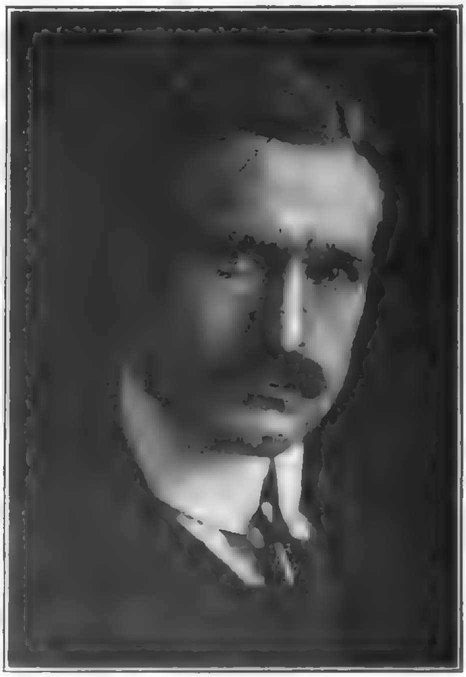
By Willis Browne

A GENTLEMAN of culture and wealth was literally held up on Fifth Avenue recently by his own esthetic sense. The primary cause was a modest case of photographic portraits beside the door-way opposite Bryant Park, and so thorough was his conviction that he had discovered something new in portraiture that he made further investigations.

Leon De Silva

He found his belief justified, and the result was that two young men who worked quietly and seriously in a convenient top-floor studio found themselves instantly famous with the smart set. Not but that they were known before to hundreds of artists and men of discrimination as standing among the leaders in what might be called the idealization of the photographic portrait; but it is pleasant to be appreciated, particularly if the appreciation comes while there is youth, health and ambition to take advantage of it.

The senior member of the firm is the son of a portrait master of New Haven who made a particular study of Yale types for many decades back. He was brought up in his father's studio and afterward went to one of the South American republics, but, his health not permitting him to remain, he returned to New York and had the good fortune to come in contact with a congenial spirit in the art to which he was so devoted. The junior member of the firm, which was thereupon established, hails from the West and received his art education in St. Louis. Both young men realized the tremendous future which lay in art photography, and at once began to work out their own salvation. The result has been most flattering, but their aim has justified the commendation of the public. The idealization of portraiture is well exemplified in the work reproduced in our color supplement of this month.



Ira L. Hill

THE RIBBON RACE FOR JENNIE

By James Raymond Perry

"IT'S a fact, sir," remarked my casual acquaintance, who a few minutes before had given his name as Billings—and added that he was a Kentuckian—"it's a fact, sir, that 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and that 'it's the unexpected that happens.' How do I know? Because I've seen it proven. Yes, sir, I've seen it proven.

"The time I have in mind particularly was an incident that occurred last year, and what suggested it to me at this moment was the sight of that vender of toy balloons yonder. Yes, sir, something as trifling as that recalled the whole matter to mind with great vividness, sir.

"You see, it was like this: Dan Ellis and I had been courting the same girl in our town for the better part of two years. Jennie Smith was her name—daughter of John Smith; you may have heard of the family. She was plump and pretty, and full of fun as she could stick and hold. She liked us both. She said she liked us better than any two men in our county and she'd be willing to marry either one of us if she'd never seen the other. As 'twas, she was so fond of both she couldn't make up her mind which to have.

"Dan and I kept friendly through it all. Dan's a good fellow—a mighty good fellow—and there wasn't any use in getting mad at him because a girl liked him and couldn't make up her mind she liked me better. If Dan had been mean, or anything but the nice honorable fellow he was, I shouldn't have liked her liking him as well as she did me; but his being such a nice fellow—handsome, too—it was a sort of compliment to me to know she liked me as well as she did him. And Dan felt a good deal the same way about it. So we remained friends, and went to see Jennie regularly together twice a week. Neither tried to take any unfair advantage by going oftener or going alone. We agreed between us that if she couldn't decide which she liked best when we were going together she wouldn't be able to when we were apart.

"Many's the evening we both asked her to marry us, and argued in a friendly fashion our respective merits as matrimonial prospects. She'd listen, and laugh, and say we'd have to give her more time; she couldn't tell which she'd marry. We finally got her to promise she'd marry one of us as soon as she could make up her mind which she liked best. You might suppose Dan and I'd have quarreled after that, knowing 'twas really narrowed down to us two. But we didn't. We still agreed 'twas nothing for us to quarrel about. When she finally made a choice, if ever she made one, would be time enough to get mad at each other, we said. No good purpose would be served by getting mad now.

"Well, last summer, along in June, Jennie got to talking one evening—Dan and I were sitting on the front piazza with her—she got to talking about what poor shoppers men were. She said there wasn't one man in ten that knew how to shop. Dan said he knew how to, and I said I did. We didn't intend to lie, either. We thought we did.

"Jennie had a ribbon round her neck that evening—a kind of pearly gray, with a little pink spray and blossom on it—and she said, 'I wonder if either of you gentlemen would be willing to get this ribbon matched for me at one of the stores tomorrow. I want three yards.'

"I spoke up quick and said I'd be delighted to if she'd give me a sample. So she got a piece about ten inches long, but just as she was going to hand it to me she looked at Dan and I suppose saw he felt kind of hurt, for she got a pair of scissors and cut the sample in two and gave Dan one half and me the other. 'I can use six yards,' she said, 'so if you both succeed in matching it it will be all right.' She laughed, and said she hoped it wouldn't be too much trouble and that we wouldn't lose our tempers trying to find some more like the sample.

"Dan and I met each other in the downtown stores half a doezn times during the next day, and just shook our heads each time, and went on hunting for the ribbon.

"Well, you see, Jennie had been to all the stores in town and found it couldn't be matched, and she had the laugh on us when we reported that night that we couldn't find any ribbon like the sample.

"'I didn't suppose you would,' she said. 'I bought that ribbon in New York two years ago, and very likely there isn't any more like it for sale anywhere.'

"'Where did you buy it?—at what store?' I asked. But Jennie couldn't remember.

"'I'm going to take this sample to New York and match it,' I said.

"'I'm going, too,' Dan chimed in, not hesitating an instant.

"Well, sir, Jennie was that full of fun that the idea took her, and she clapped her hands. 'Good!' she cried, 'and I'll marry the one that gets back first with three yards of ribbon like the sample. It must be just like it,' she added.

"So on the day following Dan and I started for New York. We decided that the race needn't begin till we got there and commenced our shopping. You see, that arrangement gave us the chance to have a nice chatty journey together on the trip East. We spent most of the time in the smoker compartment of the Pullman, and talked about Jennie and how our long wait was now about over. It was reasonably certain that one would match the ribbon before the other and be back to claim Jennie for his bride.

"'We've always been good friends, Jake,' Dan said, 'and I for one am willing to remain good friends, whichever wins the race. How do you feel about it?'

"'Just as you do, Dan,' I said. 'Jennie can't choose but one of us, anyway, and I don't see any sense in her choice breaking up our friendship.'

"'If I should win,' Dan said, 'would you feel like being my best man? I think 'twould rather please Jennie.'

"'Certainly I will,' I answered.

"'And if you win, I'll be yours,' Dan agreed. So we shook hands on it, and somehow felt chummier than ever.

"When we reached New York we shook hands again and parted. You see, the race had begun then. Before separating, however, we gave each other our hotel addresses so that if one should succeed in matching the ribbon he could telegraph back when he got home and save the other from further useless search.

"After leaving Dan I felt a bit lonesome, but started right in to hunt. There wasn't any time to be wasted. I didn't know any more about the New York stores than the man in the moon—probably not as much. But I started on Broadway, up where the retail stores begin, and went into every dry-goods and millinery store I came to. When there happened to be crowds and I had to wait, I'd get mighty uneasy. You see I felt that every minute was precious. Dan might run across a bit of ribbon like the sample any minute, and then it would be all up with me. Judging by my own experience, though, I needn't have worried, for before I'd been in a dozen stores it began to seem certain there wasn't any ribbon like that to be bought in the city. At two or three places they told me they had had ribbon like it, but that it had all been sold long before. It was not a style that was on the market now, and they didn't think I'd be able to find any; still, I might. That's the way they talked to me.

"Well, I kept at it all that day till the stores closed for the night, and I felt pretty tired when I went to bed. All the next day I hunted, visiting as many as fifty stores, I reckon; but not an inch of that ribbon could I find. I wondered if Dan had run across any of it, and on the fourth day I began to watch for a telegram. You see he might have hit some and be home with it by this time. But on the morning of the fifth day, which was July 3d, no telegram had come; and I started out that morning with the feeling that neither of us would ever get a telegram from the other if we waited to find some of that ribbon before sending it.

"But that's the way things are, and 'it's darkest just before dawn,' you know. It's amazing how many of those sayings are true. The very first place I went into that morning they looked at the sample carefully, and said No, they hadn't got any ribbon like it, and asked if I'd tried at Guggenheimer's. Guggenheimer would be as likely as anyone in New York to have ribbon like it. 'Ask for Isaac Guggenheimer himself; he'll know. The clerks might not,' my man said.

"Well, Guggenheimer's was one of the places I'd been to the first day, and they'd told me they hadn't any ribbon like the sample; but I went back there now and asked for Mr. Isaac Guggenheimer, and explained to him that it was a matter of great importance to me that I should find some ribbon like the sample, and I would be very much obliged if he would take the trouble to look through his stock. He looked at the sample and said, 'Yes, we've carried ribbon like that; I remember it. I think we've got a little left.' And he went way down to the back end of the store where they kept odds and ends of old stock, I suppose—and in less than five minutes he'd brought out a roll of that precious ribbon. It matched the sample exactly.

"'You're lucky," said Guggenheimer. 'I presume there isn't another piece of ribbon like this left in New York.'

"'How much is there there?' I asked.

"He measured it. 'A trifle over six yards,' he said.

"'I'll take three yards,' I told him, after as hard a bit of inward fighting as I've ever done.

"'That'll be two, twenty-five,' said Guggenheimer. 'You may have the whole piece for four dollars.'

"I shook my head, though I'd have been glad to pay four hundred for it. 'Well,' said Guggenheimer, 'it's a pattern that there's no call for now. Let me put it all in and call it three dollars.' He looked surprised when I said No, I'd take only three yards. I suppose he thought, considering how anxious I'd been to get some of the ribbon, that 'twas mighty funny I wouldn't pay twenty-five cents a yard for the extra three yards; but I was determined to give Dan a fair show. If 'twas true there wasn't another piece of ribbon like it in the city then those three yards were Dan's only chance. You see, I've got the sporting spirit in me.

"Well, sir, you can believe I left Guggenheimer's a happy man. And before I'd gone twenty yards who should I meet on the street but Dan! He was looking pretty glum, and I knew he hadn't matched his sample yet. His face brightened a little, and then fell. 'I see you've got it,' he said gloomily. 'Well, give my love to Jennie, and tell her I did my best. I'm going to stay and hunt a few days longer, though of course I know 't won't do any good now. It's just a matter of pride trying to find some before I go back.'

"I felt sorry for Dan, of course; but as long as I'd had to have lost if he'd won I didn't feel as bad as I should if he'd been racing for ribbon against somebody else.

"We shook hands and said good-by, and I went to my hotel and got my grip, and just caught the morning train West. Everything went lovely till early the next morning, and then our train had to run into an open switch and get ditched. No one was hurt, but it smashed the engine so bad that it couldn't be put together for use again. We'd have to wait for the next train West, the trainmen told us. It would be along about four in the afternoon. I was still about two hundred miles from home, so there was nothing to do but wait.

"Well, the accident happened near a little town called Willville, and the place was in gala dress. All the country people for miles around were out to celebrate the Fourth. We found there were to be potato races, and sack races, and chasing greased pigs, and climbing greased poles, and a balloon ascension, and a whole lot of things; and as there was nothing else to do, of course we passengers all went to see the sports and buy peanuts and lemonade.

"I didn't feel at all uneasy over the delay, because I didn't believe Dan would ever run across any of that ribbon unless I told him where to look for it. So I laughed with the rest at the attempts to climb the greased pole, and to catch the greased pigs, and watched the big silk bag slowly filling preparatory to the ascension. There was some delay in getting the balloon ready—I guess there always is—but they finally got it off and I watched it sail away into a thundery sky. Then I looked at my watch and started on a run for the station. I got there just in time to see the train for the West pull out, and who should there be standing on the rear platform but Dan Ellis. He caught sight of me and looked mighty surprised. Then he smiled, pulled a little package out of his breast pocket, and waved it to me. Then I knew of course he'd got the ribbon. I learned afterwards that when he met me I was so near Guggenheimer's that he at once suspicioned I had matched the ribbon there. So he went in and happened to run across young Guggenheimer the first thing, and he said right off 'Yes, he'd got some ribbon like it —had just sold three yards to another young man. But Dan missed the train, and had to wait till afternoon for another; so he didn't get to Willville till the next afternoon. He supposed he'd lost the race until he saw me running for that train.

"Well, sir, when you think you've got a sure grip on a thing, and suddenly see it snatched from you, it makes you feel pretty sick. There wouldn't be another train through till the next morning, so I wandered off outside the town and threw myself on the ground and sulked. I guess I muttered some pretty disrespectful things about Fortune for playing with my hopes the way she'd done. If she hadn't intended to let me win the race why hadn't she let Dan get hold of the ribbon first and not raise a man's hopes that way? Another one of those apt sayings came to me, and that was that 'Fortune's a fickle jade.'

"I could hear it thunder, and knew a storm was coming, but I didn't pay any attention. In fact I was that broke up over the way things had turned out that I didn't much care what happened. I'd lost Jennie, and what was life worth living for, anyway? Let the lightning strike if it would! So I continued to lie flat on the ground with my face hidden, till suddenly I heard a shout that seemed to fall from the sky, and at the same instant something struck me and I felt myself lifted off the ground with a jerk.

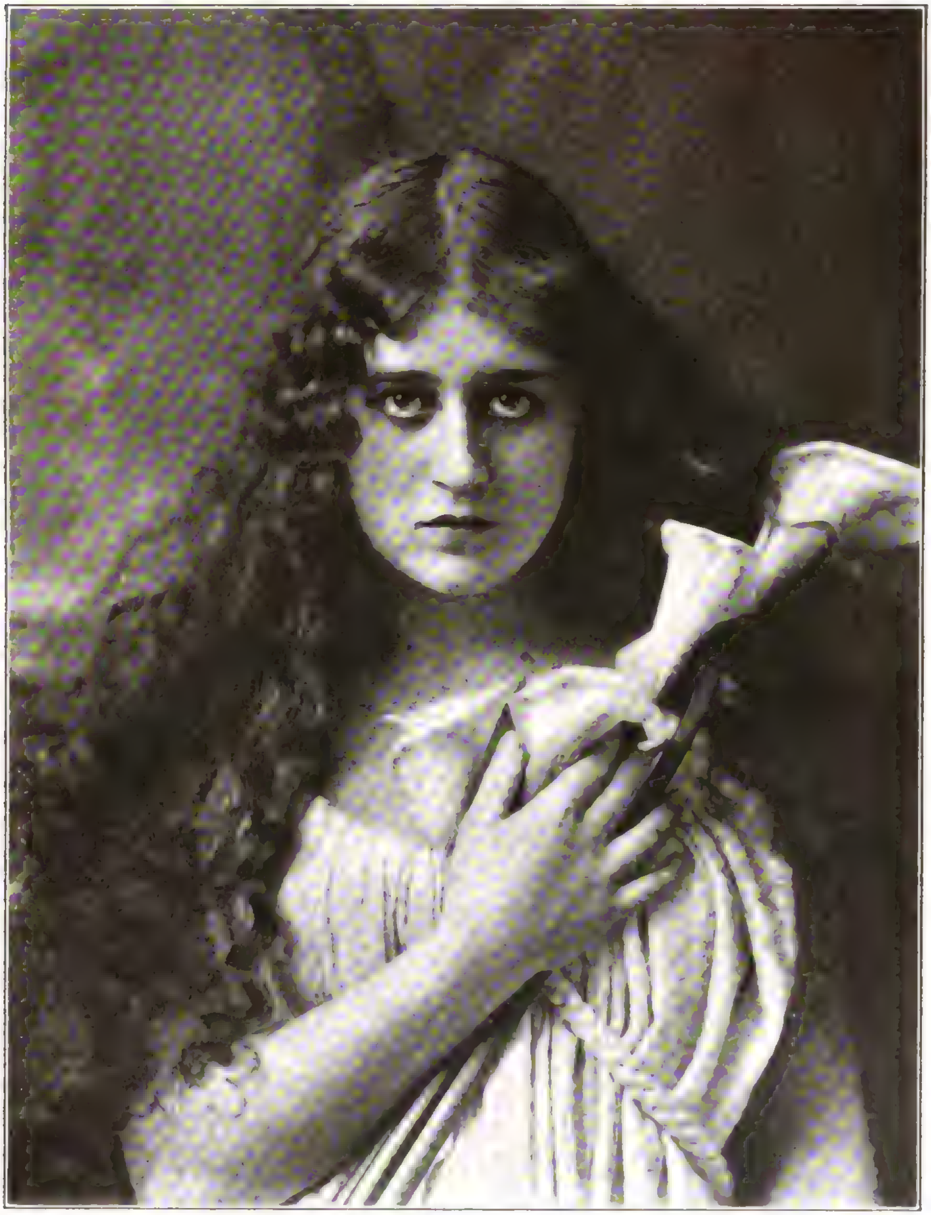
"Well, sir, to make a long story short, it was the anchor of that balloon. The balloon had come down till the anchor went plowing along over the ground. The aeronaut was looking for a place to land before the storm struck, but at just that instant the tornado hit him and he threw out a bag or two of sand, preferring to take his chances higher up in the air than to being dashed to death against some trees at the other end of the field. Fortunately the anchor had hooked firmly into my clothing just under my left arm, and as the balloon shot upward it carried me along with it. The aeronaut threw some more sand out, and we rose still higher. I reached up with my right hand and managed to get hold of the anchor rope and clung to it for dear life.

"Well, sir, we tore along like lightning for maybe two hours. I don't know how long 'twas. It seemed like two years! And then the wind began to let up some; the sky grew clear, and just as the setting sun shone out, we dropped down into a nice soft haystack; and, sir, you can imagine my astonishment when I looked around and saw the familiar landmarks of my own town! I got aboard a trolley car and in twenty minutes was handing that ribbon to Jennie.

"Dan didn't get there till two hours later, and he looked mightily astonished and a good deal disappointed when he saw me. However, he made the best of it, kept his promise and acted as best man at our wedding; and now he's married to a nice girl himself, and is perfectly happy and contented.

"Yes, sir," concluded my chance acquaintance, "it's a fact, sir, that 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and that 'it's the unexpected that happens.'"

Ideal Types of Western Beauty



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"A TYPE OF THE SUNNY SOUTH"

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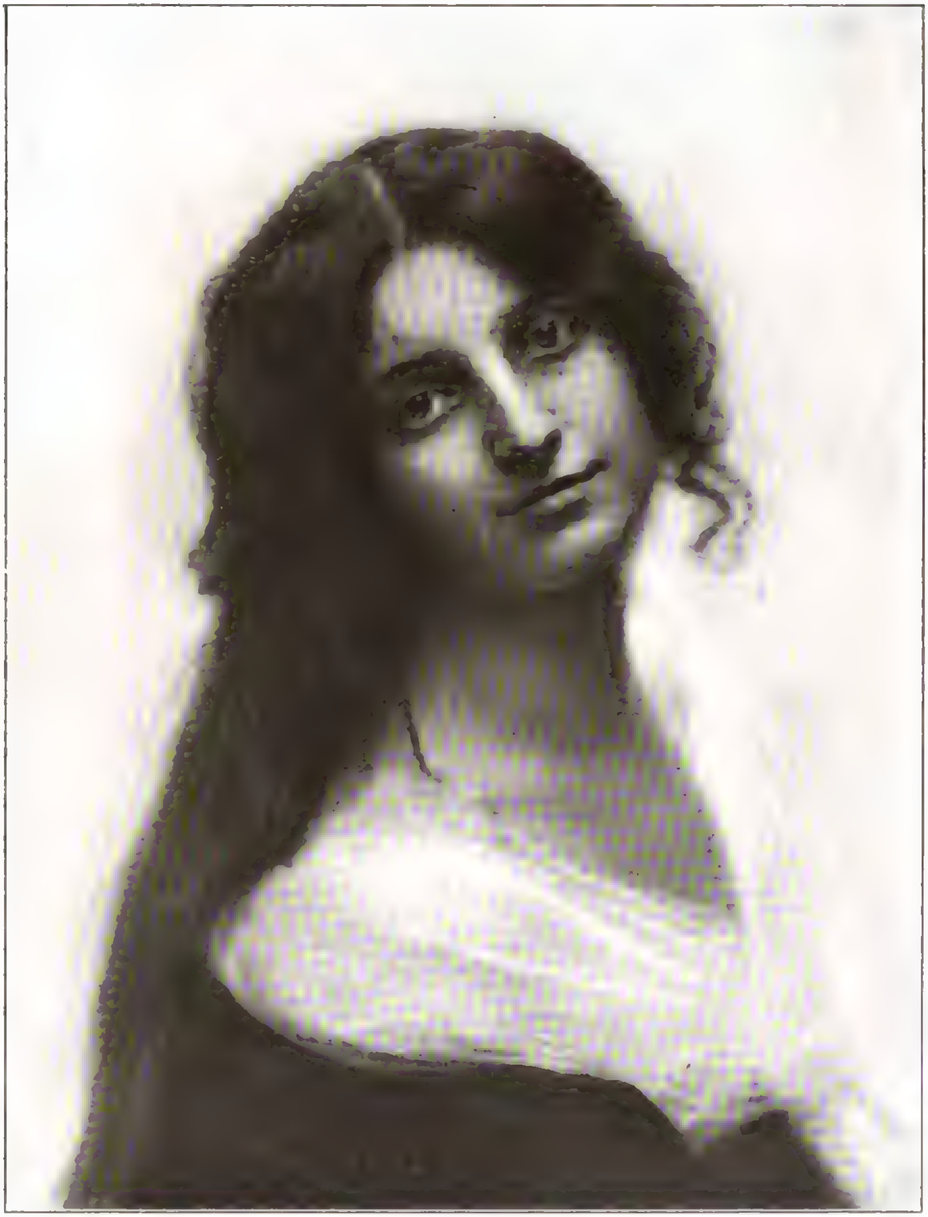

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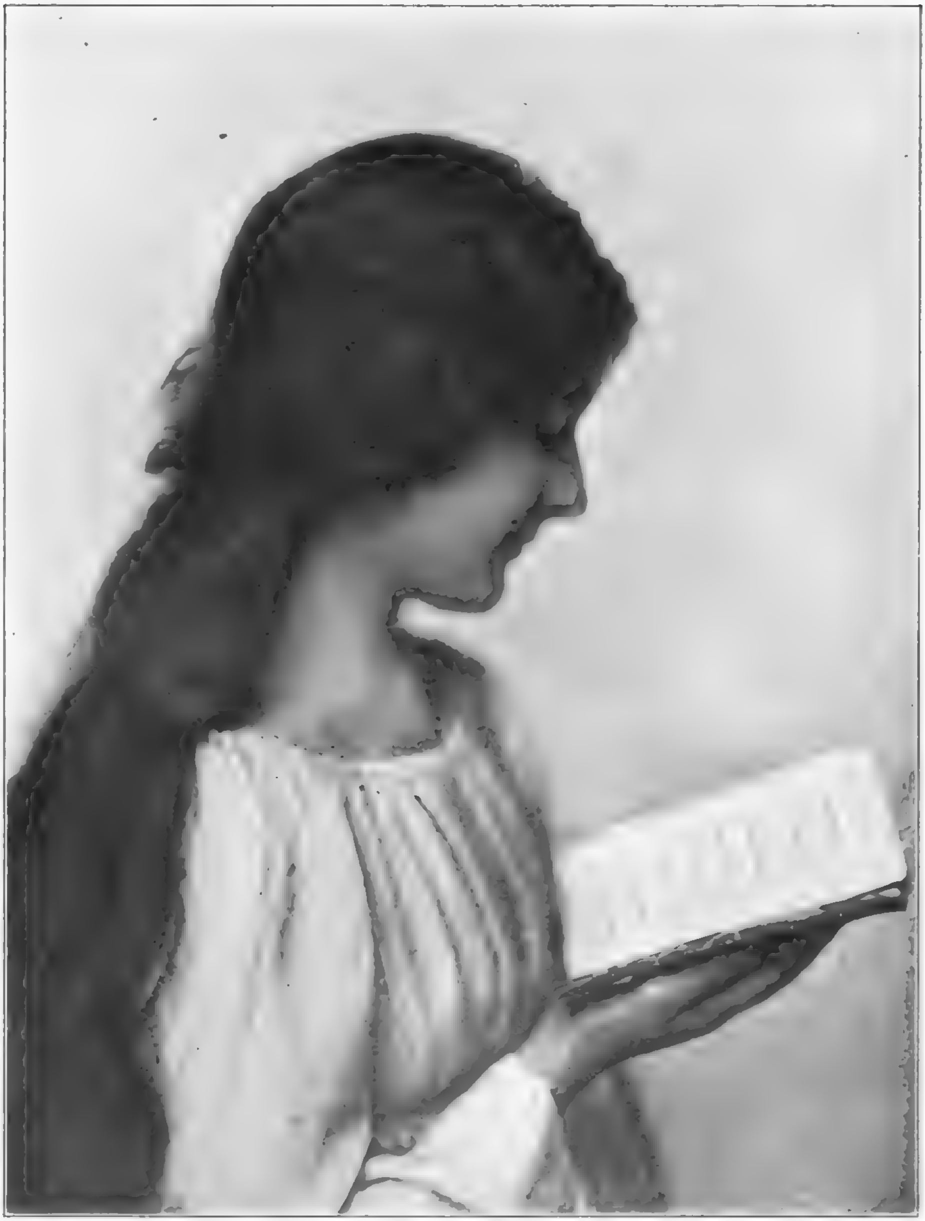
"A NATIVE BUD OF CALIFORNIA"



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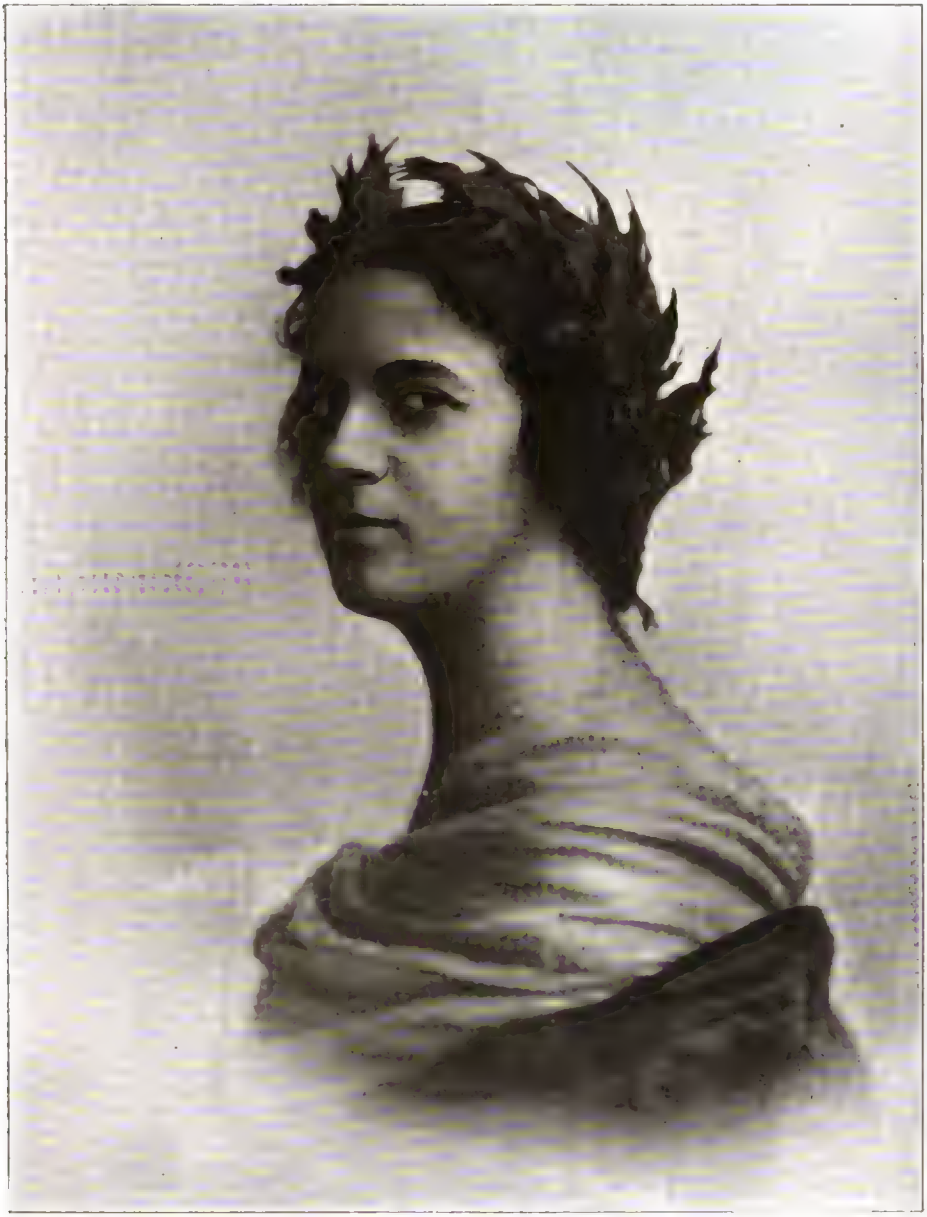
"EVENING DEVOTIONS"

Ideal Types of Western Beauty



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"STUDYING THE STARS"

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR JULY, 1904

TABLE OF CONTENTS

**PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES, PRINTED IN COLOR:
IDEAL TYPES OF WESTERN BEAUTY.**

A SOCIETY BUD .... Frontispiece
From an oil portrait by .... **Carroll Beckwith, N. Y.**

GOLD, GOLD, GOLD! .... **Sylvester Young** 325
Illustrated with photographs of the signing of the forty-million dollar warrant on the U. S. Treasury, and scenes in the New York Assay Office when this warrant was converted into bullion and coin.

THE GREEN HANSOM CAB. Story .... **H. Palmer** 330

THE PANAMA CANAL 334
Illustrated with reproductions of the actual scenes of the situation to-day.

THE ENCHANTED HARP. Story .... **Ellis M. Wilson** 339

DIRECT PORTRAITURE .... **Carroll Beckwith** 342
Illustrated with reproductions of the painter's latest portraits, etc.

THE GRAY WOLF. Story .... **Edgar Welton Cooley** 347

THE CALL OF THE SURF 350
With photographs of seashore scenes at Atlantic City and elsewhere.

THE POPE OF THE POOR .... **William S. Walsh** 355
With portraits of Pope Pius X, and his recent home and his relatives.

A WONDERFUL LITTLE WOMAN. Story .... **Myra Belle Hodges** 361

BEAUTIFUL MONTICELLO .... **J. C. Elsom** 364
Illustrated with reproductions of the scenes about the home of Thomas Jefferson.

"THE PRINCESS" A WRECK AND THE DUKE'S CHAUFFEUR. Story .... **Nellie Cravey Gillmore** 368

THE PAINTER IN THE MAKING 371
Illustrated with Prize and Scholarship drawings of the Art Students' League of New York.

THE HOUR OF AWAKENING. Story .... **Emerence Walters** 378

THE CRISIS IN THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS 381

"SO LONG AS WE BOTH SHALL LIVE." Story .... **Annetta Halliday-Antona** 383

THE PERILS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE SHOPPER ABROAD .... **Elise Castleman** 387

THE OUTWITTING OF HELEN DARE. Story .... **Keturah Van Tyle** 391

THE HOMELESS OF A GREAT CITY .... **William C. Yorke** 395

NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT. Story .... **I. McRoss** 399

EDITORIAL 403

HENRY MORTON STANLEY 404

THE THEATRICAL SITUATION, PRESENT AND TO COME 406
With portraits of stage celebrities.

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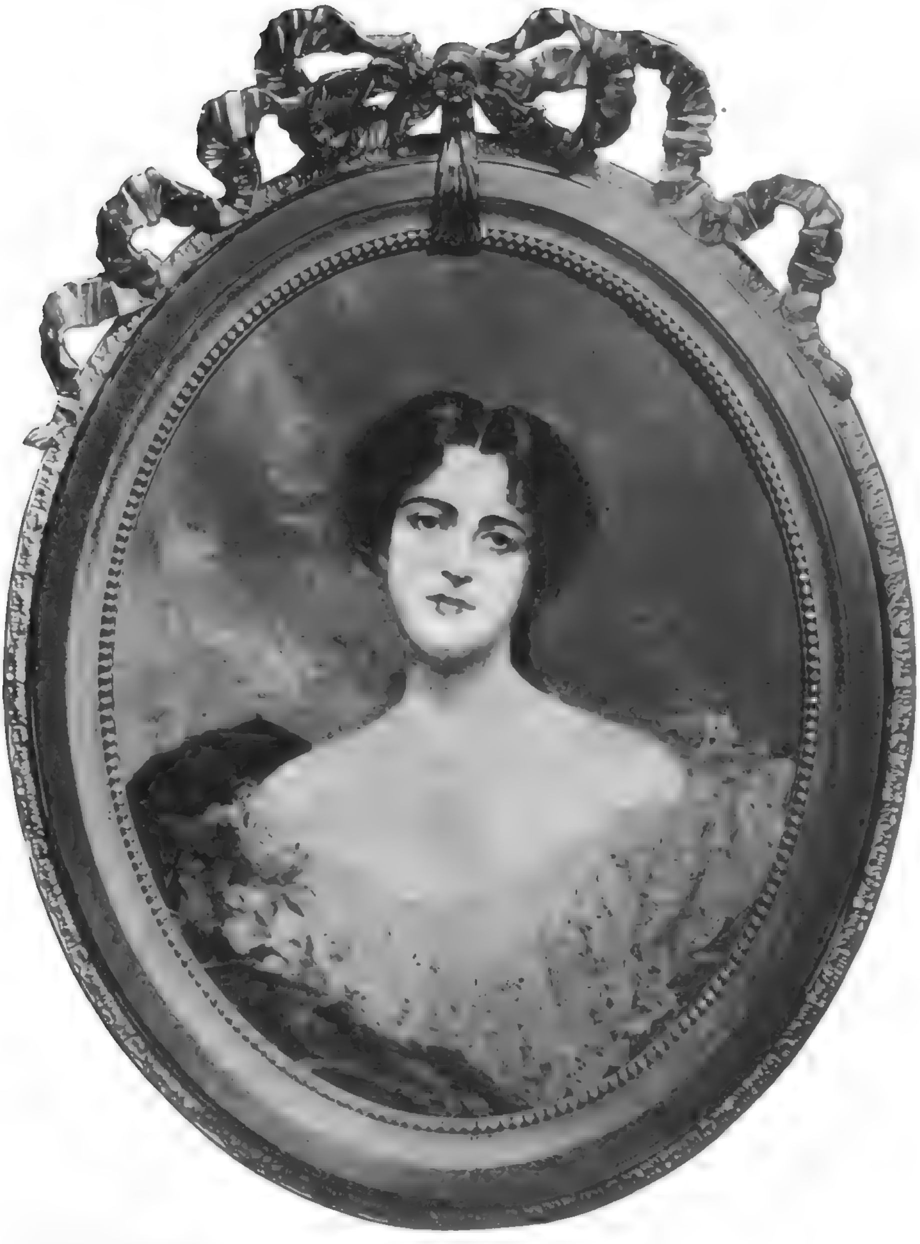

From an oil portrait by Carroll Beckwith, New York

THE DÉBUTANTE

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII JULY, 1904 No. 4

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Secretary of the Treasury, Leslie M. Shaw,

Signing the $40,000,000 warrant in payment of the Panama Canal purchase from the French company

GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!

SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE NEW YORK ASSAY OFFICE WHEN UNCLE SAM'S MILLIONS WENT ABROAD IN PAYMENT OF THE PANAMA CANAL

By Sylvester Young

A SHORT time ago a tall, solemn-faced gentleman from a Western State sat in a Washington executive building in grave conference. He had gathered about him several statesmen and diplomats, federal officials and reporters. A single plain document before him, he was prepared to perform a function which stands as unique in its way as any in the annals of finance. Reporters crowded to the front, and in the silence that followed, Secretary Leslie M. Shaw dipped his pen into the ink, and with due deliberation on such an austere occasion, signed a warrant on the United States Treasury for the sum of forty millions of dollars—the largest ever issued by this Government for any one of its gigantic enterprises. Then as quietly as he had performed the act, not willing to trust the document to any public carrier

Photograph by Gutekunst, London

J. Pierpont Morgan,

Who received a fee of one million dollars for financiering the Panama Canal deal, representing the French company

or even a private emissary, the distinguished Secretary pocketed the document and took the train for New York. There he presented the warrant at the offices of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., which corporation was acting as intermediary agents between the United States Government and the French representatives of the Panama Canal bondholders. This transaction was preliminary to one of the most active two weeks known in the Assay Office of Wall Street in many a year, for this warrant called for gold, and the gold had to be produced—just how and where will speedily be seen.

Forty millions of dollars! The dream of Alnascher fulfilled, the reign of Midas restored, the wealth of Ind unearthed, foregathered from far and wide, and passed through the quaint old yellow-metal Clearing House of Uncle Sam in part payment of one of the great enterprises of the world—the Panama Canal, that shall shorten distances between continents and bring nations closer and closer one another's doorsteps.

Forty millions in gold! Not promissory notes, not bills of exchange nor orders on national treasuries. Only the real, solid, glittering, precious, inconvenient bars about the size of the old Dutch bricks imported by the city fathers of two centuries ago, stamped, numbered, weighed to the fraction of a hair, inspected, annotated over and over, packed in common sawdust, kegged, red-taped, sealed and shipped under guard in discharge of one of the largest single commercial obligations which this nation has contracted with a foreign people since the purchase of Louisiana from that same nation or the purchase of Alaska from Russia.

In the little old converted mansion of century before last, under the shadow of the Treasury, presided over by the great bronze statue of Washington, was this miracle performed. And with what precision was it accomplished, with what lack of ostentation, what matter-of-fact, everyday business directness! Outside the white façade in the hum of Wall Street the passing thousands seemed not to know or at least to care, that within these ancient walls was being accomplished one of the herculean tasks of finance that go down in history. Down from the storm-swept crags of Alaska, or up from the sun-pierced steppes of Central America, out of the purses of misers, the vaults of the inland banks, and even from the littered benches of the Maiden Lane jewelers these many yellow streams flowed silently, converging into the great melting-pots, refined to more than ninety-nine per cent. of purity, and at the instance of the Government and the signing of the colossal warrant by the Secretary of the Treasury in the presence of the President and distinguished statesmen, it is all shipped over the water

Checking off two million dollars in gold bars, each worth eight thousand dollars, for shipment on the French liner

Cashier Charles H More,

Of the Assay Office, and the representatives Lazard Frères preparing a shipment of four millions in bullion and coin

like so much pig lead or creamery butter. No flourish of trumpets, no *bon voyage* from ten-ton guns, no parades in epaulets and streamers. Such an event in times past would have been an excuse for a monster demonstration. No statesmen present, only quiet, unassuming, alert, well-trained young men from the ranks of such colossal financial agents as J. P. Morgan & Company and Lazard Frères, well-armed for the emergency that has never yet come, but yet some day may, watching men in red undershirts straining here and there with crunching trucks over the creaking floor, and when a million dollars or more is gathered in the narrow rear court—bright, new-minted bricks still warm from the molds, a sight indeed for the gods to behold!—pass them one by one along a line of inspectors, accountants, and helpers, the numbers are called out and compared for the last time, and the weighty bricks dropped into the sawdust with a chug! There they are coopered, sealed, signed and delivered into the custody of the officers of one of the ocean liners and deposited in the strong room to which there are but two keys, one in the hands of the captain of the vessel and the other in the keeping of the first officer, neither able to penetrate that steel arcanum without the presence of the other.

Loading the truck under guard

The casual observer in the old Assay Office is struck with the curious informality of it all. The smallest country bank thinks it necessary to enclose its bonded workmen in iron cages behind plate glass that can resist a pistol bullet. Uncle Sam, however, who might be called the president of one of the greatest banks on earth, regards all this imposing flummery as vain and irrelevant. Not many of the handlers of millions in bullion are even bonded, but they are for the most part men who have grown old in the service. Even with that thing which all the world covets and the love of which is the root of all evil to these men has grown by familiarity to be things of indifference if not of contempt. If ever there was a time when the maker of and handler of millions in yellow bars was gripped by the desire to slip one of them into his overcoat pocket, that desire vanished years ago. They are by no means rich men, but inveteracy in looking upon gold merely as a material thing entirely aside from its purchasing power has taken from them their illusions. Nothing could demonstrate more perfectly that it is the remoteness of a thing that makes it an object of worship. It was a French king who said that if he did not keep in perpetual perambulation up and down the confines of his domain, he would soon be found to be a mere mortal; be discovered at his actual value; and his subjects, robbed of their dear delusions, would revolt and put him down and out.

Red taping the kegs and sealing them in preparation for shipment

Banks, too, understand this "divinity that doth hedge the majesty" of mere dollars. They erect marble institutions, dress their clerklings in broadcloth and set them up as lesser gods behind thrones of mahogany and plate glass. It is necessary to preserve the popular illusion that money is supreme, and that where money is, there also is the safe place to entrust more.

But there is none of this playing to the gallery in the financial methods of old Uncle Sam. One picks up the morning paper and is no longer startled—nay, even interested—by the story of a bank's trusted employee, the highest or the lowest, absconding with the funds of the institution, leaving his bondsmen to look after his record and his family to bear the shame of his falseness to his trust. But who ever hears of an employee of the Treasury Department, bonded or otherwise, unfaithful to his employer? It is paramount turning treason to one's country, or robbing the poor-box.

"Did never one of these gold bars slip out of your hands?" was asked of one of the oldest employees of the Assay Office, while the questioner watched with bulging eyes the packing of three millions for shipment on *La Bretagne* that morning. "Never!" was his answer. "I don't think the man would get very far with it," he added with a smile, "either an outsider or an insider. The system is too carefully regulated. Every one of those bars is worth in the neighborhood of eight thousand dollars, but what could a thief do with it? Of course he could saw it up into bits and dispose of it to unscrupulous men at a large discount, but look at the trouble and the risk! The mass of gold is one of its safeguards. To take the risk necessary one would demand at least fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, and that's a load for an ox. The only approach to theft that ever occurred was when one of the kegs containing gold bars was broken open on board an outgoing steamer and three bars abstracted. However, all were soon recovered, so that one might practically say that there has never yet been a case of loss in the transportation of even these colossal sums, either going or coming."

"Then there is a likelihood of this gold returning to our shores?" one is led to ask. According to the authorities, certainly, and that within a few months. As soon as our crops begin pouring into the foreign markets, all this gold will have to sail homeward again.

Gold is, on occasion, very scarce, as in the present instance. It commands a slight premium, although practically it is not supposed to do so. It is strange that some one of the great syndicates never cornered the gold market, but that seems one commodity untouched by the hand of the professional cornerer. The present scarcity of gold has made it compulsory to ship some millions of the Panama Canal price in coin, even though the Assay Office is turning out gold bars at the rate of half a million dollars a day. Still, forty millions of dollars is a pretty neat commodity, even in such compact form as bullion.

But why ship it at all, at such an enormous expense, is another natural query, since it must be so soon returned? Why not deposit it with the United States Treasury and send certificates that would be received in foreign governments as confidently as gold is now? Can there be any doubt about Uncle Sam's personal credit? But this is not the point at all. The Universal National Bank, they claim, is not a thing of the present, but of the future. Until then we must ship the goods and nothing but the goods, even though the freight be high, the insurance item alone twelve hundred dollars on every million, with other expenses entailed. Besides that, Uncle Sam is not in the banking business in competition with private corporations, even though foreign governments would be willing to accept a piece of paper which called for a block of gold on deposit three thousand or more miles away. Thus aside from the risk incurred, and loss from "sweating" and abrasion, the cost of sending this forty millions to France and back again is something like one hundred thousand dollars—a neat sum enough with which to start a bank even here in New York. However, we do not buy Panama Canals every day. If we did, there might be more encouragement for this international bank of the future.

The Bank of England is under the closest guard, day and night, by several detachments of soldiery, and every important act is accompanied with more or less imposing ceremonies. Not so with the transfer of forty million dollars from New York to France. Since the eastward gold movement at the beginning of April, the total has reached a sum aggregating nearly sixty millions, the same representing the other outstanding obligations, which makes an eastward shipment of gold compulsory. The domestic production of gold in this country is about six and a half millions a month. The winter crop of gold from the Klondyke is expected soon, so that the dearth of virgin gold is not likely to cause worry in financial circles and the necessity of drawing upon our own gold reserve in the Treasury at Washington is obviated.

THE HEROINE AT HOME

Laughter led many a battle host
While tears stayed home to pray:
God! was it brawn or prayer that most
Availed to win the day?

Is he alone of herokind
Who marches forth to kill?
Pray, what of her he leaves behind
Sad hearts and hands to fill?

No thrill of drum, no bugle's blare,
No thirst for blood or glory;
Only the world-old household care—
Life's homely heart-wrung story.

Yet what are all the wars that were,
Or hero's wars to come,
Save to vouchsafe sweet peace to her—
The heroine at home?

THE GREEN HANSOM CAB

By H. Palmer

THE coachmen shivering in the searching wind and the policeman swinging his arms on the curb looked up curiously at the tall lady who came running breathlessly down the steps of the Embassy. "Your carriage, Ma'am?"

"Mrs. Abbott."

"Mrs. Abbott's carriage!" shouted the man in uniform.

The woman cast a frightened glance behind her. "Oh, please don't!" she cried. "I had forgotten; I sent it home." Her eye ran down the line and was caught by a green hansom wedged among the more pretentious vehicles. She hurried toward it and sprang in, dropping her muff to the ground without knowing, in her haste.

The cabman hesitated. "The gentleman?" he said.

"Yes, yes," she answered nervously. "It's all right. Home as fast as you can drive!"

Now backing, now plunging, the horse forced a way through the jam and set off at a brisk pace. The lady, rigid on the cushions, stared with unseeing eyes into the steaming mist. "How pale he looked!' she murmured. "Has he been ill—wounded, perhaps? And I never knew it! There were white hairs about his temples. Poor boy! He didn't even know that I was there. Oh, my God! to think he should come home—and not to *me!*" Her voice had risen and broke in a sob.

The cabman opened his little window and peered down. The woman shivered, drawing back. Later she drew a locket from among the laces on her bosom and studied a miniature it held. As she gazed, the knot that had gathered between her eyes was smoothed away and her mouth melted into a tender smile.

"Yes, so like him," she murmured softly; "the same deep, faithful eyes, and the same proud lift to the chin——"

A rude jolt shook her from the land of dreams. The hansom was at a standstill in front of a small detached house, one of a row that stretched along a dreary, unfamiliar road.

"This is not it," she said to the waiting cabman.

"You told me 'home,'" he answered sullenly. "This is the place from which I took the gentleman."

"The gentleman?"

"Yes, the gentleman as hired me. You said it was all right."

"I meant to tell you to take me to Dupont Circle, West. Is it far?"

"Far? Why, ma'am, it's the other end of the city. You can pay me for the trip; I'll go no further."

"Certainly," she answered with composure, but suddenly made the discovery of the loss of muff and purse together. She uttered a faint cry. The cabby had noticed her hurried search, and, regardless of promises of double pay at the Circle, refused to stir. Then he grew so insolent that his fare was compelled to resort to another expedient. Leaving the vehicle, she mounted the stone steps before her. A sharp ring brought a man-servant to the door, and stepping within, she followed him in stately silence into the drawing-room and sank into an easy chair with a sigh of gratitude.

"Bless them, whoever they are!" she mused. "I'll rest a moment and then find a way to get out of this predicament with decency." But before the moment was over, another hansom had rattled up to the door, the door had clanged, a light foot swept along the oriental rugs, and a young man entered the room, suddenly stopping short to bow with much ceremony.

The uninvited guest arose. "Pray pardon this intrusion," she said gravely. "I am the victim of fate and a cabman."

"Either would be sufficient," he observed, smiling to ease her embarrassment, handing cane and gloves to the butler.

The stranger resumed her seat much relieved. This frank-faced gentleman looked like a "Big Brother to all the World," and she knew instinctively that help was there.

"Am I mistaken," he said, approaching nearer, "in thinking that I saw you at the Aylmar reception this afternoon?"

"No—yes, I was there," she murmured, the color rising in her pale cheeks.

"I should know you, of course," he continued, seating himself opposite her. "At least I hope so; but, in point of fact, I am only just home from three years in the Philippines."

"The Philippines?" she echoed quickly. "With the army?"

"Yes," he answered. The butler brought a laden tea-table without ceremony. The host drew it closer to his knee and again addressed his guest. "Will you make the tea?" he said with an odd mixture of deference and command.

She nodded.

The man's gaze lingered on the picture she made in the dim light: the small head crowned with the sweeping black plumes; the graceful shoulders and the white hands moving deftly among the fragile cups and silver jugs. A spark of light and the gleam of a plain gold ring below it caught his eye.

"Yes," he went on brusquely, "in the Philippines. Seventh Cavalry. Best regiment in the service. They're still out there, you know." She looked up, questioning. "Yes, I was lucky enough to get a detail home, I—and the other best fellow in the regiment—Captain Jack Abbott." He put out his hand instinctively to take the cup she was holding; but she was staring straight ahead and did not see.

"He wasn't as overjoyed at his homecoming as I was, poor fellow!" he resumed.

"No?" she murmured faintly, straining at composure. "He didn't wish to come? I used to know him," she added, making a brave show of indifference; but the teacups clattered ominously as she touched them.

"Indeed!" said the host. "A fine fellow through and through. I verily believe Jack Abbott is made of the same stuff as the everlasting hills. He married some six years ago—an ideal match, people said. However, I never saw her. But this I do know: she ruined his life."

"She—ruined his life?" the stranger guest echoed strangely.

"Yes. I think even I have a right to say so; it would be as much as a man's life is worth to mention her name in his presence."

"Oh, because—because he hates her so?" she ventured.

"Hates her? Lord, no! I wish he did. There would be a chance of his being cured then. On the contrary, much the worse for him, he still adores her."

A sudden flame glowed in the woman's cheeks and lighted the depths of the dark gray eyes. For the moment she did not trust herself to speak.

"He doesn't know himself what the matter was," he continued, yielding to the appeal of the shadowy eyes. "He thinks he wasn't clever enough, or worthy of her, or some rot of that kind. And I sometimes fancy he thought there was someone else in the case. He's too loyal to breathe even that, but when he's heard men talking carelessly—as men will—I've seen jealousy burning yellow in his eyes until they looked more like a wild beast's than a man's."

"Oh!" she moaned.

He went on unheeding: "Lots of women made up to him—the woman isn't born who wouldn't like him—except, of course, that one, it seems. But he wouldn't give them a glance. Do you know, I thought once——"

"Don't!" she broke in suddenly. "Don't say anything more; I can't bear it. I—I am—his wife!"

The man arose to his feet and stood all contrition. "His wife? Great God! I beg ten thousand pardons." He turned aside. "What can I do? Shall I go?"

"No, no!" she beckoned. "Stay! I can speak to you, I think. That is, if you will let me."

"My dear lady!" said the host, resuming his seat, "hospitality forbids me to deny you the request, even were I not interested, which, I assure you, I am."

The woman looked relieved. Confidence returned to her. "It was all my fault," she said firmly. "If you thought him jealous, I wonder what you would have thought of me? Nothing satisfied me; I questioned every act, tortured every word. And so many people loved him—all that endless Southern family. I grew to hate them; but one most of all; a cousin——" she stopped and a frown gathered.

"A cousin?" he prompted, bringing her back.

"Yes, a cousin, Alicia——"

"Alicia Buford?" said the host excitedly. "Why, didn't you know? He ought to have told you. But it was like him not to. I am Captain Dudley Scott, and Alicia and I have been engaged for five long years. Her mother won't hear of our marriage because of some ancient, moldy family feud, and Alicia won't defy her. So we wait, and trust to our faithful friends to help us out. When did you say it was—that time?"

"Four years ago."

"I was in Leavenworth then, at the school, and all my letters and hers went through Jack."

"And you are Dudley Scott?"

"Yes."

"Oh! oh!" she moaned, "and you haven't heard the worst! I thought I must punish him—pay him off in his own coin. So I let an odious man make love to me. He *was* odious, at least I felt that; but I led him on, and thought I was triumphing because—because I saw my dear love wince and suffer. It was diabolical, but——"

"Yes, I know. Jack wouldn't stand that," he agreed, helplessly, watching the tears streaming unheeded down her cheeks.

A sudden rattle of wheels drew the captain to the window. It was the green hansom. Naturally the woman was beside him. He pulled the curtain sharply, but it was too late. She had caught a glimpse of a tall man with a strong, sad face. "It is he!" she cried, darting toward the door. "I must go to him."

But the captain stepped between her and the exit.

"Why not?" she whispered hotly. "Didn't you tell me yourself that he—adores me?" She dropped her fluttering eyelids as she breathed the word.

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently. "But behold the situation! How shall we explain it?"

"Explain it?" she cried, glowing. "You shall tell him that you found me and brought me here to teach me to thank Heaven on my knees for a good man's love!"

"Hush! not so loud! You don't understand. These aren't my rooms."

"What?"

"No."

"For Heaven's sake, who's then?"

"Major Chiltern's."

"Major——" Her voice faltered with choking.

"What?" he stammered, suddenly inspired, "and he's—the man?"

"Yes. Let me go! Let me get away, quick!" she gasped, darting toward the door.

He caught her arm. "You can't go; there's only one hall, and one exit. But, courage!" he whispered, seeing how distracted she was. "It's all right if only Chiltern doesn't come back. Jack doesn't know. Let him think the rooms are yours."

"But Major Chiltern is sure to come. I have it. You must get out of the house and stop him. Do you understand?"

She had pushed him back into the inner room and closed the door securely. Another instant and her husband was gazing into her eyes, and everything was forgotten in the joy of being once more in his arms.

In vain she tried confession; he would have none of it. "Hush, dear," he whispered. "You love me, that is enough. Why recall the hateful past? It was a dreadful dream—let it go. Only promise me never, never again to doubt me."

"Will you promise me that, too?" she questioned, looking up into his eyes, her head thrown back across his arm.

"I will try."

"Only—*try?*" She was listening to the rumble of wheels; were they coming, or going?

"It seems such a miracle," he mused, "that you should care so much for me. How did I ever win you? But since I did, thank God I shall hold you!"

His arm tightened unconsciously to a fierce clasp, but she smiled. "You will not need to," she whispered. "How did you find me?" she asked, after a pause.

"I saw you leave the Embassy and tried to follow, but I lost you. Later I happened on that green cab. I knew it by the color. I questioned the man and he drove straight here. I paid your bill, by the by," he smiled.

"Yes, I lost my purse."

"In your haste to escape me! Yes, I know. And the boy? He is at the old home? I was going down to see him to-morrow. We will go together. I shall hardly know him. You have his portrait?"

"Yes."

"I know where it is, where you used to keep mine, so that you could reach it from your pillow. Oh, I haven't forgotten! Is this your room?" He rose and moved toward the door, but she was before him. "No, please!" she cried as she darted past him, half opened and closed it again. In that instant she caught Dudley's agonized face and gesture of despair. He had found no way out!

"Please!" turning about and facing him heroically. "I want you to see his dear face first when I lay the portrait in your hand. Kneel!" she commanded. Dutifully he sank upon one knee before her. "Now close your eyes and promise me that you won't open them. No, better still! I'll bind them with this scarf."

"What a dear, silly child!" he laughed, submitting.

"Yes, I know I am!" she answered, bursting into tears and throwing herself upon his breast. "But, dearest, if you could know how glad I am to be only a silly child again!"

She lay a moment with closed eyes, yielding herself to his soothing embrace. Then she lifted her head, crying out almost gaily, "Now, don't look, dearest, and I'll lead you!" She flung the door wide and advanced boldly into the inner room, one hand guiding her husband, the other beckoning imperiously to the man whose startled eyes met hers. Softly Dudley Scott crept back toward the open door and was soon in precipitous flight. Mrs. Abbott staggered forward dizzily a step or two, then drew a locket from her breast, opened it and laid it in her husband's hand.

"Look!" she whispered. Dropping her head upon his arm, she, too, gazed into the baby face that seemed to float before her as in a mist.

"The dear little man!" he said at last; "he has your mouth and eyes. But why—why are you trembling so? Ah, yes; this has been too much for you. Let us go home; we have just time to catch the train."

A moment later the green cab was rolling swiftly toward the Alexandra station. The tall gentleman and the pretty woman were side by side, on the cushions, silent, hand in hand, their shining eyes smiling out upon the driving rain.

A REMINISCENCE

By John Chalmers, Jr.

She sat apart, and with the measured rise
And fall of salt-wave cadences, sang low
A simply sweet old-time adagio
Of love, with lips melodious and eyes
Rich with the golden glow of twilight skies
When peace dwells there—the peace the sinless know.

I came upon her suddenly; and oh,
Beyond all mortal ken she seemed grown wise
By women's intuition. Then and there
In the full flush of worship, fast and quick
My kisses fell upon those temples fair,
Flushed cheeks and trembling lids, and with them thick
Came precious vows—ah, vows well-kept are they,
For that was just ten years ago to-day.

A street in old Panama

THE GREAT PANAMA ENTERPRISE

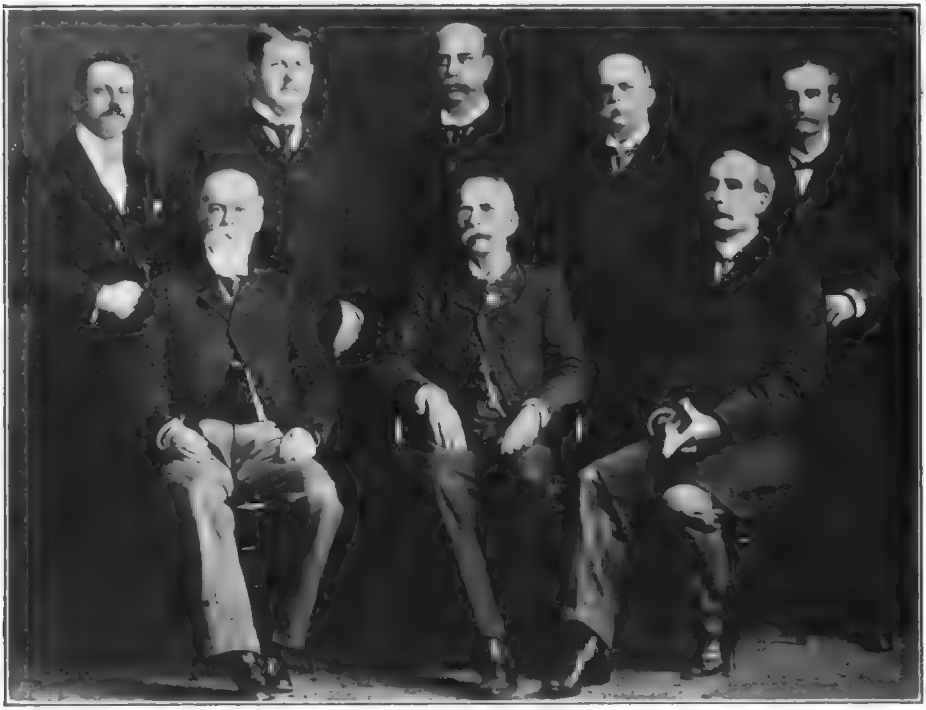
By Sylvester Scott

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE ISTHMUS

FOR a period of more than four centuries the idea of making a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, at its narrowest point of division, has agitated sea-faring interests, and stimulated brilliant minds both in engineering, finance, the navy and the marine service generally. Meanwhile the globe has been encircled with cables, thousands of miles of railroads have brought continents in closer touch with one another, and the great engineering feats of the modern Titans have progressed marvellously, while this little stretch of land has remained an obstacle to the marine convenience of nations, and has carried vessels from seven to a thousand miles out of their otherwise natural course.

Ever since de Balboa crossed the isthmus and realized that Western Europe and Eastern Asia were separated by such a narrow strip of land, the hunt for a waterway has been pursued. No river being discovered, steps were taken to make one. As early as 1520 the Spanish king provided for the making of an artificial waterway between the two oceans, but the enormous difficulties to be encountered were little realized. What the crudely-informed engineers of the time of Charles the Fifth thought would be easy, three centuries and a half later completely repulsed and bankrupted one of the most powerful combinations of modern times—the Compaignie Universelle du Canal Interoceanique—financiered by the money kings of France, with a corps of engineers headed by that master mind, de Lesseps, the successful builder of the Suez canal, and in every way equipped to attempt any feat of engineering conceived by man. And this task, which seemed to be so easy to the Spanish mariners, cost France one hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars, over seven hundred lives, broke de Lesseps' heart, and came within a hair's breadth of precipitating a *coup d'état*, the overthrow of the republic and the reëstablishment of the *ancient régimé*. Verily, the swamps of Panama, leading upward to the granite spine of the great continents north and south, speak a terrible history.

It took ten years to prove to the French



The President of the Republic of Panama and the principal Panamaians connected with the Canal enterprise

engineers what they could not accomplish—from the year '79 till '89—and it has taken fifteen more to settle the preliminaries incident to taking the work off the hands of the bankrupt French company. It will, so it is stated, require ten years more to complete the entire waterway so that it can be made available. Altogether, then, the project may be said to require an expenditure of energy and money, for a period of a quarter century will demand, probably, a thousand lives and a quarter of a billion dollars. Such are the colossal dimensions of one of the great undertakings of the world.

But the advantages are likewise compensating. Not only in naval warfare is the convenience of the Panama Canal seen to be of the highest importance, but the commerce of the world is facilitated beyond the limit of any one enterprise possible to vouchsafe. The route from New York to San Francisco by water is now about thirteen thousand miles, although the direct land route is something more than three. The Panama Canal will shorten this water-way by no less than eight thousand miles, or, in other words, the entire circumnavigation of the South American continent. Again, for a battleship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard to answer a summons to go forth to protect our new territorial interests in the Philippines now necessitates a run of nearly twenty thousand miles. After the canal is built, this distance will be scarcely more than eleven thousand. Carrying a vessel nine thousand miles out of its natural course at the expense of, perhaps, a thousand dollars a

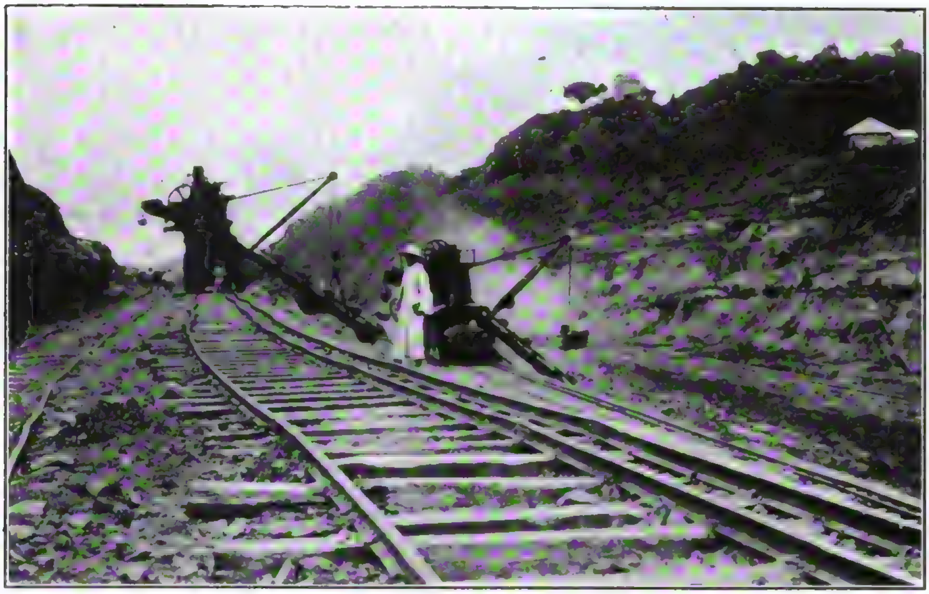
A native family under their own palm and bread-fruit trees

A section of the great ditch, looking to the westward from the Atlantic side

day, is seen to be a pretty heavy toll and well worth saving. And what is true of a battleship is a hundred-fold more true of the world's merchant marine.

It was in '76, just after the proven success of the great Suez enterprise, which cost a hundred millions of dollars, and yet which began to pour into the coffers of the owner a handsome revenue, that Lieutenant Wyse, of the French Navy, conceived the brilliant idea of the Panama route. He obtained a concession from the Colombian Government to that end. A company was formed under the title Société Civile Inter-

The excavations as seen from the Pacific side, showing the successive diggings



The excavating machinery employed in the canal work

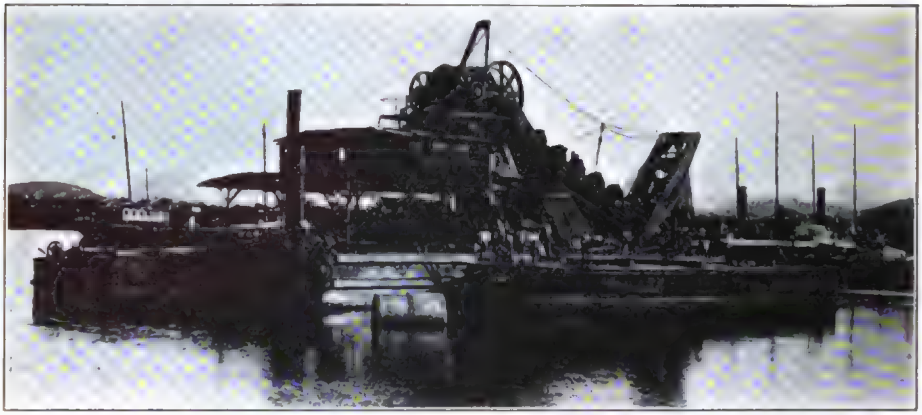
nationale de Canal Interoceanique. This company's grants and assets were all taken over by the new corporation which floated more than half a million shares of stock at the par value of five hundred francs per share.

For the following years the work was carried on under great mechanical difficulty abroad and financial difficulties at home. It was said that vast sums of money were diverted from the sources originally intended, millions were paid out in extravagant machineries that were practically useless, and scandals generally were rife. In the year '89 the company was forced by its enemies into the hands of a receiver, who attempted to proceed with the work, but public confidence was not so easily restored. Some of the greatest politicians and statesmen of the period were involved in a manner not altogether creditable, and there were bitterest recriminations everywhere, with duels and general disturbances resulting till Paris was on the eve of a general conflagration.

Extensions of time were granted by the Colombian Government again and again, but they were never able to overcome the popular prejudice and restore public faith. It remained for the United States to make overtures, with the end in view of taking up the tangled threads of enterprise and reuniting them to carry on the mighty project.

Examinations and surveys, preliminary to this task, were carried on by the United States Government, and the report rendered was in favor of the Panama Canal over that of any other of the southern republics of the Isthmus. The third French Canal company had now a practical control of the whole route. Not alone did the Government have to deal with this third company, but also with the Panama Railroad Company, which held a concession from the Colombian Government prior to that of Lieutenant Wyse. The Colombian Government had to be reckoned with also, and this was a matter of exceeding difficulty and most exasperating delays. So great was the fear that Panama would never get the benefit of the canal at all that the situation led to actual secession on the part of the Panamaians, and without bloodshed their own Government was independently established. A treaty was signed by the United States and the representatives of the new Government almost before the ink was dry on the constitutional document proclaiming Panama's independence, the United States giving Panama the sum of ten million dollars in gold, all of which to the last cent has been paid.

The purchase price of the interests of the French Company was forty million dollars in gold. This was probably less than one-



Some of the machinery which cost the French bondholders $12c,000,000

third of the actual money sunk in this disastrous ditch. The exact amount of losses to the French stockholders will never be known, but it is likewise true had not the United States taken the canal off the stockholders' hands, it would have been an utter and entire loss, for it is not likely that within the present generation any other government or company would have the courage to undertake so gigantic a task.

A bit of an interior lake on the canal route across country

By the law passed in June, 1902, the President of the United States becomes the chief sponsor of the new canal enterprise rather than any company or private individual. In other words, it is the nation's own undertaking, and intimately concerned every American citizen. The remainder of the work will be carried on by American engineers and, as far as practicable, citizen laborers. Improved machinery has made great advances in the last ten years, and obstacles which were then apparently unsurmountable have been overcome.

The advantage of these ten years of experience and invention will doubtless cut down the time estimate, so that it is possible that within eight years or even less the great leviathans of the sea will be seen moving in stately file through that dense tropical stretch of wilderness and stone which has separated the two oceans and connected the two continents from time immemorial, and which has defied the most ambitious plans of engineers and mariners since the time of Balboa and Charles of Spain.

THE ENCHANTED HARP

By Ellis M. Wilson

STRAINS of music came floating in through the open window, soft, caressing, borne on the wings of the sweet summer air. I listened with a strange, rapt pleasure. The scene, the surroundings, were all in accord; for was it not Venice, beautiful Venice, upon which our eyes rested?

The gondolas floating in the near distance seemed to move in unison with the rhythmical sound that filled all air and space. My eyes grew misty. An instrument was played by no novice hand, and every touch seemed to find its echo in my heart. I turned to my companion. He was pale as death.

"Ah! Francisco," I began; but he put up his hand to stop me, as he listened more intently for a few moments. Then slowly rising as with an effort, he walked to the window and deliberately closed it.

I exclaimed, "Are you mad?"

"No," he answered, looking at me with blood-shot eyes, "but I soon would be mad were those strains continued." He raised his hand. Already the sounds, indistinctly heard through the closed window, seemed to be growing fainter and still fainter, until at last they died away, like the sighing effort of an Æolian harp. My friend threw open the casement again; then he turned to me.

"I owe you some explanation, Frank," he said. "This is the twenty-first of June, is it not?"

I nodded. All was quiet. The gondolas moved beneath us with rhythmical grace. Sound was gone, but the spirit of the aria seemed hovering everywhere. Even my heart and brain seemed beating in unison with it. To me it was still present, though, as I say, all sound had ceased. My companion seemed weary and unlike himself.

"Shall I tell you my story?" he asked. "You look so dreamy with that music still hovering through your brain that I almost fear to add to the weird effect. You are fearfully imaginative, Frank. Yet—and yet, it is well said there are more things in heaven and earth than we dream of." Flinging his cigar, half burned, from the open window, he watched it sparkle ere it touched the glowing water. "Let the weirdness pass with that, and if you have patience, I will tell you an 'ower true tale.'"

Patience—it seemed to me inexhaustible just then. I could have listened all night with that scene before my eyes.

"It was twenty-one years to-night," began the soft Italian voice. "Ah, you start, my friend; but it matters not. Twenty-one years seem so much to you now in your early youth, but it is nothing to look back upon. Twenty-one years to-night, one of the most beautiful of God's creatures passed out into the unknown." He paused, then continued in the same strain. "It was one I had loved—but why should I talk to you of love? What do you know of it?—you who come from a nation so calculating, so selfish? there is no room for love in such natures as yours."

I let him rave—I always did.

"And yet, forgive me, my friend; for *she* was of your nation, and she loved—me."

I sat silent.

"Yes, Nina was an American. She came to Venice with her parents. She was just seventeen. Beautiful! Ah, I cannot describe her; I can only feel her beauty here—here! She left her image in my heart. My heart was young, then, soft and impressionable, and her eyes burned deep, deep into it. Ah, my friend, were I an artist I could paint her face life-like. I would need no model, for is she not ever before me?

"She was a born musician, and she loved the harp. I had always played the harp and loved it too. We met upon even ground when they asked me to be her teacher. For I, the last of one of our noblest Italian families, had turned musician and teacher, partly from love, partly—well, I had nothing. Even in Venice one must live, you know.

"Ah, what a pupil she was! Early and

late she played. And then, she would take her lessons in the gondola, gliding over the beautiful lagoons; sometimes in the evening, sometimes with her parents, or her mother; oftener, after a while, alone with me—for they trusted me. You Americans are not so particular; you are not so suspicious as we are.

"And she learned so quickly. Not I, who had practised almost from my cradle, could match her in the weird, supernatural tones of her instrument. Long we played and still longer played, and we neither of us knew that we loved—that is, until it was too late.

"She was a spoiled child, and an only one She would have her way. She would marry me, she said. But her proud mother said, 'No.' And her father—well, he insulted me—me, of the old nobility of God's fair Italy. But he was *her* father, so I forgave. Only strong love can do that.

"Well, they took her to Rome. She rebelled, but they took her. I did not see her. They would not have it, and I could not follow. Months passed. I do not dwell upon them—God knows, I cannot. I felt her spirit around me, even though her earthly presence was in Rome. Then I heard that she, the darling of my heart, was ill—ill with that terrible Roman fever which saps the strength of the strongest men. Ah, well I knew what this destroyer would do with a child like Nina!

"I wrote to her father. I begged that they would let me see her only for a moment. I promised it should be but once. Even my presence, I pleaded, might help her, for I heard that she called continually for me. But her mother returned my letter with cold, brutal words. Ah, such as she had never loved, never had the heart to know what love is!

"Well, and then—and then came the end, as I knew it must come. She died, her harp lying beside her—that harp upon which we had once played together! 'Send it to Francisco,' were her last words. But they did not, the vandals. It was a beautiful instrument, and her mother kept it, partly from remembrance of her daughter, partly because it was an ornament of value. But now the strange part of my story begins.

"That harp, which was such a satisfaction and yet such a deep grief for the parents who had robbed me, seemed animated almost from the first. When the pure spirit had passed from the body of my beautiful Nina, it seemed to enter into the harp which she had loved, and upon which we had both played so passionately, so thrillingly. The strings vibrated almost continuously with a weird, sepulchral sound. The very wood seemed to echo the sounds of the primeval forest whence it came. Strange, sweet melody—almost unearthly—filled the house at night and disturbed the sleepers. The sorrowing father and mother were entranced. They actually felt the presence of their own child in the spirit, and to know that that spirit could not rest. Then the father, with an intuition I scarcely should have expected of him, concluded that it was because her wishes had not been regarded. He proposed to send it to me, but the mother would not listen. 'It is too handsome. It is worth thousands of dollars,' she said. Ah! she was mercenary. One night, after playing that sad, sweet air, a strange sudden sound was heard in the drawing-room where the harp rested. They did not sleep that night for terror. In the morning the harp was found lying on the floor, broken, shattered. Its strings were all severed, its beautiful wood torn and scarred. It, too, was dead!

"Since then, every year these sounds come to me at this hour, and on this day. The spirit of the harp, and the spirit of her who played it, they come to me together; for they have found me at last. Many years, you say? Ah, love is immortal, and the love of my country is not as the love of yours. It is deep—it is lasting. It is love! Some day again, fear not, my friend, my Nina and I shall play that harp together. You see, they became afraid of it now and so they sent it to me, broken, ruined, valueless, as they thought, and—haunted. They did not know what worse might happen if they deferred longer.

They sent it to me, the dead thing, the wounded, broken thing; and I received it. I clasped it, I kissed the dear strings which her dearer fingers had touched, then I again put it together. Ah, it was indeed a labor of love! You see, Nina knew what I could do. She had seen me make a harp, we had stretched the strings together. She knew it would come to me after it was worthless to others; and that I would renew it. Do you understand? *She* knew."

Francisco drew aside a curtain and showed me the harp, the most beautiful my eyes had ever rested upon. It seemed to reflect a strange, supernatural glow from its polished surface, and its strings shone as though the setting sun touched them into life. But the sun had long since set, and the room I glanced around was in darkness. Then it played! . . .

I turned to my friend. His head was sunk upon his breast. I touched him. There was no response. His hand rested upon the beautiful harp, but his spiritual part had been wafted out on the soft measures of that sublime song—the song of eternal love.

I left Venice that night—Venice with its beauty, its gondolas, its romance, its mysteries. I shall never return again. I wish to carry the memory of the Venice of that hour through life, and I shall.

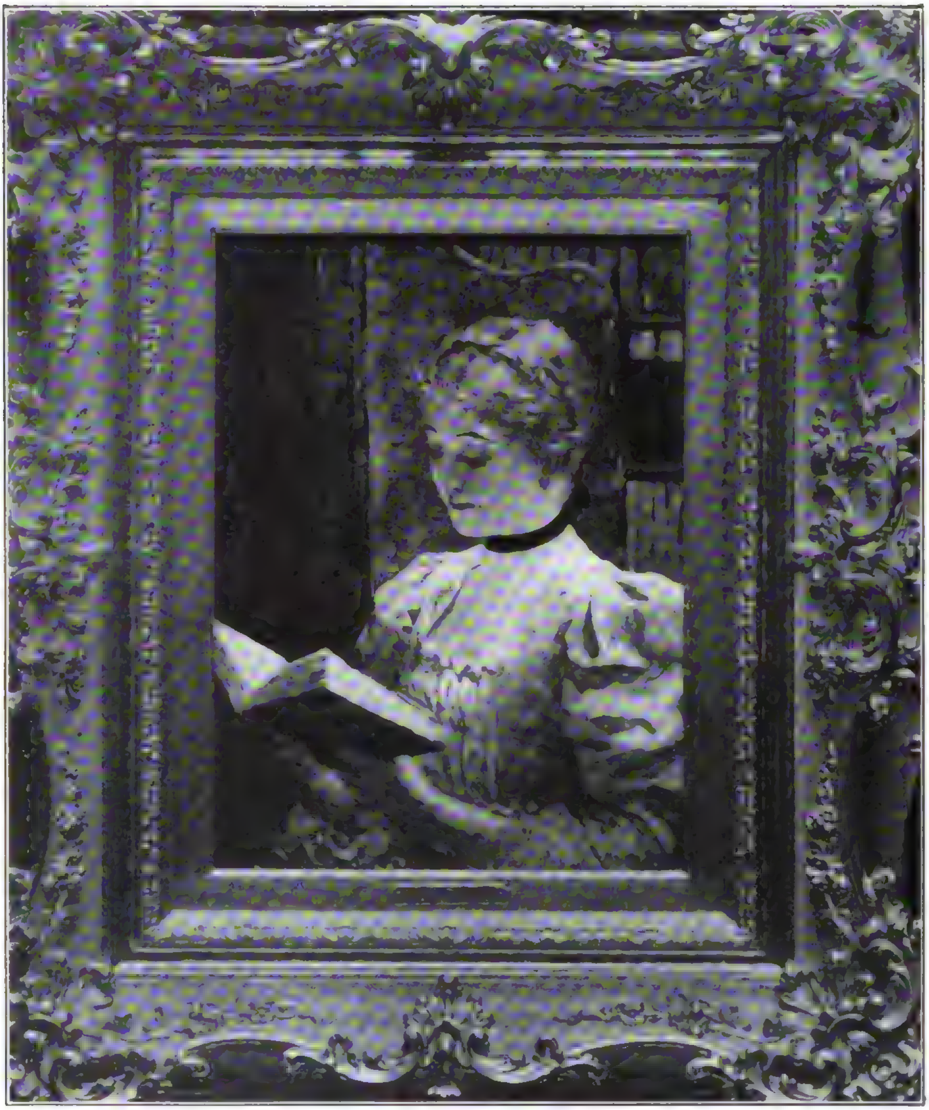
THE PRIME OF FEMININITY

By Geraldine Robinson

We love the lass of sweet sixteen,
With lips like dew-kissed cherries:
And pouts the dainty smiles between—
The very queen of fairies.
We feel a touch of new delight
When she develops later
Into a gay society-sprite,
Round, rosier and and straighter.

When twenty-five, a matron too,
She's fair to grace a story,
Girlhood has passed away; but oh,
Gaze on her added glory.
With thirty comes a calm repose,
A sweetness grave and stately;
What once she guessed of life she knows,
And men she knows innately.

But, ah, at thirty-five her life
Mellowed with joy and sorrow,
Stands best. How do I know—my wife
Is just that age to-morrow.
And love is now as love was then—
A mystery sublime, you see;
From sixteen to—no matter when,
She's always in her prime to me.



From a painting by Carroll Beckwith

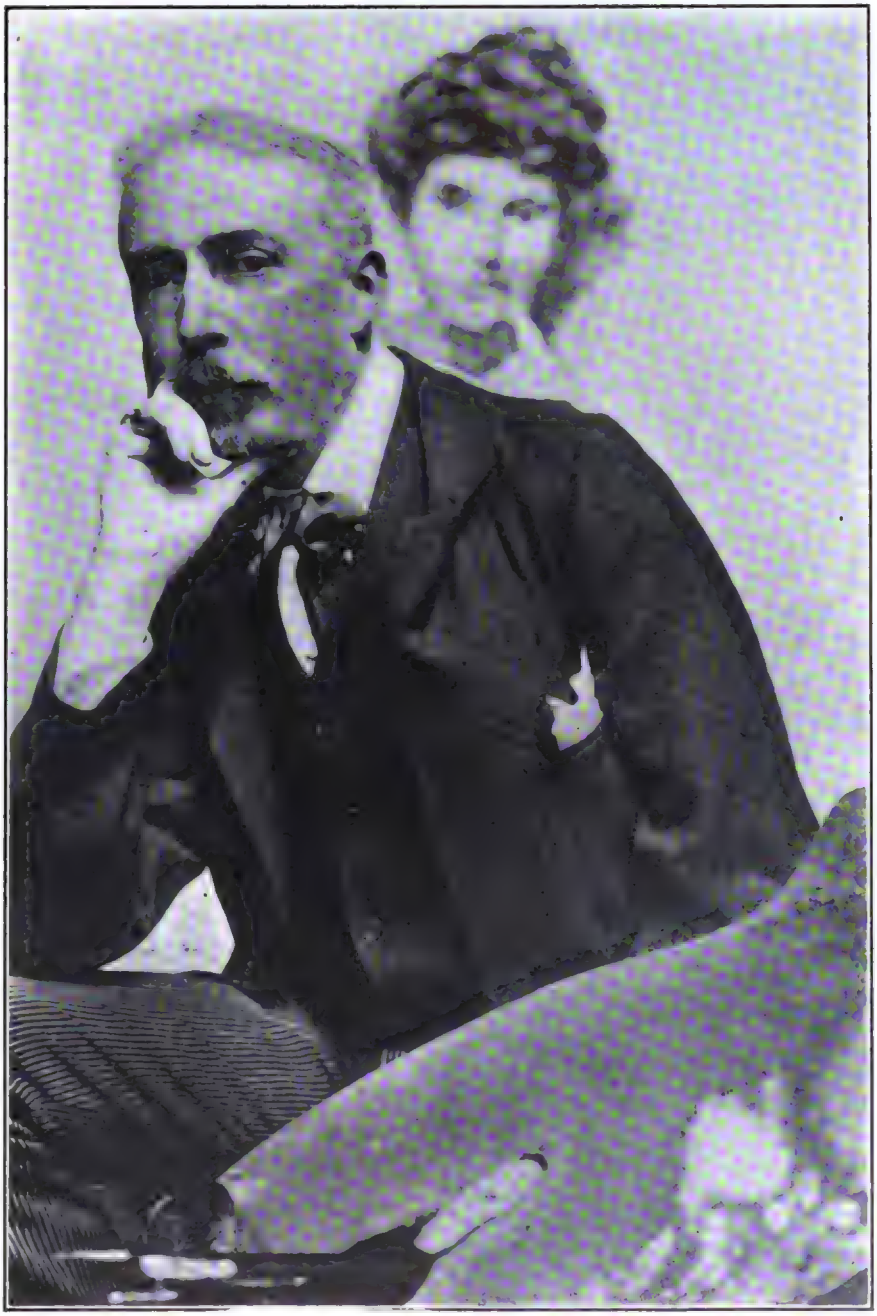
"In a Library"

DIRECT PORTRAITURE

By Carroll Beckwith

IT is my idea that the portrait should be direct, sincere and without accessories to direct attention from the portrait as the centre of importance.

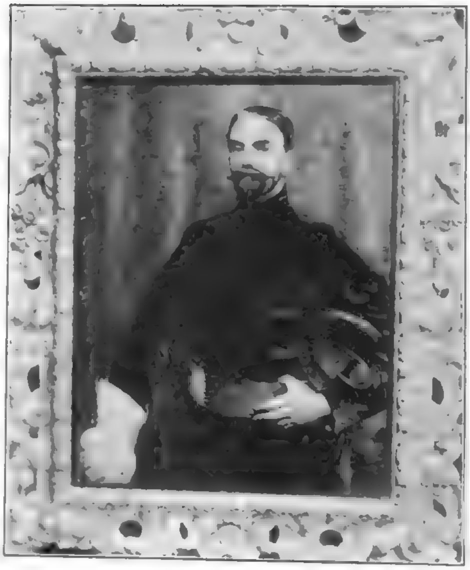
In studying the old masters, those great portrait painters, Valasquez, Rembrandt, and Van Dyke, one is amazed at their beautiful simplicity. The subject poses for his or her portrait frankly. The moment selected is one of definite repose in both attitude and expression. This moment acquires a beautiful dignity, it holds its own, so to speak, though centuries come and go.



The painter in his studio, from a recent photograph

These great color and form interpreters should be our models. That is to say, the artist should be inspired by their wonderful and eternal qualities, yet even these masterpieces should not be servilely imitated. The most humble artist who has served faithfully his years of apprenticeship should strive to assert his individuality.

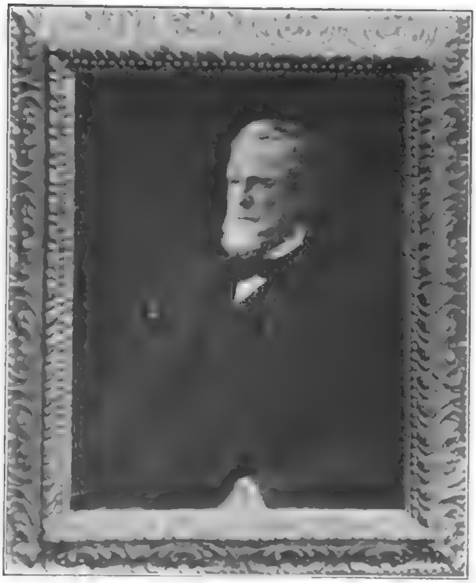
I recall when as a young enthusiast I first left the ateliers of Carolus Duran, my



The Fencer

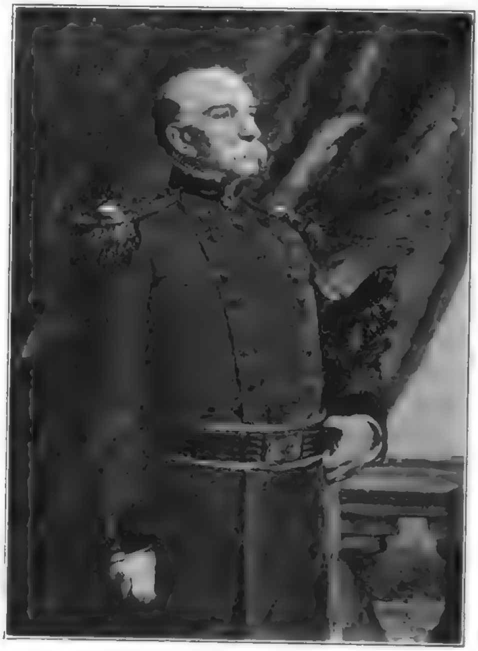
highest ambition was to follow in the footsteps of my beloved teacher. But little by little as I grew out of the experience of my student days, I evolved a style that possessed at least the sum of my own experiences as an artist and a man.

In portraiture, beyond all else, the individuality of the artist must not be submerged in an exaggerated effort to have the work wholly dominated by the individuality of the subject. The portrait is, and should be, the artist's point of view. Through his knowledge of human nature, through the technique and temperament of his art, it is his province to select that certain moment which appeals to him—what might be called "the portrait moment." It is the quality of selection, this divine right of the artist, that gives significance to the portrait.



Mr. D— H—

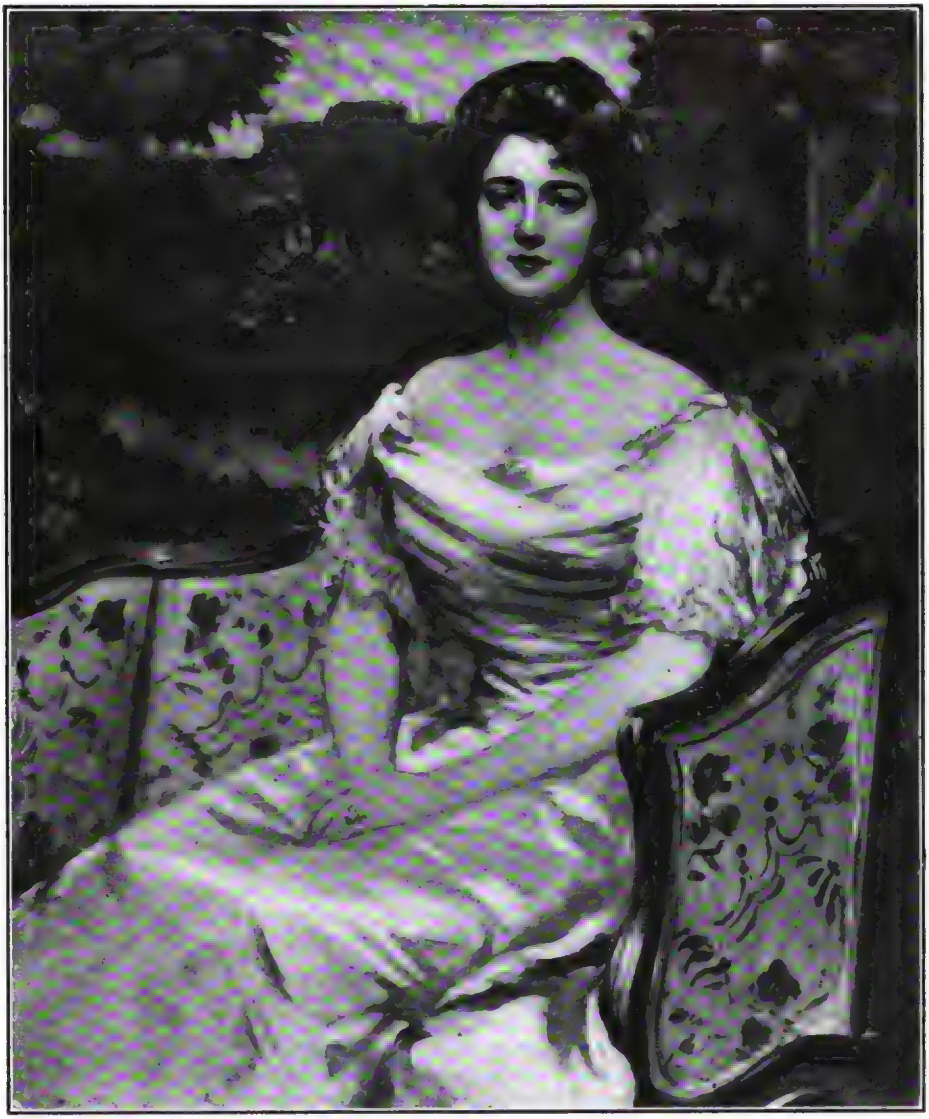
Since canvas endures, it is my conviction that a fleeting moment, a passing emotion, an emotional attitude, perhaps, best expresses my thoughts, is less convincing in the sentiment it evokes than a pose suggesting a restful defiance of time.



Portrait of the late General Egbert L. Viele

A smile, for instance, continually beaming from a canvas is apt to become wearisome even to those most familiar with the face, while an expression suggesting a possible smile makes a portrait companionable and sympathetic. In the same way a face that is touched with sorrow and even with tragedy, while retaining these characteristics, should not have them so emphasized that the portrait becomes a *mater dolorosa*.

A young girl is the embodiment of youth and freshness. But these facts are appar-



Portrait of a Lady

ent with so much directness that there is no reason why she should be forced to appear dramatically youthful.

The calm and repose of a high-bred woman, even though it be tinged with hauteur, should not necessarily be a somewhat aggressive study of those characteristics.

The placid charm of an elderly woman should not be treated as a type, however interesting the type may be, if treated otherwise than from the point of view of the portrait.

Direct portraiture is, first of all, the artist who must evolve the select moment from the material before him. This material is a soul peering with grave or smiling eyes through a human mask.

I like to point a woman quiet, composed, and I do not hesitate to add "silent." I like to see her hands at rest, her eyes mirroring something of her inner life, and her garb the symbol of her environment. I advocate the modern garb for the modern portrait. The quality that lives in a portrait is not centered in its accessories, although accessories if used with discretion add much to the grouping and general effect.

I like to represent a man serious and solid; face, attitude and bearing revealing the sum of his experience as a thinking being who aspires, struggles, and achieves. A beautiful woman is a delightful subject for the artist, but a man, his countenance lined and rugged—the virile type—is an experience dear to the heart of the painter who has gone through his struggles, too, and who has won his day only after a hard combat.

When I see young men enter upon an artistic career oftentimes with so little serious purpose, I cannot but wonder if they realize there is as much drudgery and routine in the art life as in a commercial life. I have two centuries of good old Connecticut behind me; it is a stock that won't accept defeat, else I might long ago have grown discouraged, especially in the first early days of discouragement. My delicate health which prevented my entering in the usual pastimes of boys, first drew me toward art. It was my only relaxation. At the proper time my father insisted upon my entering upon a commercial career. I obeyed him, but continued as best I could my art studies, encouraged and abetted by my dear mother. One day my father came to me and said, " Are you still bent upon being a painter?" "Yes," I answered, "it is my fixed determination." "Then, go to Paris and study. I will pay whatever is necessary, and don't come back until you can paint."

I remained in Paris five years, made a tour in Spain, and returned home familiar with the technique of my art—then began that second and most important training—the only one that counts, the working out of my art through myself.

I believe in American art and in the individuality of the American artist.

I lived in the student quarters of Paris—the one called Quartier Latin—for five years and I know whereof I speak. I know that at no time in my life have I worked with greater ardor. It was then and there that I learned the necessity and value of step by step drudgery in my chosen art.

I had indeed escaped the distasteful routine of a commercial life, but I soon discovered that to attain success in the art life, one must be willing to accept as routine as binding and imperious.

In art, too, there is no cessation of study and self-development. It is rarely that I let a year pass without a visit to the galleries of either France, Belgium, or Holland. I set my easel before some favorite painting, and for weeks I am absorbed in reproducing the work of some great master. Only the artist who undertakes the task of imitating as best he can these faultless lines, and these rich glows of color, can realize how much he has yet to learn from these incomparable teachers.

Last summer I discovered a marvellous canvas over the altar of an almost unknown church in Liege. The good priests allowed me to build a scaffolding around the painting, set up my easel, and copy their long hidden treasure. I spent a number of happy weeks painting there, perched high above the heads of the worshippers. I fulfilled the one condition imposed upon me by the worthy friars. It was that I should absent myself from my lofty seat on Saturday afternoons, when their faithful parishioners confessed their sins.

These vacations in European churches and galleries are my relaxation after a season of hard work in my own country. I am proud to be identified with the art of America, and there is no enterprise for the development of art in which I am not deeply and actively interested.

Our great national expositions, in which the American artist competes with the foreigner on an equal footing, have done much to foster the ambitious and arouse the inspiration of the American painter. I have always made it a point to exhibit at these expositions, and no more highly-prized honors have come to me in my career than those won on these national battlefields of art.

The New York Art Commission, of which I am proud to be a member, is taking a strong stand for the development of art in the beautifying of the city. This shows that an ideal, beyond pure commerciality, has been awakened and is demanding its right to be upheld.

The American artist who lives in his own country has many active interests outside of his studio work. Our art life is young, but it is vigorous, and needs but proper direction to evolve an individuality worthy of our national genius.

THE GRAY WOLF

By Edgar Welton Cooley

OUR canoe drifted swiftly down the Little Otter, through rapids, past dangerous whirlpools, into the open lake.

Black Lynx, the last of his tribe, tall, broad-shouldered, muscled with iron, wielded the paddle. In the lake he veered suddenly and shot the boat to the west through the blue waters.

I wondered, but made no comment. Black Lynx was white-haired; his face was as readable as a granite boulder, but he never acted without reason.

In a little moss-edged cove he landed and I saw him disappear under a fringe of firs. I waited many moments; then I followed him, pushing my way through a thicket of blackberries and wild grapes.

Finally I emerged into a small, open space in the center of which was an earthen mound, about as large as a grave, covered with tall grass and the decayed leaves of years. Black Lynx lay flat upon his face, his hands resting upon the heap of earth, his head buried in his arms.

My footsteps caused him to raise his head; his face, seamed and wrinkled, trembled in its passionate savagery. I withdrew, embarrassed as one who has unwittingly intruded upon another's privacy, and a few moments later he joined me in the boat. I watched him as we swept onward to our camp on the headwaters of the Ningtosang, and always in his eyes was the look of one who gazes across far prairies.

After our coffee and venison, we sat in the light of the camp fire, smoking our pipes, I with my back to a tree, he in his big, blue blanket. Presently I said: "Tell me, Black Lynx, about the mound in the big grass."

Black Lynx did not move his gaze from the far line of the lake's most distant edge, gleaming silvery under the moon. He did not answer at once. He only smoked in silence. But after a long time he wrapped his blanket a bit closer about him and spoke. And this is what he said:

"There was once a woman of the Rosebuds, and there was a warrior of the Sissetons. She had a name, but he gave her another. To him she was Kin-ne-Wanda —the South wind that blows the wild rose into blossom. She lived with her father in an Indian village to the north of here, many miles.

"He saw her first when he came with a winter's catch of furs from the far waters of the big lakes. He met her on the trail in the woods, and she was startled and fled like a frightened doe. He did not follow, but his heart went with her—went with her to her father's teepee.

"He traveled to the southward for two days' journey and then could go no further for dreaming of Kin-ne-Wanda. So he returned and laid his furs at the feet of her father. There were many skins in the pack—some black fox and mink and beaver and otter—and they were worth much money.

"Kin-ne-Wanda's father was much pleased when he saw them, and placed his daughter's hand in the hand of the Sisseton warrior. Kin-ne-Wanda bowed her head on her breast and sighed—many times she sighed—but the Sisseton brave was all eyes and no ears. To him she was as beautiful as the purple shadows between the hills.

"So he brought her here, and yonder, where that dead tree leans over the water, he made a canoe and they went down the Ningtosang half a day's journey. There he built a teepee out of the boughs of the big-leaf oak.

"It was in the late autumn, and already the snow had commenced to spit and the creeks to have thin crusts at daybreak. In a few weeks the snow was white everywhere under the trees, and you could walk on the Ningtosang.

"Trapping was good that winter, and the Sisseton warrior was gone many, many hours every day. So he did not see the winter in the eyes of Kin-ne-Wanda. Always he thought of her as cutting willows or weaving baskets, and believed she was glad and cheerful. Instead she remained in her teepee singing the song of the broken-hearted.

"Back in the Rosebud village, whence Kin-ne-Wanda came, was a young brave who had loved her many moons. His name was Push-a-Taw. It was for him that Kin-ne-Wanda sighed and sang this song of sorrow. It was because of the words he had spoken to her under the trees at the head waters of the Otter that there was winter in her eyes instead of the gleam of the sun on the prairies.

"One day the Sisseton warrior saw the print of moccasins in the snow. They were the moccasins of a Rosebud brave and the toes were pointing towards his camp on the Ningtosang.

"He saw the footprints of one who walked in stealth; for they followed not the open trail but crept from tree to tree. So the Sisseton warrior made a wide circuit to a hill above his teepee.

"The moon was bright and the trees threw tangled shadows upon the snow, but he saw Push-a-Taw and Kin-ne-Wanda walking slowly by the frozen river. And on her upturned face was a smile he never before had seen.

"The Sisseton became wild with a great madness, and his fingers played with his knife. There was murder in his heart, but he took counsel with himself. He thought it would be better if the body of Push-a-Taw were found nearer the Rosebud village.

"For many miles he followed back upon the trail, then waited. Little gray clouds began to fly past the moon and the blizzard wind came suddenly out of the north.

"But before the great storm broke with all its white-darkness, Push-a-Taw came along the trail and the Sisseton's knife cut deep into his heart.

"Push-a-Taw stepped back suddenly with a cry as he saw Vengeance standing before him, and reached at his belt for his knife. But the blizzard, Wahkandah, slapped him in the face and blinded his eyes, and then whirling, gathered up the loose snow in its arms and tossed it, a white blanket, over his dead body, while the Sisseton warrior stole away through the gray darkness, a cut from the Rosebud's knife across his scalp, in the edge of his hair.

"All the way over the trail to his teepee, the Sisseton warrior put his shoulder against the biting wind, and it took him many hours to make the journey. He could have passed another within two steps and not known it, so heavy was the stinging cloud of snow tossed by the blizzard wind. After her walk with Push-a-Taw, Kin-ne-Wanda returned to her teepee and waited the coming of her husband. Again the winter came into her eyes, and again she sang the sorrow song.

"The moan of Wahkandah, the blizzard storm, called her to the door in dread, and she glanced out, shading her eyes with her hand. But she shuddered and drew back, for through the white-blackness she saw two fire balls—the eyes of a solitary wolf.

"Many times, hearing the dismal, lingering cry of the wind, she glanced out across the snow, and always the eyes of the gray wolf were gazing at her.

"The silence of the forest became unbearable. Those gleaming balls of fire seemed the fires in the far-off Rosebud village. They seemed beckoning her, and she folded her blanket closer about her and passed out into the storm.

"And as she advanced, the wolf retreated before her. It was mighty cold—the Ningtosang froze to the bottom that night, but she did not notice it. The wolf led; and she, staring at its hungry eyes, followed after, drifting with the rush of the wind. In and out among the trees she trudged. She passed from sight of the fire in her teepee and no light was visible save the glaring fire-eyes of the wolf.

"Far into the night she journeyed, her cheeks pressed against the ice-heart of the storm. Somewhere, on that awful night, Kin-ne-Wanda and her husband passed each other on the trail. But neither knew.

"After many weary miles, the gray wolf paused and faced her, sitting on its haunches. Kin-ne-Wanda was frightened, and sank, weak and trembling, upon the snow. One hand touched the body of a brave, and the cloud of snow parted an instant, letting the moonlight fall upon his upturned face. It was Push-a-Taw, with a blot of blood upon his breast.

"Kin-ne-Wanda threw herself upon the body of her lover with a cry that was like laughter—a cry that was lost in the rush of the wind.

"For three days and three nights Wahkandah, the storm, rode through the forest. Then the snow settled white and glistening under the bowed branches of the trees, and braves from the Rosebud village found the bodies of Kin-ne-Wanda and Push-a-Taw. Her arms were around his neck and a smile was on her face. So they buried them—there, where the big grass is."

Black Lynx arose to replenish the fire. As he stirred the embers, the warm air, rising, blew the white hair back from his forehead, and I saw a long and livid scar across his scalp.

Then a melancholy wail came from far in the forest. Black Lynx started suddenly, and his face quivered an instant with savage passion. It was the cry of a gray wolf.

CONTRASTS

By Etta Fisher

O Sea, thou all-challenging, sovereign sea,
Leaping like Titans from Hades set free,
Marshaling cohorts of purple and green,
Ermined with foam, most majestic in mien!
Worshipful ever I stand on thy shore,
Held by the spell of thy trumpeting roar—

Then dream of thy wreck-glutted caves deep and lone,
Where thousands lunge darkling unwondered, unknown.

O Mountains, snow-mitred in tempular dawn,
Over thy forms cloud-canonicals drawn,
Lifting thy rite to the God-symboled sun,
Constant since man's early cycle begun.
Grateful we lift up our orisons fond,
Wondering if heaven be not just beyond—

Then sigh for the labor-rent martyrs that rest
Unmarked in the night of thy ore-laden breast.

O City of life, of all riches and pride,
Fair to the eye as a New World bride!
Maelstrom of millions, the vortex of gold,
Haven of genius and triumphs untold;
Low to the dream-god of Progress I kneel,
Awed by this marvel of brains, stone and steel.—

Then pity the souls in this crush of unrest,
Who hunger to love and be loved, all unblest.

"Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!"

THE CALL OF THE SURF

By Sylvia Barrett

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREUND BROS., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

SOCIETY has decreed from time immemorial which are the fashionable seaside resorts, leaving the many others to bear their burden of unpopularity with as becoming dignity as possible.

It was now this watering-place, and now that which received this imperial distinction, and great was the joy of the hotel proprietor, the tradesman, and all of the thousand caterers to public convenience and taste when a certain resort received this mark of distinction, while numerous were the "incendiary" fires and loud the wailings of bankruptcy when a withdrawal of the patronage of Dame Fashion lifted the seal of approval from some seaside resort that had long enjoyed it.

However, at present the tendency is toward a wide catholicism of choice in the matter of a seaside summering, and the fact that Mrs. Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer Astorbilt will or will not spend the season at a certain seaport or surf village is not received with any very serious comment.

Making a yearly trip to the seaside is no longer the exclusive privilege of the rich. Moreover, the tremendous multiplication of people of wealth in the new generation has

On the beach

The crowd at Atlantic City

had a tendency to lift the veil of exclusiveness of certain resorts, and, therefore, to cause them to lose their elemental attraction—namely, first of all, distinctive exclusiveness, and, second, a display of preponderant wealth in the many ways that are open to the ambitious at a seaside rest-cure.

The witty Oliver Herford signalized the Waldorf-Astoria as the one place in New York built "to afford exclusiveness to the masses." The same cannot be said of Newport, perhaps, but nevertheless the masses seem to have appropriated its exclusiveness to their own interest, and to such an extent as to give color to the rumor that scores of the founders and perpetual sojourners who have helped to make Newport famous to the world have decided to abandon this most fashionable seaside center of the past two generations in order to avoid personal contact with people whose success in hog or hominy has made them feel entitled to a seat of glory and honor beside the very elect.

Fresh-air children at the surf

For that reason we find all of the resorts from Cape May to Bar Harbor patronized by former members of the very inner circle of Newport society, for the "call of the surf" has been to the mighty many, rather than to the few, and many are chosen.

Millions upon millions of dollars are spent every year in providing more suitable accommodations and increased delights to the seaside visitor.

Within the past few years desirable property along seashore fronts has increased tremendously in value, sometimes from three to twenty fold. This has necessitated making the property productive of

Frolic on the beach

income and justified the establishment of immense hotels, palatial cottages, and enterprises for all sorts of amusements and recreation for all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. This has also furnished industry to hundreds of thousands and kept in motion vast floating sums of money.

The seaside cottage is nowadays merely a cottage in name. In reality some of them

Dulce far niente

are far more pretentious than those occupied by their owners within the confines of the great cities.

It is here that large house-parties are given, and where over a vast territorial estate every sort of pleasure and sport is hugely enjoyed. The Harvard undergraduate who telegraphed his mother that he was "bringing a few friends down to their cottage to spend a few days' vacation" and who was asked in reply "not to bring more than sixty or eighty, as there was already quite a houseful," did not illustrate an extraordinary situation in modern millionaire life.

Many of the private country seats along the Jersey shore, Long Island's south side, or along the coast of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, can bestow hospitality upon one hundred or three hundred guests at once with considerable ease.

The magnate who has money to spend in large measure in entertainment of his friends vies with the lords of the seaside manors of England, the Crœsuses of France, and the nobility of Europe whose villas gleam white along the wooded crests of the Riviera overlooking the blue Mediterranean. In fact, foreigners are amazed at the sumptuousness of the American Midas's seaside hospitality, and the latter's purchase of the valuable properties along our boundless shores has done much to cause a colossal seaward exodus from the great sweltering centers of population.

But it is not only the rich who enjoy the sea, as may be attested any day at such popular resorts as Atlantic City, with its vast recruiting from Philadelphia, Trenton and elsewhere, and the stretch from Sea Gate, including Coney Island, Brighton, Manhattan, and the Rockaways, to Long Beach, call thither on every working day an average of 50,000 people, and on Sundays and holidays the enormous aggregation of a quarter of a million.

Cheap fares have had much to do with the vast response to the call of the surf, particularly out of the metropolis. When it is possible for five or ten cents to leave the heated tenements and the boiling asphalt for the breeze-swept beaches, the response to this call includes the lowliest as well as the many thousands of moderate means. Besides this there are scores of charitable bodies whose function it is to offer this kindly refuge to those who have not even the small price of transportation to spare out of their bread winnings. These give to a great poverty-stricken populace a life-saving succor in time of depressing and

Hailing her friends

Posing in the surf

disease-breeding heat. Particularly to the children is this generous expedient a beneficent institution, indeed, and receives on every hand the most cordial support. Probably a million dollars would not cover the money actually expended in New York City every summer for the benefit of thesick and burdened poor, particularly the mothers and children. It is certainly a great blessing that the call of the surf is so near and clear that it may be answered by the humblest even without money and without price. Indeed it is the project of the present municipal administration to provide even more ample and perfect accommodations for the people of New York, reserving vast stretches of beach with view to providing free bathing facilities and a great playground for the benefit of the poor. Such an enterprise meets with the approval of all sociologists and economists as well as the charitably inclined, for it has been proven that the more the city pays to prevent disease, the better.

The life-saving crew

"THE POPE OF THE POOR"

By William S. Walsh

THERE is no institution on earth at once so democratic and so aristocratic as the Roman Catholic Church. It possesses a Pope and a hierarchy whose claims to reverence have the sanction of a great antiquity and the acquiescence of more than half of all the Christians in the world.

The family of Pope Pius X, grouped before his birthplace at Riese

This clerical aristocracy is not hereditary and is continually being recruited from every rank and station in life. The Princes of the Church may have been paupers yesterday, and, indeed, even today few of them are in receipt of any princely income.

The official insignia of the head of the Church is a tiara or triple crown, indicating that he is greater than a king, yet his office is an elective one and he may be chosen from among the lowliest of the people. It may not be generally known that, theoretically, any Catholic layman in good standing, and without any canonical impediments, may be elected Pope by the College of Cardinals.

In practise it is true that custom and tradition direct the Cardinals to confine themselves to their own body. But this custom and this tradition are not unbroken, and a precedent, once set, may be returned to at any moment.

Remember that it has been a tradition

now for centuries that the Pope should be a member of some of the aristocratic families of Italy. But Sixtus VI was a swineherd, and Pius X, the present Pope, is of extraction almost equally humble.

His grandfather was a private in the Papal army under Gregory XVI. His father was a peasant in the village of Riese, near Venice. He himself betrays in his large and bony hands and feet the fact that the generations before him were trained to manual rather than intellectual labor. It has been said that in his boyhood little Beppe often begged for pennies in the highways, as is the frequent custom of the raggazzi of his own class.

Beppe, mind you, and not Beppo. The name itself is significant. As St. Patrick is the patron of Ireland, so San Giuseppe (St. Joseph) is the patron of Italy. As such his name is a favorite one for parents, especially in the lower classes, to select for their children.

Indeed, among the Italian peasantry, Giuseppe (contracted into Beppe) is almost as common as Patrick (contracted sometimes into Pat and sometimes into Paddy) among the corresponding classes in Ireland. Hence the Italian Beppe is a correlative for the Irish Paddy, and like the latter is a sort of nickname for the lower orders in the country.

Beppe, I say again—*not* Beppo. In English-speaking countries we resolutely but wrongly substitute the *o* for the *e*. It was Byron, with his defective ear, who first misconceived, the name and as "Beppo" made it famous among us by his poem of that title. After him came Adolphus Trollope with his novel of "Beppo the Conscript." The error reappears continually in the pages of Ouida and other novelists who treat of Italian life. Really, it is almost like writing Paddy with any other vowel than the final "y."

Amid the splendors to which he has arisen, Pius X remains a democrat at heart, just as he was when a country curate in his native province, when Bishop of Mantua, when Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice from 1893 to 1903. As Cardinal his duties occasionally called him to Rome, but he took no pleasure in his visits thither. Questioned once as to how he liked the gorgeous ceremonials, he answered simply: "They don't appeal to me. I felt like a fish out of water."

His family are as simple and unspoiled as himself. He wanted his mother to come and live out the last years of her old age in his home. She refused on the ground that it was too magnificent for her. The magnificence, such as it was, was purely exterior.

The Cardinal-Patriarch cared only for the plainest furniture, the humblest surroundings. Two of his sisters kept house for him. He had no need for other servants, nor for other affection. They and their married sister, Signora Teresa, who still resides at the old homestead in Riese, have always worshiped him.

In 1902, when the eyes of the whole world were upon Venice, in connection with the fall and the restoration of the St. Mark campanile, the Cardinal-Patriarch of course officiated at the blessing of the new foundation stone. All his sisters attended the ceremony, sitting on folding-stools in the square of St. Mark, making lace and chatting with the wives and daughters of the gondoliers.

Venice took the Patriarch to her heart. All classes of citizens revered him as a public benefactor, and reverenced him as a saint. His modesty, his charity, and his never-failing sympathy with human suffering won all hearts.

His tastes were simple, though refined. He would rise at five o'clock in the morning both in winter and in summer, and after celebrating mass at six and breakfasting, would take a trip to the Lido, accompanied by his secretary, Bressan. At eight he was back in his palace prepared for work and accessible to every one. At noon he would sit down to a frugal lunch, cooked and served by his sisters.

Now it should be remembered that in the Catholic hierarchy a Patriarch stands higher than an Archbishop. There are many archbishops. There are only three Patriarchs—the Patriarch of the Indies, the Patriarch of Lisbon and the Patriarch of Venice. They come next in dignity to the Pope. Then comes the Primate, then come Archbishops, Bishops and Suffragans. The Patriarchate of Venice has the additional dignity of priority in point of time. Its immense antiquity was proved when the Italian Government sought to contest

Photograph by Ferrato, Treviso, Italy

Pope Pius X,

From his most recent portrait

the transfer of Bishop Sarto to Venice, on the ground that they had not been consulted. Thereupon historians and antiquarians set to work and were soon able to demonstrate that the Patriarchate of Venice antedated the ancient Republic of Venice, which had only enjoyed the right of nomination as a temporary privilege that could not be bequeathed to its successor, the Kingdom of Italy.

In June, 1903, only two months before Pius's elevation to the pontificate, the King of Italy came to Venice to open the International Art Exhibition. His Majesty issued orders that the Patriarch should be given precedence over all the local authorities. It happened, however, that Sarto arrived while the King was in conversation with the Prefect of Venice.

The latter is the highest civil official in the province. Cardinal Sarto said he would not disturb His Majesty, refused to be announced and remained in an antechamber, affably conversing with the generals and admirals assembled there.

As soon as the King learned of the Patriarch's presence he came out to the threshold of the chamber to receive him. Ushering him into the audience room he there kept him in conversation until the Patriarch was ready to go and then left with him in a gondola, while all the soldiers and guards rendered military honors to Cardinal Sarto.

Though Venice loved and reverenced her Patriarch, she had little real expectation of seeing him elected Pontiff—as little, indeed, as he had himself. But among her humbler citizens there were those who had hopes, or one might almost say fears. The gondoliers freely prophesied when he left Venice to attend the conclave that he would never return.

"But when he becomes Pope," they added, "he will surely open wide the gates of Paradise for us all, if only that he may have the pleasure of seeing us again."

As a homely indication of his own desires and expectations, Cardinal Sarto said to those around him, as the people raised their voices in hurrahs when he stood in the Venice railway station awaiting the train for Rome:

"Why are they shouting? I shall come back. See, I have bought a return ticket."

His sisters went on with their quiet household duties when he was in attendance on the conclave. They paid little attention to the rumors which flew hither and thither. But one day they were summoned to the telephone and informed that their brother had been elected Pope.

At first they refused to believe it, fancying they were the victims of some practical joker. When at last they were convinced the news was true, their first emotion was one of regret.

"Poor Beppe," they said, "they will kill him if they keep him shut up there in the Vatican."

So their first thought was that they must rush to his assistance. It was not until September 7th—a month after the election—that they were able to carry out this intention. The railway company put a special parlor car at the service of the ladies and the chaplain, Monsignor Bressan. They boarded the car in the highest spirits.

"We are going to see Beppe," they said. "He needs us over there."

But when they met him the sisters were disappointed.

"Why, how well you look!" said one of them. "You haven't needed us at all."

"My dears," retorted the Pontiff, "I am always your Beppe, "but I am doing very well here."

The two unmarried sisters remained in Rome, a special apartment being assigned to them in the Vatican. Signora Teresa returned to her home in Riese. Her husband carries on a small tobacco store. When a priest asked her whether her husband would not now give up his trade, she replied:

"Oh, no; my husband and I will stick to business. Beppe wishes us to work. He says that people who don't work don't deserve to eat. Besides, now that he is Pope he has got God's people all over the world to look after."

She was right. Already Pius X has earned the title of *Il Papa dei Poveri*, the "Pope of the Poor."

In the conclave he was one of at least three cardinals—Di Pietro and Capacelatro—who were resolutely determined to refuse the Papacy. It was only at the earnest intercession of his friends that he yielded slowly, reluctantly, but with painful consciousness. When he was crowned with the triple tiara in the most magnificent basilica in the world he bore a very human heart under the magnificent ceremonial robes—costing, it is said, nearly a million of dollars—prescribed for the occasion.

All over the walls of St. Peter's notices were posted that no applause should be given at any stage of the ceremonies; but it is pleasant to note that when the seventy thousand people who had congregated into the church and who had controlled any expression of emotion for hours suddenly broke out into cheers and applause at the climatic moment of the actual assumption of the tiara, the Pope, though he started and trembled at first, beamed out a smile of genuine pleasure. The spontaneity of the tribute had relieved it of all suspicion of mere formalism.

And so it has been ever since he has assumed the actual duties and responsibilities of the Papacy.

One of the first private audiences granted by the new Pope was that to the Mayor and other municipal authorities of his native village of Reise. These good honest rustics, none of a grade superior to that of the contadino or peasant, made a picturesquely incongruous group in the gorgeous setting of the Vatican. They were themselves conscious of the incongruity, and stood huddled together twirling their hats in uneasy fingers. The good Father came graciously to their assistance.

"Come here and sit next to me," he said.

He soon had them all thoroughly at their ease and chatting volubly in the Venetian dialect. He himself led the conversation, asking about this or that old or young friend of his family.

"Throughout my entire career," he explained, "I remember with joy and emotion my own youthful days among you. They were the happiest days of my life."

When the delegation sought to express their gratification at the great honor which had been conferred upon their native village through the election of Cardinal Sarto the Pope replied:

"I cannot yet realize it. On coming to Rome I was so sure of peacefully returning to my Patriarchate at Venice that I bought a return ticket. I am entirely unprepared for the position forced upon me, and though I am working very hard it will take time before I shall feel that I can thoroughly accomplish my mission."

As almost his first private audience was to the democratic citizens of Reise, so his first public audience was to a deputation of pilgrims—headed by Cardinal Gibbons—who hailed from the great democracy across the seas. And it is significant that in welcoming these American Catholics he expressed not only his love and affection for their country, but also his trust in its great destiny and his belief that the light which comes from the United States will rejuvenate Europe.

An acute French correspondent who was recently granted an interview at the Vatican recognized that modesty is the most pronounced of the Papal characteristics. "His humble attitude," says M. Theodore Cahu, "is that of a man who doubtless every day in his prayers asks pardon of God for representing Him on earth."

In accordance with this humble self-estimate he has done his best to abolish as much as possible of the punctilio and ceremonial which make life a pageant at the Vatican.

Audiences can be had for the asking. He prefers walking unattended to using his sedan chair. He selected a secluded room for his own private apartment in the Vatican, and brought up his own plain furniture from Venice.

The Pope's day is a long one. It is regulated, like that of a convict, by implacable rule. Pius X rises at a quarter past five. He dresses himself alone. He dispenses entirely with the services of a *valet de chambre* or body servant.

At a quarter past six he celebrates his mass in the third-story chapel near his bedroom. He is assisted by one or the other of his two chaplains—Monsignor Bressant, an amiable and agreeable little man, or Monsignor Piscini. After finishing his own mass he assists at a mass offered up by his chaplain. Nobody else is present while these masses are being said.

Breakfast is served at half-past seven. As already noted, Pius refuses to follow tradition in eating alone. It is said that some of the more conservative priests of his household, wedded to tradition as they are, veiled their faces and predicted that the end of the Papacy, if not the end of the world, was imminent, when it was found that Pius X had established the custom of breakfasting daily with his two chaplains—contrary to a rule that has descended from immemorial antiquity.

After breakfast the Pope works alone until nine o'clock, when he descends to the second story, receives his secretary of state, gives audiences and reads the newspapers and the most important of the innumerable letters which come to him every day from all quarters of the globe. It takes hard work on the part of four secretaries to open, classify and answer these letters.

Dinner occurs at one. After dinner come the *siesta* and an hour or so of communion with the Pope's favorite books, the Bible, the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, etc. At half-past three comes a walk in the porticoes or in the garden. The "prisoner of the Vatican," careless of formalities and of official dignity, enters readily into conversation with such visitors as he may meet on the walk. He tries hard to conjure up for himself an illusion of that liberty which is still denied him by convention.

At half-past four he recommences work and resumes his prayers until the sounding of the *Ave Maria* at six. Then follow private receptions until nine o'clock, when supper is served, again with the companionship of his chaplains. The curfew is not rung until half-past ten.

THE WAIL OF THE SUMMER GALLANT

By Honey De Pew

Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea,
But true as I live I can never forgive
Your sharks for their buncoing me.

Oh, well for the city lad,
That he went roof-gardening,
Nor ran in debt like a season "vet,"
Because it is quite the thing.

Oh, well for the city maid,
Too wise to be Fashion's dupe,
Who chuckled, "For me no Grab-by-the-sea,
But Strawmats-on-the-stoop."

And oh, for the winsome, jingling song
Of those double-eagles flown—
The saved-up score of a year or more
In seashore follies blown.

Break, break, break
Whomever you can, O Sea,
But one thing's clear, old Neptune next year
Must "auto" to capture me.

A WONDERFUL LITTLE WOMAN

By Myra Belle Hodges

"HE said this was a little nest. I am so glad I had everything so clean and nice to-day. I don't know what made me, for I was so tired, and Jeff don't care. Something made me change my dress and carefully arrange my hair. I seem not to have any system to anything any more. I guess it's because I'm *so* tired, and Jeff don't seem to care. I am really getting into a dead rut. I felt ashamed when he said he was surprised to find such a delightful little home with such a happy little home-maker in it, away out on the plains. Oh!" and the tired little girl, for she was hardly more, closed her eyes and sat for a long time, slowly rocking in the one little, low rocking chair that the bare room afforded.

The monotonous buzzing of flies around the long, oilcloth-covered table with the load of unwashed dishes, the sound of men's voices, coarse and rough, which floated in through the open window from the shady side of the house, the intense heat of the sun's rays that fell slightly slanting across the dazzling whiteness of the rough board floor, went unnoticed for a time by the girl-wife, who had dropped exhausted into the little refuge. She had forgotten, until to-day, that she was more than a machine.

A young man who had in charge a government geological surveying party encamped a short distance down the creek had called at the ranch to procure some trifling convenience, and had stopped for a while to talk with the tired little girl. She loved flowers and books, and so did he. Now, after he had gone, she was sitting with her brown hands tightly clasped, thinking of his words and softly whispering them again.

Someone was making an effort to raise flowers and a garden close to the house. Who was it? It was she. And this young man who was fresh from Washington society wondered if the belles who received so many beautiful flowers loved them as did this little creature of the far plains. And he wondered, too, as he sat there talking to her, whence she had come to waste so much sweetness on this desert air; for he had noticed the utter carelessness of her husband's treatment of her.

"Do you not tire of all this?" he once asked her.

"Oh, yes, I do," she answered heroically. "But I find so many things to be done, I don't have much time to think about it."

If he could have seen into her heart, he would have felt even more strongly his next words, spoken with some vehemence. "I think you a most wonderful woman. I trust you will pardon me for saying it, but you have made this a perfect little paradise, and you seem such a happy litttle home maker."

That afternoon she went about her monotonous work with a lightness of heart that was new to her. He might come again any time, and he must not be disappointed in her.

After supper she went out-of-doors. It was early summer, and there was so much to be done. There must be system to her work now. Time went on.

The young man called many times. He always expressed the same wonderment. It *was* amazing what one little girl in all this wilderness could do. What beautiful flowers bloomed at the touch of her small brown hands! Then came the hour of parting, and the young man went back to Washington and gaiety. But his thoughts turned often to the neglected little creature of the plains, and he sighed deeply.

And she, ah, how hard it was after he was gone! But he might come back some day, she consoled herself. Then she would look around her—everything was not as he liked to see it. And when she would look into the little mirror she would shake her head at the reflection there, would cover her face and cry out, "Not like this!"

Then more effort. It came to be effort and failure: first one, then the other.

Summer was creeping on. She did not look so well. She could feel herself slipping backward. He would be disappointed—more effort—and complete failure. At last he did come again, and found everything much the same with the stock, but the garden was showing no sign of improvement. A man was doing the work at the house, and there were no more white floors and filmy white curtains nor shiny window panes.

He overheard a volley of hot words from the brutal husband about "flower gardens breaking him up." It had been necessary for the little girl to be taken to a far town. to a hospital now. She was quite ill.

At last the young man felt that he *must* see her. It seemed now that she was in some way his especial charge, and that she needed him. So he made a flying trip to the city and called at the hospital. He soon found himself at the door of the ward that held within its walls a little being suddenly become dearer to him than his own very life. He hardly knew how, but in a moment he was looking down into those faithful brown eyes and holding a small hand that was brown no more.

She said quietly: "I thought maybe you would come. But I have no flowers for you this time. I am so sorry."

"Wonderful little woman!" was all he said, but he said it tenderly. It went deep.

Later again he found his voice. "But I have flowers for you," he said, whereupon the nurse brought in a box of violets. The wasted fingers toyed with them fondly and then she begged to have them strewn all over her pillow. With tears in her deep brown eyes she said, in a trembling voice, from the depths of his flowers, "You see, I am not so wonderful after all—only—a woman."

How he longed to take her into his arms, to tell her how wonderful she was to him! How cruel was destiny! He hardly dared trust himself now, but he sat there, outwardly calm, uttering words of hope and cheer until a nurse came to say he must go. He told her that he would come again.

And come again he did, and again and still again. But one day when he called, he was ushered into the superintendent's office. "A very sad occurrence, sir," said that functionary gravely.

The young man's heart stopped beating till he saw the flutter of a yellow sheet of paper. It was a telegram.

The young man took it apprehensively. After reading it several times to be quite sure of its meaning, he started from the room. "I will tell her," he said, and straightway took the elevator to the upper ward. In a moment he was at her bedside.

She looked up at him now with the same sad, patient glance of trust. But when she saw the strange expression on his own countenance, she frowned in deep perplexity. He began speaking slowly.

"You have always been to me a wonderful little woman," he said as if to inspire courage, "and *now* you are going to show yourself a more wonderful .little woman than ever."

He spoke much as he would have spoken to a child, watching her closely the while.

"You have never been appreciated at your true worth by one who should have given you all of the love and consideration that is a good woman's due."

She raised a white finger to stay him, but he ran on unheeding.

"I cannot help saying this, for it is the truth—the God's truth. But he is merciful. Only this day God asked your husband to suffer—what he will ask us all to suffer some day—asked him to precede you a little while."

He watched her very closely as she read the telegram he held before her. His hand was very near her own. She pressed it as she read, and when she raised her eyes to his, she was still the same wonderful little woman to him.

Then, in silence unutterable, he left her, promising to call again on the morrow.

The next day he was conducted to a private ward. He was told that her condition was not so favorable; and when he stepped to her side his heart was so full that he knelt there by her bed and took her thin white hand in his own, and cried out the passion of his soul.

"Listen to me, dearie, my love," he said, caressing the dear face; "they tell me that you are going to die, but I do not believe them. You are going to live—to live for me—all for me, are you not, brave little woman, are you not?"

His head had fallen forward till it rested on her pillow, and his impassioned speech died in a deep sob.

The same wonderful little woman surprised him again by her splendid composure, murmuring faintly as she stroked his dark hair, "It is just as you say, love, just as you say.'

Then he took the frail little form into his great arms, and when the nurses came and found them so, they turned back and tiptoed away, leaving them there.

MODERN LITERATURE

By Don L. Moore

Friend, have you never ventured bold
  To read a likely tale
Whose leading lines enchanted like
  Some tropic nightingale,
And on and on you read till just
  When the plots grow most complexed
To come upon that wee small curse—
  "Continued in our next?"

Or it may be some poem rich
  And rhythmic caught your eye;
And you pursued with eager pulse
  And dreams ascending high;
But just as the fair flower burst
  To glory, joy and hope,
The poet's inspiration was—
  "Use Flubdubb's Magic Soap."

Oh, many the clever, witching ways
  Of catching poor weak man,
And turning verse to dollars as
  Only an artist can.
There's nothing sacred to the Adv.,
  And e'en this verse was writ
To make myself known, and turn
  Three-fifty cash for it.

The home of Thomas Jefferson

A dignified Colonial structure that will be duplicated at the St. Louis Exposition

BEAUTIFUL MONTICELLO

J. C. Elsom

VIRGINIA has many noted old homes, many of them of great interest to the thousands of tourists who annually make pilgrimages to that interesting State.

Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, we all know. It is, perhaps, the most interesting old landmark of colonial times which is left to us. But the home of Thomas Jefferson, scarcely less beautiful and picturesque, seems to have been more neglected by the student and antiquarian. This is perhaps due to its more inaccessible situation, and its remoteness from any large city.

Monticello is about three miles from the quiet little town of Charlottesville, Virginia. It has a commanding site on the summit of a very considerable mountain, one of the foothills of the Blue Ridge. Mention is made of this little range, called the "Ragged Mountains," by Edgar Allen Poe. One is impressed by the rather peculiar situation of the fine old mansion, yet the beauty and picturesqueness of the location are at once apparent.

It was Jefferson's wish that he might have a broad and commanding view of Charlottesville and the University of Virginia, which is located there. His interest in the great university, of which, indeed, he was the founder, was one of the strongest passions of his later years.

The drive from Charlottesville to Monticello, over a smooth Virginia red-clay road, is enchanting. The winding up the mountain side is full of interest, and little vistas of rare beauty are continually coming to one's delighted vision. The spacious grounds are entered through a large gate at

"In front of the long, low line of servants' quarters."

a lodge situated in the depths of the forest. An old colored woman comes out with many a courtesy to open the gate, which being done, she rings a large bell, indicating to the caretakers of the house that visitors are approaching.

A little way along the winding road, one comes to the little burying ground, simple yet impressive, and the marble shaft which marks the grave of Jefferson is very unostentatious, being inscribed, according to his own wish, with these words:

> Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence; of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom; and Father of the University of Virginia.
> Born April 2, 1743, O. S; Died July 4, 1826.

As one nears the whitened dome of the old colonial mansion at the entrance to the grounds, one is greeted by an old colored servant, formerly a slave, who, though entirely blind, acts as guide to the grounds.

"The little burying ground, simple yet impressive."

At the sound of approaching wheels, this old sentinel comes out and waves in a majestic fashion, indicating that we must dismount, as though the ground were hallowed soil. He poses for a snapshot in front of the long, low line of servants' quarters, and tells us that he was born at Monticello, and has spent all the days of his eighty years of life there.

Scattered through the spacious lawn around the house are little gems in marble, representing various pastoral scenes. A statue of a little shepherd boy seems particularly appropriate, as at certain seasons a lot of frisking lambs are turned loose to crop the grass.

"A brown granite block, erected by admiring hands."

The old mansion is at present owned by Mr. Jefferson Levy, of New York, a gentleman who spends only a small part of his time in this old home. The interior of the house is generally closed to visitors, but we are told that certain of the rooms retain the old furnishings which were in use in Jefferson's time, and effort is made to keep all parts of the building in their former arrangement and appearance.

Near the house we see a brown granite block, erected in recent years by admiring hands. The Jefferson Club of St. Louis

"Little gems in marble, representing pastoral scenes."

some years ago made a pilgrimage to the old place, and had erected on the grounds this testimonial of their veneration and esteem of the "Sage of Monticello." Everywhere around the old homestead are evidences of culture and refinement, which marked Mr. Jefferson's life. His extensive residence abroad increased his high ideals of education, and these ideals have impressed themselves in large measure upon the State.

The University of Virginia is a monument to his forethought and labor, every architectural detail as well as scheme of internal organization being evolved from his active and cultured brain. A visit to the old home which once sheltered this great man is in itself an "inspiration and an opportunity." The mansion is repropuced at the World's Fair in St. Louis, and attracts thousands to whom the name and fame of Jefferson is proudly endeared.

"The winding way up the mountain side"

THE MAID VERSUS THE WIDOW

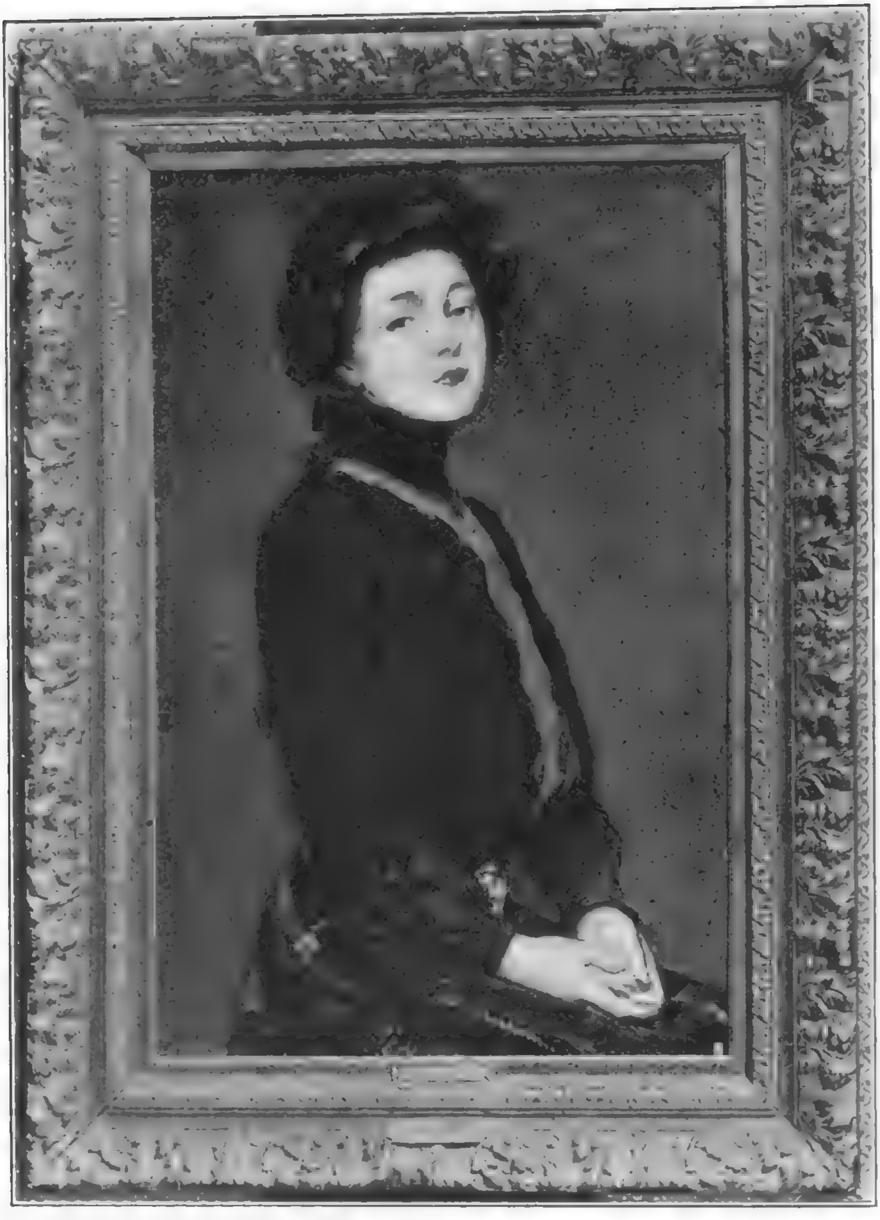
By Minot Greer, Jr.

Lo, the summer soon is done,
And old autumn's solemn sun
Marches westward on his long accustomed way;
While the maidens and gallants
With a woeful backward glance,
Will turn homeward from the long-drawn love affray.

Bessie, Rosalie and Jane
From far Florida to Maine,
Brown as berries, hie them back to city life;
While Tom, Reginald and Joe
To their fates respective go,
Wond'ring which of them would really be his wife.

For a week or two each charmer
And each lad—prince, clerk or farmer—
Will nurse visions of the mountains and the sea;
They'll recall sweet pledges spoken—
Vows so quickly made and broken—
Sighing dolefully, "What fools these mortals be!"

But the widow (grass or under),
She'll make no such stupid blunder;
Gath'ring presents, letters—all with greedy zest,
She'll pay some smart chap his fee,
Then Exhibits "A," "B" and "C,"
And the breach-of-promise courts will do the rest.



From a portrait in oil by Carroll Beckwith, New York

THE YEAR-SONG

SWEET is the lisp of the infant Year,
 Gay are the Spring-songs of young June;
 Grave are the chants of the harvest moon,
Solemn December's psalms austere.

Never the joy of the Faith-child fled,
 Ever the peace of the silent trust;
 God pity him that one in whose heart's dust
  Love lieth dead.

"THE PRINCESS," A WRECK AND THE DUKE'S CHAUFFEUR

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore

THE Princess surveyed the destruction before her disconsolately, but not without a certain feeling of relief. Their escape had been nothing short of a miracle, for the machine was smashed beyond all hope of repair. But now that danger was over, other and decidedly grave aspects of the situation began to dawn. Dark was coming on, a disagreeable chill had crept into the air, and not as yet a sign of her brother's return! He had been gone the best part of two hours, and there was no telling how long he would be gone. In truth, there was no telling exactly how far they had strayed from habitation—these two Americans in the picturesque wilderness of Somersetshire.

After another half hour's dismal suspense, the Princess drew forth a diminutive timepiece, noting with slightly paling cheeks that it was even later than she had thought. The girl was no coward, but the prospect of a solitary watch over a wrecked automobile through the long hours of the night and in a wild country, held terrors that were not to be lightly put aside.

After a time patches of pale stars struggled out, blinking through the spaces left by the shifting clouds. A sticky mist filled the air, rendering it more impenetrable than the darkness. The Princess rose stiffly, and took one or two short turns up and down a bit of grassplot, keeping her fingers pressed tightly against her ears to shut out the chorus of insect song that alone broke the stillness. From time to time she paused to strain her eyes eagerly through the thick shadows; then resumed her walk with quick, nervous steps.

Presently the faintest blur of a far-off sound drowned the silence. A moment more and the rapid whir and buzz and crunch of rubber-tired wheels sounded distinctly on the high clay road beyond. The Princess ran swiftly to the opposite side of the road and stood alert, her handkerchief poised in mid-air to signal the advancing vehicle. A second later, the machine slid to a noiseless standstill and the chauffeur alighted.

"Dear me, Henry, I thought you were never—oh!" The Princess started back as the light from the machine flashed squarely into the newcomer's face. "You!" she cried, after a breathless moment.

"Felicia!" He gazed at her for the first time with recognition in his eyes. "So, it is you!" His voice fell on the last word and he drew in his breath deeply.

"Yes, it is I." The Princess spoke calmly enough, though under cover of the dark the blood was rushing into her cheeks.

"Rather a strange meeting," the other remarked presently, in a tone that betrayed the effort to be casual. "And, too, when we never expected to lay eyes on each other again," he added as an afterthought.

The Princess was regarding him in a puzzled way, an unspoken question in her eyes.

"I certainly never expected to see you here," she made reply after an embarrassed pause. Then, "O Jack, Jack!" she broke out vehemently, "why did you come?" She turned from him abruptly and covered her face with both hands.

He looked at her, uncomprehending for a moment, holding himself back with effort. Then he spoke. "How was I to know that I should find you here?" he asked in a peculiar tone.

The Princess turned toward him again, slowly, her lips compressed. "Of course," she said, with a little catch in her voice, "How could you know?" Then she laughed, a bit hysterically, throwing back her head with that swift gesture of impatience he knew so well. "I—I am very silly, Jack," she hurried on, using the old, familiar name all unconsciously. She went a step nearer. "You must—you mustn't pay any attention to it, will you?"

She lifted an almost pleading look to his face, waiting for him to speak.

The chauffeur bowed in silence, and after a little, said indifferently, "It is growing late, Princess. Don't you think we'd better——"

"But my brother," she interposed hastily, "what of him? He left me hours ago in search of assistance. Suppose he should return? And yet, clearly enough, I can't stay here——"

"We could leave a message—a note—pinned on the cushions of the automobile over there. He would understand that all right. As a matter of fact, we are fully twenty miles from civilization. We——"

The Princess interrupted him with a little startled exclamation. "But, I couldn't leave him—like this. I'd better wait. Perhaps——"

"No danger of his returning immediately. We certainly couldn't expect to find him in these woods. The only thing is to go on and send some one. He's safe enough in this part of the country, except for a slight inconvenience."

The Princess darted a curious glance at him. "How do you know so much about the country here?" she asked pointedly. "A year ago you had never been out of America."

"It doesn't take the third of that time to learn the part of the world in which one lives," he answered quietly.

"In which one lives!" The Princess echoed vaguely, her hand going involuntarily to her side to still a sudden heartbeat. "I don't understand," she went on wonderingly, "Why are you here? Why?" she demanded sharply, after a pause.

"At present," he said quietly, "I am chauffeur to the Duke of Ennersly."

The Princess whitened. "The Duke of Ennersly!" She put out one hand as though to grasp something to steady herself.

The chauffeur gave no sign of having noticed her deep emotion. The Princess collected herself, determinedly, and looked him squarely in the face. "I want you to tell me one thing, Jack," she said, stifling the tremor in her voice, "did you follow me here—to England?"

"*Follow* you? Oh, hardly. Not after that last night when you made me know—when I made myself know—that just an ordinary man must never dare lift his eyes to a Princess." He spoke passionately, a little thread of bitterness running through. "Circumstances over which I had not the slightest control are responsible for my presence here," he explained, more calmly, after a pause.

A constrained silence fell between them. The Princess was the first to break it. "Jack," she began, a trifle unsteadily, "there is something I must ask you—something I want you to do—something you *must* do. Promise me." The glance she raised to him was full of pleading, anxiety—almost alarm.

"I will do anything in the world for you," he responded quickly, "anything that lies in my power."

"Then, leave the Duke of Ennersly," she continued earnestly. "Leave him at once."

"And may I ask you one question, Princess?"

She nodded.

"Why do you wish me to do this?"

The Princess was silent for the half of a minute. Her face crimsoned slowly, then paled to a cold white. "Because," she answered, "in three months' time I shall become his wife."

The chauffeur regarded her gravely for a few seconds. His fingers clenched suddenly, dug into his palms. Then he spoke.

"Do you love him, Felicia?" he asked tensely. "I've just a bit of a right to the question, haven't I?"

The Princess laughed in a harsh little fashion that did not in the least belong to her. "*Love* him!" she cried, "why—why I've never even seen him."

"And he is willing to accept you under those conditions?"

"Oh, it's all arranged for us. Over here we poor mortals are spared the trouble of looking after our own love affairs, you know."

"I happen to know the Duke quite well, I think, as a man. I do not believe, Felicia, that he would let you marry him without the one great essential. Even now, he is on his way to——"

"I know. But I shall never marry him then," she broke in. "I can never love him."

"Don't be perfectly sure, Princess. He's different from lots of other men of his class. As late as six months ago, he never dreamed that circumstances would conspire to place a coronet on his head."

The Princess shook her head, sighing deeply. "Nothing can make any difference—now," she said.

The chauffeur stood in silence for several minutes; then he pulled out his watch and consulted it. "Don't you think," he suggested, "that we'd better make a start?"

His companion in the solitude hesitated a little, then moved mechanically toward the machine. The next instant her foot had caught in a tangled bit of root, she tripped and fell forward. The chauffeur caught her in his arms. The very touch of her there, helpless, fallen heavily against him—thrilled, intoxicated him. He held her a moment close, so close that he could feel the throbbing of her heart against his own, and the quick, warm breathing on his cheek. For a second she resisted, then yielded. "Jack!" she moaned.

"You do care, then—you *do* care!" he cried, almost fiercely, pressing his lips to her own, then upon her cheeks, her closed eyelids, her temples.

The Princess opened her eyes and looked up at him. "I shall never marry the Duke," she said determinedly.

He released her with reluctance and stood for a moment smiling down into her face. "I'm going to write the message for your brother now," he said. "Shall I tell him that we are *en route* to our Gretna Green, or——"

"Oh, anything you like," returned the Princess, beaming.

"And—and once more, dear, you are perfectly sure that you will never regret the loss—the giving up——"

"There can be nothing lost—nothing given up," she interposed in a low tone, "when a woman becomes—the wife of her king."

The chauffeur bent and touched her forehead reverently with his lips. Then he drew forth a card and scribbled across the back of it a few lines, fastening it securely and conspicuously on the forward cushions of the wrecked automobile.

When an hour later the disheveled New York banker-brother returned, he found the following:

"DEAR TOM: I picked up your sister safe and sound We are on our way to Hascombe Hall. Will send on help. In haste, ENNERSLY."

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

By J. H. Dolbair

I NEVER knew until this week
How wondrous popular
I've grown, for "dear old friends" I meet
On street or Broadway car,
In foyer, corridor, café,
Here, there and everywhere,
They want to clasp my hand and say
"You're looking fine, I swear!"

Now, I'm no bridegroom of a day,
Nor politician peer;
Nor pugilist in clover, nor
Great Wall Street financier.
I'm just a plain blunt Jones, but ah,
I see through all these braces,
I've two steam yachts commissioned for
The coming summer races.

The portrait class at work

THE AMERICAN PAINTER IN THE MAKING

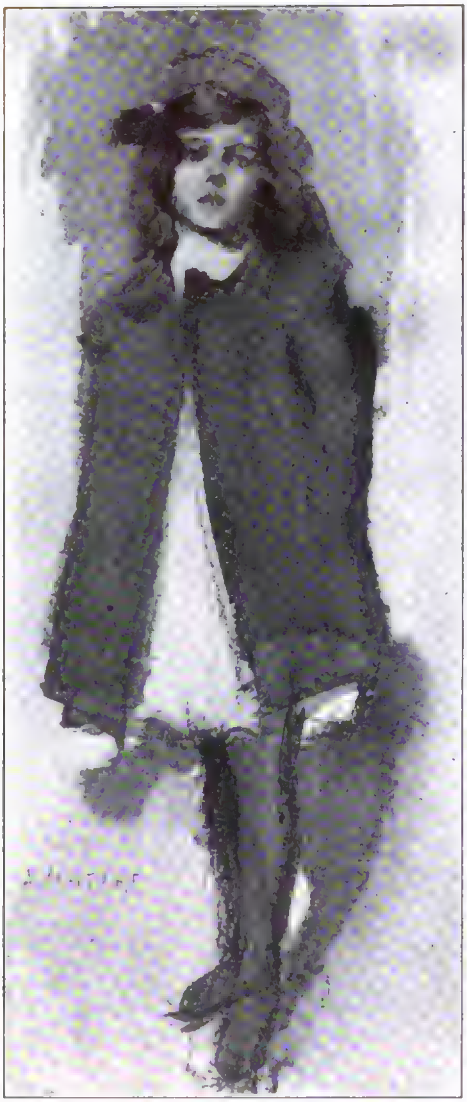
By Philip Herbert

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PRIZE AND SCHOLARSHIP DRAWINGS OF THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

A QUARTER of a century ago five young men, all enthusiasts in art, met daily in a small room on Fourteenth street. Their general object in view was mutual advancement in their chosen profession.

They were all poor young men. Three of them had studied for a short time in Paris, and were imbued with the spirit of the art of the Quartier Latin. There were no professors and no pupils in this first established important American school of art. Each was critic over his brother painter, probably more severe than even Julien or Carolus Duran or Bouguereau himself in later years. They were one and all wrapped up in the possibility of the success of a great idea, viz., the establishment of an American School of Art, or at least an institution of individual development which could make possible this desideratum.

That the seekers after what is true and beautiful in painting, sculptures, and the kindred arts were given to hard work on low diet, and the contingency of small or no pay, goes without saying. But soon there gathered about them other young men quite as serious as they were, contained by the same spirit and hopeful of the same grand end. Within this quarter of a century has developed from such small beginnings one of the foremost institutions of America, and out of the ranks of its members have come forth hundreds of practical men in the various departments of the art industry, scores of them locally famous, some few nationally, and some few of in-



Scholarship sketch by Matzake

ternational repute, destined to go down in history as forerunners of what will probably evolve itself into an American school of art.

Many of those who labored so diligently to achieve this great end have not lived to see the fruits of their labors realized. Yet there are others who rejoice in the present success of the Art Students' League and incorporated institutions which are the direct outgrowth of this humble initiative. To-day the eyes of the nation are upon the Art Students' League and the graduates therefrom, in the strong belief that from this establishment may come the painter of the future who shall be able to give that spur to American art which the strong men of transatlantic countries have given to continental art.

The whole scheme of art education has undergone such a radical change within the last quarter of a century. Indeed, within the last decade our whole system has been revised with a view to making art subserve a specific rather than a general idea. Whereas a few years ago an art education consisted in following academic rules and principles, and all young enthusiasts were drilled upon the same subjects in exactly the same manner, the tendency to-day is toward the development of individual talents. Specialism is no less the aim in art to-day than in science or literature. To achieve a distinctive manner—something native and out of the very soil and atmosphere—is the thing more striven after than to merely follow out the rules laid down by the academicians and the art scholastics of the past.

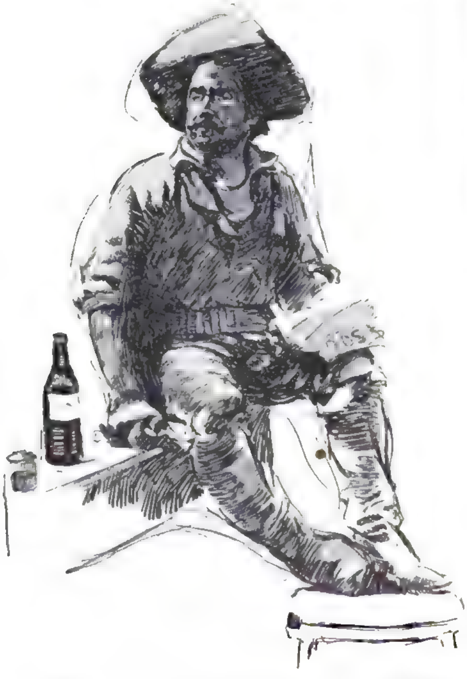
To discover a new point of view then and a new way of presenting an old idea is in art quite as essential as the necessity of following out excepted rules and methods of procedure. The Art Students' League was founded by men who realized the necessity of making art practical, first of all, while yet holding fast to the canons of good taste and never lowering the spirit of its progress into banality or the commonplace of mere money-getting. And that is the strong sentiment which rules the league to-day. It is the province of these banded workers to prepare themselves to compete

The antique class at work

The costume class

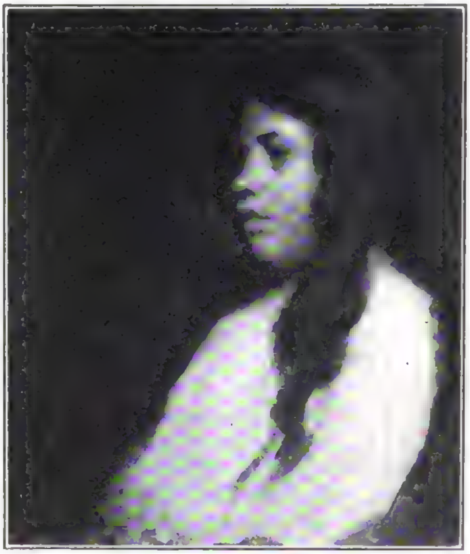
in the various branches, not only in the matter of paintings and sculptures, but also in decoration, illustration, and the kindred arts.

But perhaps in the matter of composition the strongest influences are brought to bear and the work of the league certainly shows the sincerity with which this important striving has been pursued. Do something individual, first of all, and afterward do it well, avoiding imitation, and while assimilating the best that has gone before, endeavor to develop out of your own individual character something that is not only of yourself, but of your contemporary period and of your own people. This is the general dictum, and upon this principle the league survives through many vicissitudes, and stands to-day an institution of strength and importance in the eyes of the world.



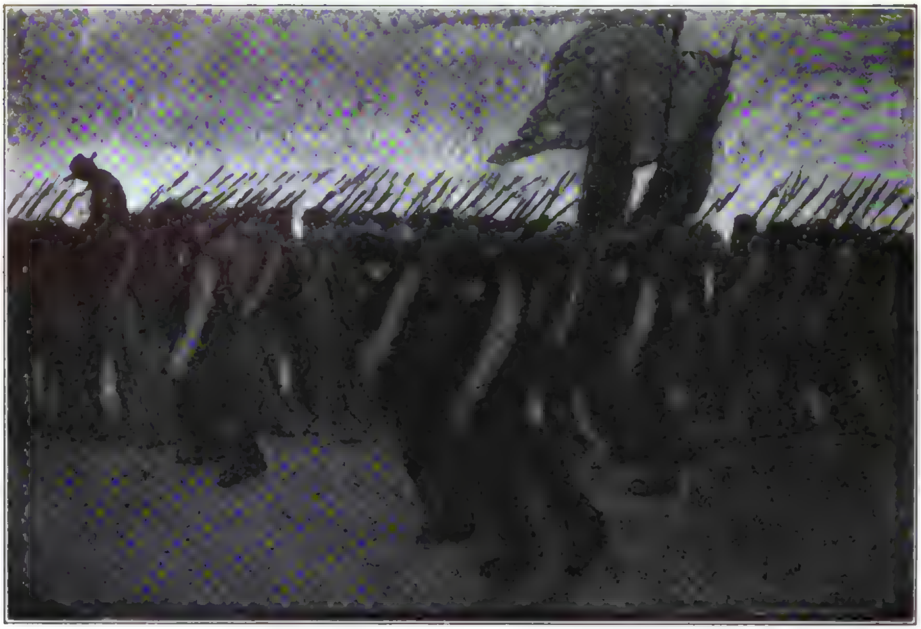
A sketch by one of the promising members of the Reuterdahl sketch class

And there is here another point which cannot be too strongly emphasized. There is more meaning in the word league than would at first be appreciated. Webster dignifies the word league as "an alliance, a confederacy, a confederation, coalition, a combination, a compact, and co-operation." It is, moreover, in the old acceptance of the term a "solemn covenant," which means that every member feels himself bound body and soul to the entire confederation for better or for worse, and that his or her individual efforts, triumphs or failures bear individually and collectively upon the whole body.



Prize portrait in the Dumond class

No one who has ever entered the league building on Fifty-seventh street but has been instantly impressed with this spirit of cameraderie and unity everywhere discernible. Every member of the "Alliance" is fully contained by the same spirit of emulation, realizing that matriculation carries with it a certain responsibility which trans-



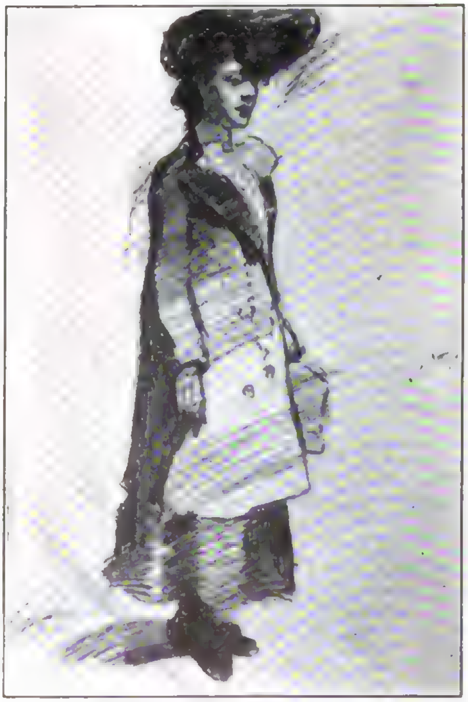
The winner of the Collier prize for illustration

cends the mere personal equation—the mere personal advancement and reward for success.

Every League member points with pride to the long list of honored names—men and women—who have helped to build, not only an institution of art development in itself, but also to raise ever higher the standard of the public taste.

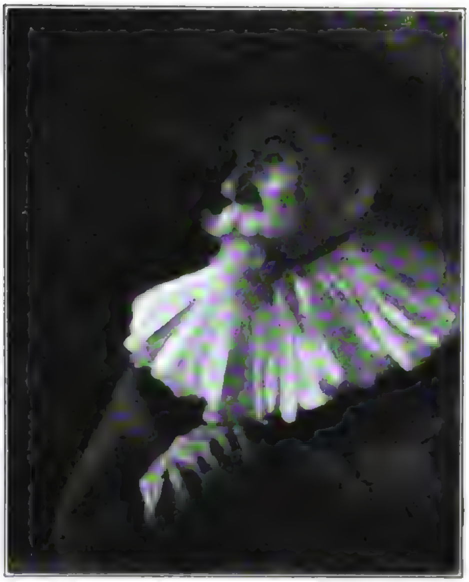
The strong movements in behalf of municipal and national advancement in art and architecture which have received their initiative among the members of the Art Students' League in the past, would fill a volume, and the men who have assumed the responsibility of these movements are "enrolled in the capital," become as patron deities of the institution.

It is no small thing to dedicate one's life to an idea and with singleness of purpose pursue it to the end through toil and hardship, public indifference, and private scorn; and yet, why do young men and women undertake a life-long task whose rewards are many times more gratifying than those accorded the more commonplace career, if there is not a willingness to survive many times their value in sacrifice and in labor? This is the spirit of the League, and it is one of the strong reasons why it has succeeded so admirably. This is the reason that American art has received such

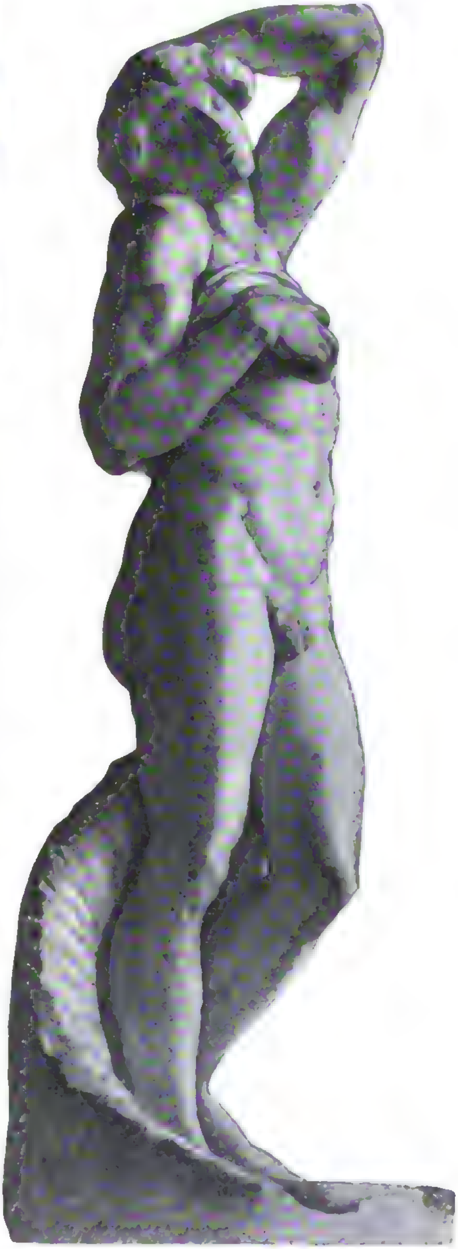


A pencil sketch, honorable mention

part of these striving pupils making their way against great odds than among those who enjoy the advantages of a competence. There is no doubt that there are many in the ranks of the League to-day who will take their places among those who will be honored and revered for labors performed in a powerful stimulus from men and women who compose the League, from its preceptors, instructors and co-workers throughout.



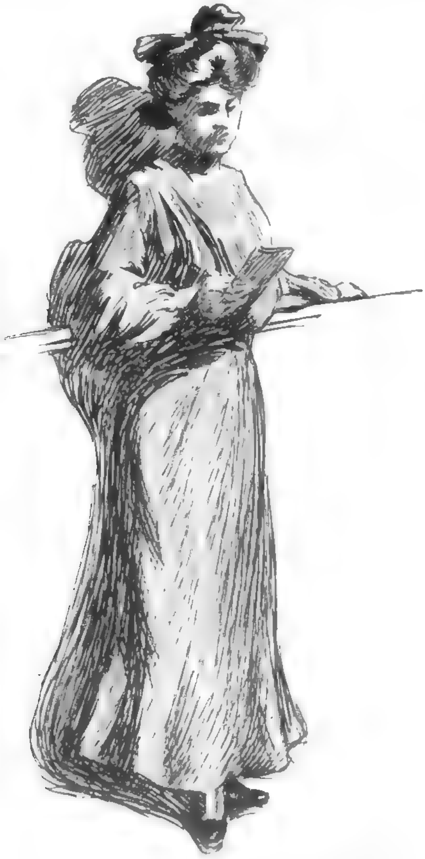
Scholarship portrait in oil



Prize-winning drawing in the antique

No branch of art is neglected in the Art Students' League. Has one ambition toward portraiture? There is every incentive, together with the best of models, instructors and examples. Does one prefer china painting or magazine illustration? There is likewise the same spur to hard work and the same help over difficulties as well as the same enthusiasm which comes with concerted effort. As Emerson says, "It is hard to whip one's own top." The value of concerted effort is even more exemplified in a career of art than in perhaps any other department of industry. That is the value of such institutions, that the student may not only come in contact with the best of any branch of work as well as with the professed masters of these several branches, but may also have the advantage of companionship with others in the ranks who are striving to achieve the same ends, some perhaps with more and still some with less native talent upon which to build.

The evening classes give opportunity to many who are occupied during the day with the problem of daily existence; and yet, strange to say, the instructors unite in affirming that there is more progress (considering the curtailed period of work) on the behalf of American art, the raising of the national standard and the purifying of the native taste. The present is only a beginning. What will be accomplished in the next quarter of a century will be ten times that which has been accomplished in the past equal space of time, for the reason that it is always the start in any great enterprise that is difficult. Once acquiring its inertia, a great body moves on its stately way with a comparatively small expenditure of labor and energy.



Honorable mention in the Reuterdahl sketch class

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it is certain that the students of the League have jolly good times with one another. Every year they give an exhibition of pure fun, forming themselves into a company called the "Society of American Fakirs," and a short time ago they gave what they termed their 'Thirteenth Annual Soaker." This exhibition is not only one of the most interesting features of their Latin Quarter life, so to speak, but a magazine is also published at this time for the purpose of giving the outside world an inkling of the inner workings of the League and of the small talk of the corridors and class rooms. Samples of the wit displayed in this illustrated pamphlet, which is gotten up in the most ludicrous style, are given below:

A CRITICISM FROM DU MOND.

The body's too short,
The legs are too long,
The back is too weak,
The neck is too strong.
The outline is wobbly,
The modeling flat.
I'll give you a "D"—
It's pretty good, that.

. . . .

When George B. Bridgeman saunters in
A silence deep succeeds the din
Of persiflage and repartee
That we are handling out in glee.
Our spirits diminish,
We see our finish
When George B. saunters in.

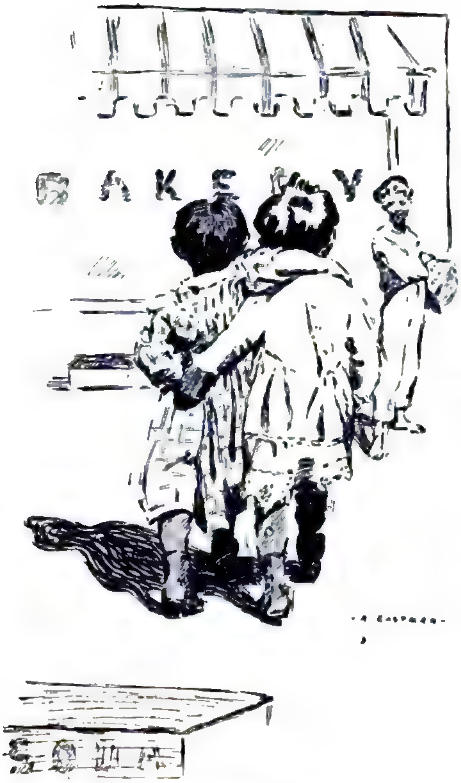
With feline tread he wanders 'round,
Spies any flaw that can be found.
Our hopes flop out upon the ground
With sickening thud.
When Bridgeman and his pet cigar
(And where he is it also are)
Sit down, our hopes to make or mar,
Our name is MUD.

With his cigar in its usual place
(The southwest corner of his face),
He feels himself in proper case
To slash us deep.
With wrinkled brow and half-shut eye,
From 'neath his hat he tells us why
Our stuff's no good, till we long to fly
To Brooklyn and sleep.

LAMENTATION.

Oh, Mr. Volk! Oh, Mr. Volk!
What makes you come so soon?
Why don't you wait till ten o'clock,
Or, better still, till noon?

Oh, Mr. Volk! Oh, Mr. Volk!
We don't use "gr-r-eenish gr-r-ay."
We tip the heads, we've no "frank notes,"
We're in an awful way.



Honorable mention illustration

When you show Cox your drawing, if he starts to hum
Some phrases like these are likely to come:
"Curious construction. 'Twould be better if
You'd remember all *beautiful* curves are stiff.
Be exact in your drawing of each subtle part,
For, after all, drawing is nine-tenths of art.
Remember, you can't learn it all in a week
And the best thing to do is to study Antique."

A DREAM OF PARADISE.

He heaved a most prodigious sigh. Yes, he was a very great artist; there could be no doubt about that. Had he not just taken *the* prize with a very mediocre picture (it was his turn), and was not the applause of the Jury still ringing in his ears? Yes, he was a very great artist, and he sighed again—sighed for the old student days, before he had become a great artist and when he knew what great art really was. He thought of the League with its sunny lunchroom, with Carrie, large and comely, behind her goodly counter, her pretty daughter helping her to serve the hungry students. He could get no such lunches now. He thought of Miss Purdin and how often he'd buy something scarcely needed just to get a smile to send him back refreshed to his work; of Raymond and of Louis, and how cheerfully they'd greet him and how willingly help him when he wanted anything. He was in the Bryant Park studios now, and was just a little bit afraid of the janitor, who was a very grand person, indeed. He thought of Connelly and Annie, who were always pleasant, even when they had to dun him for his class dues. And the elevator boy had just brought him a note from the office, saying, "If your rent is not paid by May 1st you will have to vacate your studio." They do things very differently when you are a great artist.

It was all a bad dream. He was not a great artist, but still a happy student with all the good, kind people 'round him, his drawing (with a D on it) in the life class up stairs, and, happiest thought of all, the Fakir's exhibition coming and all the pictures by the great artists of the Society for him to fake. Verily, it is better to be a promising student than a very great artist.

Decorative phantasy for frieze

THE HOUR OF AWAKENING

By Emerence Walters

SHE was about to board the west-bound train. He had just stepped off.

"You are leaving town, Miss Graham?" There was disappointment mingled with surprise as he took her outstretched hand.

"Yes. Have you not heard? Of course not! How stupid of me! You have been absent for some time. I am going to B——, Montana. Good-by!" There was no time to say more. Withdrawing her hand, she stepped upon the platform.

For a moment he stood irresolute; the next found him again beside her.

"I must ask pardon for forcing my presence upon you," he apologized, as he took a seat beside her. "I made this trip on purpose to see you, never dreaming that you would be about to leave town. I have much to tell you regarding this last visit to New York. Do you know what took me there?"

"The matter of election to the partnership, was it not?"

"Yes."

"And your prospects are bright?"

"On the contrary, after all these years of faithful service, I fear I have reached the goal just in time to see it removed to a point beyond me. The new ruling makes it possible for none but married men to become eligible to partnership. This is what I wish your advice on."

A year before, she would have glowed with pleasure on hearing these words from his lips. That was when, in the light of a living love, he had stood above all others her ideal—the man to whom, for the asking, she would have given all that was hers to give. But now that love was dead, killed by the frost of indifference, and by fate that had brought her to the ranks of the breadwinner; she sat unmoved.

"Here is my position," he went on. "To become a partner of this company has been my lifelong ambition. I have sacrificed everything to it. Now, when the opportunity is ripe and I find my qualifications in all other respects all that is necessary, I must be turned down because I am not a married man. On the other hand, I am no believer in marriage. I see in it nothing but a machine to perpetuate misery. It is a clever institution of man to enslave his own happiness. Yet I must choose. To gain what I desire I must capitulate or resign my aspirations. What would you do?"

Raising her clear eyes to his face, his companion spoke with studied calmness. "Were I you, with your desires and beliefs, I should be as unable to settle the question as you seem to be. But were I you, with your desires and beliefs, above all this world can give, would I prize the hour of the awakening of that part of my nature which makes man more than brute—the awakening of the instinct of human love." She paused, startled at the warmth of her words, and somewhat abashed by the emotions that had produced them. As if to hide her confusion, she continued hastily: "But this does not answer your question. If I desired to become a partner, and there was no other way, I should certainly marry."

"But whom?"

"I should look over my list of friends and select her for whom I hold the greatest affection."

"But I do not love any one. I cannot ask a woman to marry me, holding as I do, such theories on wedded life. I could never reconcile my nature to such a state, even should I be successful in revising my convictions and persuading some one to become my wife. I felt that, despite the barrier, you could find for me a loophole of escape. However, I begin to see now how vain is this hope."

She looked up quickly into his troubled face. "Why not marry some one who will simply bear your name for a certain period of time. Let it be a business transaction, pure and simple."

"I had thought of that. But where is the woman willing to make such a bargain? And how do I know that I could trust her to keep her part of the contract? Then, too, she might refuse to consent to a separation after the ceremony, and cause me any amount of trouble. Besides, there is not a month before the election."

"I have heard of death-bed marriages," she suggested frigidly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not want to marry a corpse; I will not marry a stranger. Miss Graham, will you marry me under these conditions?"

The question came so unexpectedly that she gave a little gasp.

She composed herself quickly. "Let me hear again the conditions," she murmured composedly.

"To bear my name for a year, that's all. At the end of that time, by the proper proceedings, the contract binding us shall be broken. Will you marry me? It will be my salvation." His voice vibrated with emotion and the pleading in it fanned life again into a tiny spark among the cold ashes.

"Yes," she answered simply, after a long, deep pause.

Two days later, Miss Jennie Graham, secretly Mrs. Robert Chisholm, arrived in B——, Montana, ready to begin her work as a teacher of languages. Her husband for a year was rapidly whirled back to the East, triumphantly bearing with him the proofs of his marriage.

June had again brought life and love to the North. The earth teemed with the promise of prosperity. All nature sang with gladness. Robert Chisholm whistled merrily as he walked down the corridor to the private office of the manager. There was no one in the room when he entered. He sat down opposite the desk. It was strewn with letters and papers, on the top of which rested a medallion, evidently just received. It was beautifully finished, and he drew nearer to gain a better view of the face within the golden frame.

"I have heard McNaughton has a sweetheart," he mused. "Poor fellow! I suppose this is she."

He raised the picture and looked for a moment into the clear eyes of Jessie Graham. An angry exclamation passed his lips. He put the medallion back in its place, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, stood gazing upon it. Unkind thoughts filled his mind.

"So this is the woman he raves over! What right has he with her portrait?" He asked these questions of the blank walls. A fiendish joy took possession of him.

"He does not know she is a married woman. Good joke! No doubt she considers him a very smart catch, and has done her best to land him, but I come in on the same line, just ahead!"

"What do you think of it, Bob?" The smiling face of McNaughton peered over his shoulder.

"It strongly resembles a friend of mine," the other drawled.

"She's the sweetest, dearest and bravest little woman in the whole world. But I suppose a married misanthrope like yourself thinks I'm a poor fool to talk like that; but I tell you, Chisholm, if you knew her, and could see the heroism with which she makes her own way in the world—she's an orphan, by the way—you'd admire her too. But she won't be long on the mercies of the world if she'll listen to Jack McNaughton."

Chisholm said nothing, but he did not whistle as he walked back to his office. For him the brightness of the early summer day had passed. Despite attempts to dissipate the clouds, night found him the most miserable man in the city.

The hour of the awakening had indeed come at last. He realized it, but pride so stubbornly resisted its acknowledgment that many bitter hours passed before he was again master of himself. Then, after a long review of the situation, he announced his decision. "I shall see Jessie before another week passes. I shall release her from the bonds that now prevent her marriage with the man she loves. She made a great sacrifice for me, but I shall make as great a one for her. I am an idiot. I have loved her from the first, but never awoke to the fact until I saw her portrait in McNaughton's office. And I have been a brute. She has been my wife for all these months, and I have withheld assistance, sympathy and love, which were mine by right to give her. The outcome of it all is, that I have lost the dearest woman in the world, and made myself miserable for the remainder of my days. But I deserve it."

As the train flew westward, Chisholm repeated again and again just what he would say to Jessie when he should meet her.

He resolved to be as ever, business-like, never to betray by word or act aught of the pain of parting. Somehow, he believed that by so doing he could partially make amends for his cruelty in the past.

When they met she greeted him cordially, extending her hand in the old friendly way and looking fearlessly into his face with her clear, smiling eyes.

"You have been working too hard, I fear," she said. "You ought to take a vacation." She motioned him to a seat.

Despite the firmness of his resolutions, her husband in name was nervous and at a loss what to say.

Jessie had drawn her chair close beside him. "I was so delighted to learn that you were coming," she said simply. "It brings back the memory of happier days."

Bob moved uneasily. "I am glad to be here," he answered hoarsely.

"No doubt it is a great relief to leave business cares for a time. You have overworked. You are not at all like your old self. You need rest." A little frown marred the smoothness of her brow.

While she spoke his eyes rested on her face, noting the beauty of its expression and the purity of her whole contour. Involuntarily he thought of McNaughton and the thought made him desperate. Then, at last, forgetting all resolutions, everything but that he loved her, he cried: "Jessie, it is not business, it is not work that is responsible for what you see. It is not rest that I want, but you!"

She grew deathly pale and clasped her hands rigidly upon her heart as if to still its beating.

"Tell me I am not too late, Jessie! Speak to me, for God's sake. Tell me that you do not hate me for the unfeeling brute I have been. It is indeed the hour of my awakening. Tell me that you forgive me, that you love me! Will you give me permission to call you 'my wife' in all that the sweet word implies? Tell me, dear, tell me!"

He had turned to her with outstretched arms. The beautiful woman arose hesitatingly, as if doubting her own hearing. Then, placing her hands in his, her face aglow with the light of a deeper love newly awakened, she whispered softly: "Yes, Robert, dear; and not for a year, but forever!"

A SUMMER TRAGEDY

By Fred Holdening

THEY met upon the avenue,
Two friends of auld lang syne;
One looked as if he'd won a race,
Or struck a Klondyke mine.

But oh, the other's face was long,
And sadness dimmed his eye;
It was as if his last fond hope
Had spurning passed him by.

"Old man, are you in mourning, pray?"
The former railing cried;
"You look as though your dearest friend,
Or best-bred dog had died."

"Nay, nay; I mourn departed joys—
The kind we've known of old:
Roof-garden eves, the club, the race
And sparkling bottles cold."

"What! broke again?" the other moaned,
"Take then my purse, I pray."—
The mourner only sighed deep down,
And shook his head, "Nay, nay!

Not broke, but worse: the cook has gone
Two months abroad this year;
My wife stays home all summer—ah!—"
He gulped and dropp'd a tear.

Photograph by Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

THE CRISIS IN THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

AFTER nearly a quarter of a century in the service of the Red Cross, in which organization Clara Barton, as founder, president and general director, has achieved international fame, this distinguished lady has handed in her resignation. Mrs. John A. Logan, of Washington, succeeds to the office as acting president, passing, in so doing, from her chair of the vice-presidency. The widow of the great general of the Civil War has been more or less identified with every movement intimate with the army and navy for many years, a skilled writer, a forceful speaker and an able executive. There is no doubt that Mrs. Logan will carry on wisely and efficiently the great work of the Red Cross in a manner worthy of her illustrious forerunner, and that she will be as ably supported by her colleagues.

A few words about Miss Barton, who is justly regarded as one of the most remarkable women of her time. It is only just to say that had she resigned at the close of the Spanish-American War, there would have been less occasion for criticism than there has since been—some of this criticism not entirely favorable to her management of the colossal organization. It was Senator Proctor who led the ranks of the remonstrants, demanding an investigation into the methods of the Red Cross, the disbursements of a very large sum of money, both privately contributed and appropriated by Congress. It was the result of this movement that led to Miss Barton's resignation. One thing is certain, however, as the most prejudiced must admit: Miss Barton's service, both in the executive chair in time of peace and on the field of battle, in land and sea hospitals and elsewhere, in time of national strife, has been such as to endear her to hundreds of thousands who have received the bounty from her hand and enjoyed the advantages of her organization, even though they never saw her face. Hers, indeed, has been a career of the noblest self-denial and the highest efficiency, even though there may be some truth in the charge of occasional extravagance in the disbursements of moneys vouchsafed the organization for so worthy a work. In part, Miss Barton's letter of resignation reads as follows, the same being of sufficient public interest to be reproduced here:

> "It is now twenty-three years since, by the express desire of President Garfield, on the eve of martyrdom, I accepted the presidency of the organization over which you have the honor to preside and the duties of which you have the kindness to administer. Although its growth may seem to have been slow, it is to be remembered that it is not a shrub or plant, to shoot up in the summer and wither in the frosts. The Red Cross is a part of us; it has come to stay, and, like the sturdy oak, its spreading branches shall yet compass and shelter the relief of the nation.
>
> "It is a waste of time to remind you of the years and the occasions in which your weary president has sought to lay her burdens down. I can find no fitting words by which to express my appreciation of and gratitude for the courtesy thus extended to me. I am poor even in thanks for such honored trust. But, once more and for all, most honored officers and friends, I tender my resignation as president of the American National Red Cross, which resignation, being absolute, calls only for acceptance.
>
> "It is a pride as well as a pleasure to hand to you an organization perfectly formed, thoroughly officered, with no debts and a sum of from $12,000 to $14,000 available to our treasury as a working fund. I would not have one day's delay for this little change by which all are benefited, and the organization, I trust, will find that peace and quiet in its long disturbed elements so welcome to it, to us and to the country. CLARA BARTON."

In accepting the resignation, the executive committee of the Red Cross—consisting of Mrs. John A. Logan, Vice-President; S. W. Briggs, Secretary, with Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Eugene D. Fisk, and others of prominence, paid Miss Barton the following tribute, a combined sentiment in which the nation most heartily concurs:

> "The executive committee of the American National Red Cross hereby acknowledges receipt of your communication of May 14, 1904, in which you tender your resignation as president of the American Red Cross. The value of your services to our country and its people, commencing with the era of our Civil War and later as the founder and the manager of the American National Red Cross, relieving the distress and suffering of hundreds and thousands of our people on battlefields, in hospitals and in appalling disasters, by which you were enabled to bring comfort and relief in the hour of need, can never be estimated by any measure known to either finance or philanthropy—a service in which you have devoted your life to earnest, patriotic and strenuous effort, with an unselfishness unexcelled in the history of the human race. Nor have your benefactions been confined to American fields. Your devotion to the cause of a common humanity has repeatedly called you abroad for work both in Europe and in Asia.
>
> 'It shall be our aim to guard well the trust imposed in us, praying for strength and wisdom that shall enable us to maintain the dignity and efficiency of the illustrious Red Cross of America, made illustrious through the work, the patriotism and the self sacrifice of Clara Barton.
>
> "May your life henceforth be full of sunshine and sweet in the remembrance of duty well performed.
>
> "With the assurance of never-failing confidence, love and appreciation."

EVOLUTION

By Daisy Leighton

AN orchid in the jungle grew;
 'Twas plucked to deck a palace fair;
Soon it forgot the life it knew—
 It thrived—then blest the alien air.

"SO LONG AS YE BOTH SHALL LIVE"

By Annetta Halliday-Antona

THE last westward-bound train was late.

It did not matter much, for travellers were few in number, and the spacious room of the Metropolitan Station was poorly filled. Some women who had waited long, walked their tired children up and down, the newsdealer transacted an occasional business in light literature and cheap candies, expectant cabmen waited outside, railroad officials with lanterns passed in and out, and the shrewd, black eyes of the Italian newsboy frequently intruded themselves, with keen lookout for possible trade.

Just inside of the main entrance a man paused, his glance held by the figures of a woman richly gowned and a gypsy-eyed little girl, whose attitudes bespoke impatient expectancy. The man's attire showed mud spots, under the unwearied stare of the electric light. His coat collar, lapels, and cuffs were badly frayed; his shoes had been neither brushed nor brightened for many months, and what served as a hat had been stepped upon and sat upon so many times that it forgot its original shape, and clung stupidly to the dull hair it encircled, in whatever caprice of the moment it had been donned.

The bleared eyes might once have been handsome, but the growth of a week's beard grizzled chin and cheeks, and a variegated appearance of the skin gave unmistakable tokens that the man was a wreck of dissipation.

"Marian!" he cried in a half whisper; but it reached the woman who was tying the child's white hat more firmly under the chin, and she turned quickly.

"I followed you in," he went on eagerly; "I have been near you ever since you left the car, just to hear your voice once more, and—and hers!"

The woman looked away, for his tones broke huskily.

"Mamma!" interrupted the child, "who is that man, and why does he cry, and you, too, mamma?"

The disreputable figure drew nearer to the little girl and would have touched her, but she shrank from him in affright, and clung closely to her mother.

"Speak to him for a moment, darling," said the woman with tremulous lips and wet eyes.

"What are you?" the child asked, holding her mother's skirt tightly with one hand.

"What do I look like?" he answered shortly.

The bloodshot eyes, that bore a strange resemblance to the innocent one's into which he was looking, grew hard and defiant.

"You don't look like a good man," said the little one reflectively, after a second of silence; "are you a good man?"

"Oh, Ethel!" remonstrated the mother; but the man laughed miserably as he rejoined:

"No, I am a bad man, a regular thorough no-good! I am no man for little ladies like you to look at."

She left her mother's side and slightly approached him. Her sympathy and compassion had been touched.

"Maybe," she began doubtfully, "maybe you'd be gooder if you had a little girl like me. Haven't you got any little girl to take care of you?"

Before he finished faltering, "She doesn't know, Marian?" the woman exclaimed hastily, "No, certainly not," and, his inflamed face working pitifully, he replied:

"No, I haven't any little girl. There isn't a one who would care for me."

"Yes, there is," persisted the child seriously; "she would if she was your very one little girl. Didn't you never had one?"

"Yes," he cried hoarsely, "I had one, she was like you—years ago, centuries ago, wasn't it, Marian?—and because of her, I would like to kiss you once."

The daintily dressed child hesitated a second, and looked inquiringly at her mother.

"You may kiss him, Ethel," the woman said.

"My mamma never lets me kiss strangers," exclaimed the little maid, holding up rather reservedly her plump cheek, which the healthy blood tinged like clear, pale, carmine, "but you may kiss me because you used to have a little girl like me, and because you didn't had her any more."

The little voice sounded in his ears like long-forgotten music; scenes and impressions he had deemed dead and buried, came to life and crowded memory with remorse, fear, and shame as his lips lingered on the soft flesh.

"There comes papa!" cried the little girl suddenly, as she drew away, and ran a few steps to greet a middle-aged, fine-looking man who came forward, hastily gathering up wraps and valise with an air of ownership.

The dissipated-looking figure shrank back with a groan into the darkest angle that presented itself near the doors.

"Tired out, Marian!" exclaimed the man, whose arm she took, as they moved away; "you look very pale, my dear; I came as soon as I could, but I am afraid you are quite fatigued."

The child held her stepfather's hand, walking slightly in advance of him, and looking up in his face, as she described the "tramp back there who kissed her," while the man listened with indulgence, gazing alternately at his wife's white face, and telling the little chatterbox she must not make mamma tired.

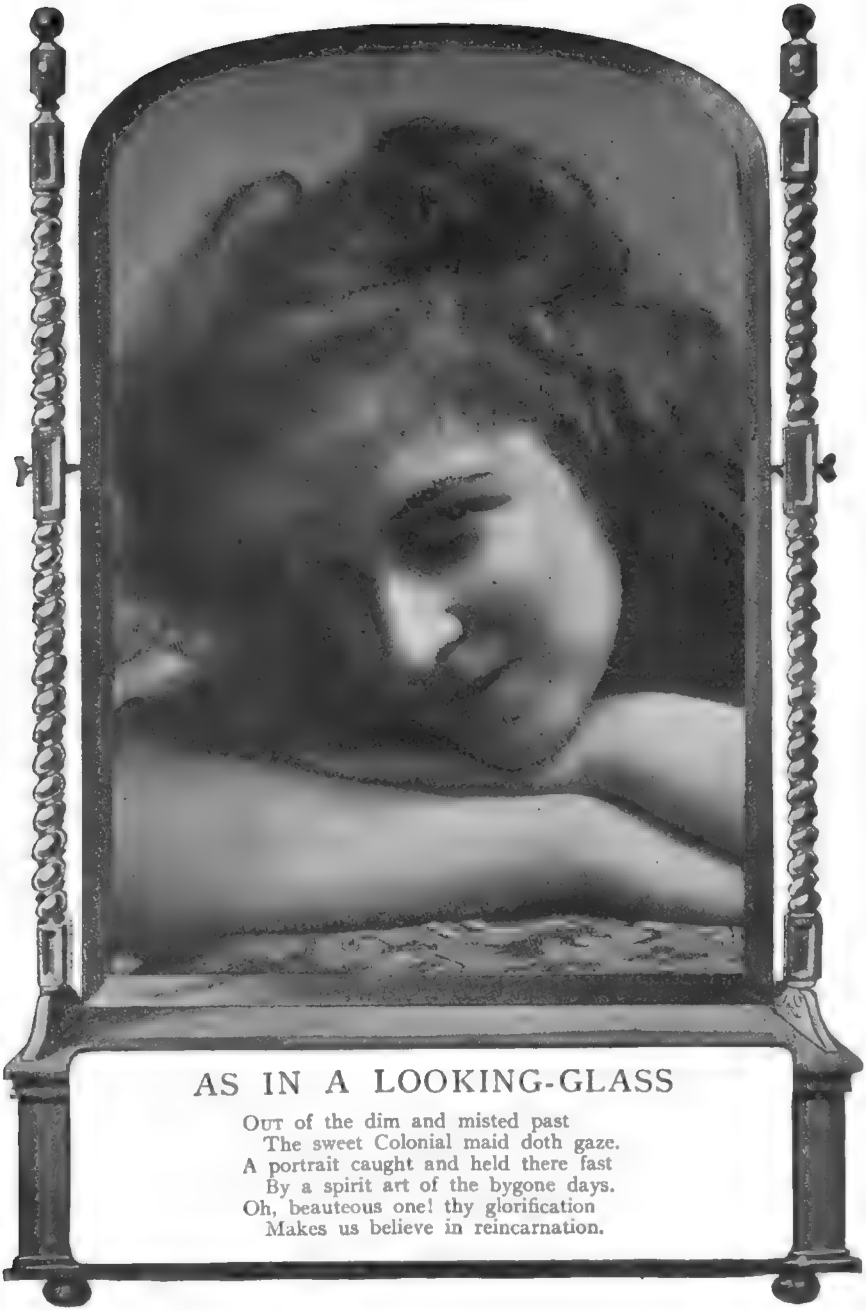
In the shadows outside the waiting room the drunkard, loitering, watched them out of sight. Then he straggled into a brightly-lit basement where the piano jangled coon-songs.

"Give me a red-hot!" he cried, eyeing the whisky thirstily.

THE SOUL

By Mary G. Seule

The poet's soul—a haunted house which stands
  Upon a dim twilight eminence afar;
  Wherein a hundred peopled chambers are—
Wide halls and porticoes where myriad bands
Of wonder-things convene, and naught of man's
  Unseemly moods prevail, nor follies mar
  The melodies that rule them. Like a star
Upon yon western crag, its lamp expands
A little glow from out the windows wide;
  But, ah, what speaks it of the inner halls,
Where very gods in splendors rich abide?—
  Of opal floors, and jewelled doors, and walls
Hung with the garnerings of every clime?—
Nothing!—alone God rules this haunted house sublime.



AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS

OUT of the dim and misted past
The sweet Colonial maid doth gaze.
A portrait caught and held there fast
By a spirit art of the bygone days.
Oh, beauteous one! thy glorification
Makes us believe in reincarnation.

Photograph by Hall, New York

A DAMASK HERO

By T. Barents

He's fought the Jap-Russ War all through,
  This man who knows it all;
He battled hard as heroes do,
  This man who knows it all;
Knee-deep in blood he swam the plain,
Torpedoed cruisers on the main,
Ten thousand by his sword were slain—
  This man who knows it all.

The map to him is clear as dough—
  This man who knows it all;
From Tientsin to Tokio—
  This man who knows it all.
From Tsurugaoka to Kwang-cheng-tsi,
From Tsitsihar to Matsuye,
And Hakodate to Kankakee—
  This man who knows it all.

'Twas he who rammed the Retvizan,
  This man who knows it all;
The Gromovol and huge Rayan,
  This man who knows it all.
Sicked Tsarevitch on the Adzumomo,
Sunk Rurik with the Mikasoso,
With Donskoi slammed the Takagogo—
  This man who knows it all.

Through sleepless nights he plans and plods,
  This man who knows it all;
Fig'ring the land and navy odds;
  This man who knows it all.
He calls the officers by first names,
His brain is filled with fire and flames,
Shot, shell and all that kills and maims,
  This man who knows it all.

And so to him the war's all done,
  This man who knows it all;
He fought it hard, tho' just for fun,
  This man who knows it all;
'Twas on the table-cloth he smote
The enemy: he is, you'll note,
The Bonaparte of our *table d'hôte*—
  This man who knows it all.

THE PERILS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE SHOPPER ABROAD

By Elise Castelman

SHOPPING! Does not the very word give a thrill of delight? The encounters, the bargains, the rare finds, the hazards, the chance of getting something for nothing while risking much to gain little—is it not a part of a woman's real life—an American particularly, independent, free, perhaps with a comfortable income, but withal a desire for experiences?

And more than all, shopping abroad. Without the charms of the shops, what American would be half so eager to cross the deep and brave the discomforts of a season of seasickness and storm? In some people shopping is a species of disease, in others a pastime; but in the great majority of cases it is to the American woman of normal instincts and desires a real and earnest profession. What woman, for instance, will admit for one instant that she is not a most accomplished shopper? Even if she has the worst of it in a bargain, will she confess it? Nay, not she. Upon her shopping instinct she prides herself as much as upon the graces of her figure, her accomplishments of mind or her friends among the most exclusive set. And when she goes abroad, it is then that she indulges her tastes and her talents to the utmost.

American women form their chief impressions of foreign cities and of foreign character generally from the quality of the shops, the method of doing business, and the *personnel* of the shopkeepers. They are certainly not far astray in this habit of mind. Shop customs and shopkeepers' manners are inevitable adaptations to the characteristics of the people who go to buy. The latter naturally give the initiative.

Accordingly, wherever a woman traveller drops down, the most vivid of her impressions of the natives came from business places. The same experience happens in the cold regions of the North, in quaint old Antwerp, weird Constantinople, and sun-bathed Italy. In duty the American tourist will visit a cathedral, inspect a fortification, or do a museum or a mosque; but she will lose her heart far more in the fascination of the streets and the shops that abound there than anywhere else. Not that Americans are what Napoleon called the English, "a nation of shop keepers," but the shopping instinct is very strong even in the woman of small purse, and besides there is a certain pleasure in knowing what human ingenuity has devised for man's, and particularly woman's delectation and convenience in various quarters of the globe. We are all sons and daughters of Tyre and Sidon, as they themselves were the offspring of the Phœnicians, the first great shop-keepers of the world.

In the shops the most ancient peoples showed their modernity and their striving to keep up with the times as well as to meet the tastes of the visiting sojourner; yet each of them in this game of barter betrays a national tradition of a thousand years. Foreign shops are said to be an American woman's best guide-book, and it may be said that she has learned to read it well before leaving home. It is not like her boarding-school French, which may fall flat in Paris, nor her college archæology, which is found of little practical use in Rome or Athens. The American woman understands the fundamentals of shopping without being told. However short she may be intellectually on the history of nations, or their politics, or even their art, on the special functions of shopping she is well drilled, for her education in that capacity has been very liberal in her own home.

Perhaps she has been somewhat spoiled by the latitude of our American stores and other colossal emporia, for the reason that she would wander through them at will and actually carry out the funny man's sarcasm with regard to a day's floor-walking on a charlotte russe for a spool of thread. But she comes and goes with absolutely no feelling of obligation to the man or corporation offering her the tempting wares. Indeed, American shops seem to exist for woman's freedom, pastime and convenience—a sort of popular *salon* and place of meeting—and she comes to regard certain stores by an inalienable right her very own, created for her and perpetuated for her queenly domain.

Naturally when the American shopper goes abroad, she attempts to indulge the same spirit of liberty; and when she encounters the more expectant attitude of the European shopman, she is surprised at his seriousness, and he in turn cannot understand her apparent lack of purpose. Her absolute indifference to what he thinks she ought to buy and her feelings of proprietary right strike the foreign tradesman as something peculiar; and whereas at first he is inclined to blame himself for either a lack of assiduity or actual obtuseness, he ends by cultivating toward her the same indifference or else that passive indulgence which characterizes the American tradesmen.

The American woman receives her shopping instincts from her colonial ancestors. In those early times the western dame controlled the merchant rather than the merchant controlling the shopper. In the times of the Georges, colonial shops on this side of the water were bare of much variety. The matron of wealth was compelled to make out an itemized list of her wants, to be submitted to her agents in London. She became a special patron, and the agent no less than the London merchant was very anxious to suit her particular fancy. The raw life of the new seaports in America did not hold her back from a desire to dress well and to shine in the latest London and Paris modes. Soon, however, she began to set up her own modifications of the fashions, and these characteristics the foreign tradesman has never since ignored. This of old was especially true in the South, for the mistress of the plantation was always a heavy buyer, and demanded the most solicitous service in exchange for her husband's money-bringing products. Thus did the American woman begin to feel that it was more important that her taste and desires be exactly met than that the shopkeeper's expectations should be first served. Thus, too, while the conditions surrounding the art of shopping have changed with the progress and growth of the nation, nevertheless her supremacy over the market has remained.

When the American shopper became a traveller, as she is becoming more and more every year, she found the foreign places brilliant with attractions and also beset with difficulties. She succumbed to the one and sought to find a way to surmount the other. She has sought to accommodate herself to foreign customs, and has partially succeeded. She is, perhaps, a little hard to please, gratified when suited, one moment overcareful perhaps, and the next openly lavish. She is above all resentful of any high-handed methods displayed by those who have the honor to serve her. She makes no secret of the fact that she is the sole mistress of her own purse as well as predilections.

It is only recently that the English shops have taken on the home-like aspect which is dear to the American heart. The English shopkeeper is not very flexible withal, and the attentions which he bestows are perhaps a little too serious and deliberate. He is apt to regard the American shopper as a little too hesitating if not indeed frivolous; and there is no disguising the fact that he is impatient when the American shopper merely enters his place of business for the purpose of looking things over.

The English vender cannot understand why the American purchaser does not decide at once—will even try to persuade her that she need look no farther. If she does so, he is mystified; but perhaps more so when. after making a circuit, she returns and decides quickly upon the article he first offered her. This attitude in itself is a little disconcerting, and it is well for the American shopper in London to think twice before she allows a dazzling window to entice her into a shop for the mere pleasure of looking things over. Within a few moments she will be impressed with the attitude toward her which argues a sense of obligation on her part, the outgrowth of a misunderstanding of her peculiar whims. The chances are that she will make an undesirable purchase merely to get off with no loss of dignity, aware that no amount of thanks can atone to the clerk for his disappointment (or perhaps his incurring a fine from his employer) at not having completed a sale. For all that, the London shops are very interesting to visit, even though there is not the freedom felt within them that is experienced at home.

Parisian shops are full of greater allurements, perhaps, and yet with greater pitfalls. There one sees such wonderful creations offered in such tempting forms and under such enticing circumstances that the American shopper is apt to overrun the maximum limit of her purse. If the salesman or his employer experiences any disappointment at her lack of decision or her bewilderment, he seems rather to take it as a compliment than otherwise, and is loath to give the slightest indication of impatience, or above all, offense at her American spirit of proprietary rights.

The French people regard the shop as a proper place wherein women can and may indulge their caprices, and seem rather to foster than to combat them. There is an absence of reproach in word or look when the American shopper refuses to buy. Her French sister has taken the cue, so that a certain right to individual whims and caprices has become the sign of the modish woman. Paris is very nearly the ideal shopping place of the world, for tact and simulation are become such a fine art with the French tradesmen, and their wares are so dazzlingly offered, that the American shopper, even if she does not feel at home at once at the Parisian counters, still finds them a most charming attraction.

In Germany the spirit is not exactly the reverse, but at any rate it bears that illusion, for shopping there is an exact science which makes it almost an ordeal. The windows are delightfully attractive, but the interiors display only long rows of packed shelves where the goods repose high and dry in their cases, with step-ladders for reaching these treasures in charge of severe and expectant clerks. With the Teutonic shopkeeper the mere desire to make a sale develops into a determination, and long inveteracy has delegated him as the one and only determiner. The German tradesman's idea is that every one who enters his place of business shall buy something. This has become an accepted law with the German *frau*, so that she no longer rebels. Her own needs and tastes seem to be incidental, and only the satisfaction of the merchant himself is the business involved. This is much less so than it used to be, but it still is strongly in evidence. Naturally the method is not agreeable, even to the German shopper; and she says to the American sister, "If I only had your independence! Half the time I buy without being entirely satisfied, merely to avoid a controversy." However, this spirit seems to be slowly passing away. In Brussels they still retain this provincial aspect of the relation between shopper and tradesman. An American woman of my acquaintance recently entered a shop in search of something which she could not find either in size or quality, and said so. The salesman followed her to the door, and as a parting invective, remarked not altogether under his breath, "You are a lowbred American. I knew you the moment you came in!" This was an unusual instance of shop discourtesy, but it nevertheless had its origin in the native belief that the shop was an institution more for the benefit of the keepers than for the customer.

In Switzerland shop ways are quite as provincial, but much more pleasant. The purchaser is greeted with much more gratifying personal attention, and usually the result is that more money is left behind. The wares presented are peculiar and by no means as captivating as those of Paris or Berlin; but, on the contrary, there seems to be a less eagerness to reach out for the shopper's money first, last and all the time. The Swiss shopkeepers are very considerate and usually speak four languages with equal fluency, being so topographically situated that this linguistic facility is a matter of necessity.

In Italy the lures to the shopper are manifold; and dealing with tourists as much as they do, the shopkeepers are the most beguiling perhaps of all Europe. The shop people themselves are usually sprightly and unceremonious; but there is rife that fatal habit of asking a large price with the belief that the shopper will walk away and throw away a lower bid over one shoulder, knowing that the ever-ready attendant will follow her to the door, or even into the *colle* and request her to return to take the article at her own price. There is no pose of concealing the hope that the shopper will buy, but whether they show it or not, they are still disappointed to the heart's core when you do not yield to their entreatments. However, as in innumerable instances in other countries, a little good-nature never fails, and the Italian is never tiresome on the one hand, nor yet disagreeable or bitter on the other.

Here the American woman loses her heart and head, her purse and her time. She will haunt sunless alleys in quest of strange and curious articles of personal or household adornment, particularly those rare old relics handed down for generations or disclosed by rummagings in forgotten palace attics known by the generic term roba antica. Sometimes she will stupefy a vender by purchasing the whole of his wares, but rarely at his own price; for if she did there might be a cause for a premature *Te Deum.*

All in all, there is nothing else perhaps in which American women abroad stand so alike as in this shopping faculty. It is always the same enticing and inveterate pleasure which entails alternate lavishness and economy, whether in Paris (where she can have half of a shop sent on approval to her hotel), or adapting herself to solemn old London, or still mildly cynical under the inflictions of the Teuton merchant, or ensnared amid the enticement of the Italian curio shops. Heaven made her so, and as such all Europeans accept her.

TO THE LEAP-YEAR MAID

By Elsie Brennan

BUT five months more, O Leap-year Maid!
Your time is short, you see.
Out with your sweet proposal, or
A wall-flower you may be.
Lift up those eyes that make more strife
Than Wall Street scares or wars.
For, oh, we're not the marrying kind—
We Gotham bachelors.

But five months more, O Leap-year Maid!
To capture him for life;
But five more months to seal your fate,
And make yourself a wife.
For single-blessedness, so-called,
The maiden heart abhors;
Though we're not of the marrying kind—
We clubmen bachelors.

Be brave, O Leap-year Maid, be brave,
And make the most, I pray,
Of this last chance, for 'naughty-four
Will not much longer stay.
Pour on men's souls sweet similes,
Fond sighs and metaphors;
You may convert them yet, b' jove!—
Those miserable bachelors.

THE OUTWITTING OF HELEN DARE

By Dorethea Dunbar

HELEN DARE was a writer, and an exceedingly clever one. Her father and mother before her had been wielders of the pen, and all of her brothers had, at various times, been contributors to magazines devoted to their several professions. However, Helen, the youngest of the family, was by far the foremost in the originality of her articles.

She wrote short stories, serials, poetry, blank verse, texts for songs, and, at the time of which I write, several very clever books over her signature had been published. She took advantage of every peculiar situation or bright speech and stored them all away upon the shelves of her well-stocked memory. It was a common occurrence for some one of her relatives to read, among the jokes in the morning paper, something most laughable which they knew must be the kernel of some speech of theirs to Helen several days before.

She received many letters from people far and near, praising her work from various standpoints; but, as a rule, she paid no attention to them. One day, however, a letter came from a young man stationed in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He spoke in glowing terms of her books and poetry, and wished her to know how deep was the impression they had made upon him. So much so that he longed to know the writer better. He said that he would be so glad to write to her occasionally if she would do him the great favor to answer his letters.

Helen's ever quick mind grasped the situation. She thought she saw opportunity for a little sport, and material as well. She answered the letter and the correspondence opened. They exchanged confidences for some time, discussing the leading topics of the day. Each succeeding letter from the young man bordered more and more upon the sentimental. Helen saw the danger signal, and decided that just here affairs had reached a point where a little real amusement might well be introduced. Accordingly, she sent Mr. John Belmont the following:

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 4, 1904.

MR. JOHN BELMONT, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Dear Correspondent: I have felt for some time that I have not done just as I should, in that I have concealed from you my real identity. Our correspondence has been to me very interesting, but I fear it is rapidly drawing to a close. You probably will not care to continue it when you learn that Helen Dare is only my ***nom-de-plume*** and that I really am ***a man***. Thanking you for your interest in my work and again for your own interesting letters, I am, sincerely yours, HELEN DARE.

She was a little surprised to receive a week later, this answer to her letter:

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, May 8, 1904.

HELEN DARE, St. Louis, Mo., Dear Friend: Do you know, I have entertained grave suspicions of late that you are of the masculine order of being, but, nevertheless, I am a trifle disappointed to find that Helen Dare is not a beautiful and gifted young woman, as I had pictured her, and that the strange new hope which was just beginning to creep into my life must be dashed to pieces. However, that cuts no particular figure. Your letters are delightful to a lonely literary solitarian, and will be none the less welcome. I beg you therefore to continue them. Sincerely yours, JOHN BELMONT.

It was an unlooked-for outcome to events, but Helen decided to see it through. She answered Mr. Belmont's letters promptly, introducing into them every now and then a few more suggestions of the more strenuous nature. Affairs pursued this course for some time. Meanwhile, Helen had written several times from an eastern resort where she was visiting; and Mr. Belmont, now really interested and anxious to meet his correspondent, wrote to her announcing his intention of calling upon her. This was too much. It necessitated another strategic move on Helen's part, and this letter found its way, post-haste, to John's desk:

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA., May 20, 1904.

MR. JOHN BELMONT, Halifax, Nova Scotia. My Dear Mr. Belmont: Once more I find it necessary to make you my 'father confessor." This time in all abject humility. Dear Mr. Belmont, I deceived you when I told you that I was a man.

I am indeed a woman, but heaven help me, *I am a negress*. I fully realize what a wrong I have done you to encourage your correspondence with one so far beneath you. My sense of justice is white even if my skin is black. I most humbly crave your forgiveness for the deception and bid you farewell forever. Sincerely, HELEN DARE.

However, instead of crushing John Belmont and forestalling all further communications, Miss Dare reckoned this time without her host. John was bright enough to begin to have his eyes opened. He suspicioned that Helen Dare was playing with him and decided to enter the lists closer. He answered her letter. He told her that she had not deceived him at all as to her sex; that no one but the most womanly of women could write as she had written. He said that he saw no reason why the mere matter of a little difference in complexion should deprive him of letters which had really grown to be a part of his life. Would she not answer this at the earliest possible moment, if but to say that the letter should not be the last one.

By this time Helen began to suffer a slight discomfiture over the peculiar turn which affairs had taken. Evidently John's persistence did not add to her peace of mind. Then he wrote again, asking for her photograph. He said he had always held the most kindly feeling for the colored race, and as a race, he felt sure that they were not lacking in the highest intelligence, although lacking in many instances the opportunity to develop their mental faculties. He thought she must be a most extraordinary personality, and he wished very much to have her picture, that he might point to it with pride when one or two of his friends, who were particularly prejudiced against her people, began their usual free expression of opinion, etc. It was indeed the letter of a master in epistolatory diplomacy.

Again Helen thought to bring it all to an end; but had she been able to hear John's roar of laughter when he unwrapped her supposed photograph, all idea that she was deceiving him would have vanished. It only served to make him more positive than ever that his correspondent was a most unusual woman, and it only served to increase his desire to meet and know her. The portrait was that of a thick-lipped, heavy-eyed, stolid southern mammy, and any one with half an eye could see how utterly impossible it would be for the possessor of a face so devoid of intelligent expression to write a single line such as Helen wrote. This was John's acknowledgment of the receipt of the photograph:

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, May 25, 1904.

Miss HELEN DARE, St. Louis, Mo. My Dear Friend: Your picture only corroborates the evidence I already had of your more than ordinary intellect. I can see at a glance that yours is not the common type of the colored race, for never among the many whom I have known more or less intimately have I met one whose eyes held such rare expression. Yours must be an extraordinary personality. The thin straight lips are a mark of conciseness and decision, which I must admit is not often found among your people. I should be much interested to learn in your next letter how you began your education and succeeded so brilliantly. Sincerely, JOHN BELMONT.

When Helen read this she pondered long and hard. Had John Belmont in some way received the wrong picture, or was he beating her at her own game? It seemed impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. She was anything but comfortable over it.

At last, after a sleepless night, she had formed a plan of action which she thought would certainly enable her to write "Finis" after that chapter of her life. Accordingly, the following type-written letter is the last in this exceptional chain:

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 30.

Mr. JOHN BELMONT, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Dear Sir: Helen Dare died last night from heart trouble. One of her last requests was that when she had passed away we should acquaint you with the fact. Respectfully, D. D.

A month or more passed by and Helen received no more letters from Halifax. This fact caused her to heave sighs of relief. That incident had closed and she promised herself that after this she would be more careful about entering into correspondence with strange young men.

One day she was busy at her desk when the bell rang. The maid being out, she answered the summons in person. At the door she met a fine-looking man who inquired if Miss Dare was in. She replied that she was Miss Dare and invited him into the house. He told her that he had called to ask about some of her books; he spoke of his interest in them and inquired if she was the Helen Dare who wrote "M—— L——." She told him that she was and thought she detected a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. His next remark brought the color to her cheeks:

"Miss Dare, is it possible that we are living in an age of miracles?"

"Well," answered Helen, "I must admit that I am at a loss to know just what prompted your question. I have never given the subject any thought. Why do you ask?"

"I was only wondering, how it could be that you found it so easy for a black woman to rise from the dead or to be born again a white one in full stature, unless we were living in an age of miracles. I received a letter some weeks ago apprising me of your demise; and as I was passing near here on my way to St. Louis, I thought it no more than proper that I should stop off and pay my respects to the memory of the departed."

Helen looked nonplussed for a moment, but quickly recovered. "It was very considerate of you," she offered with a slight tinge of cynicism. Nevertheless she was duly impressed with the fact that she was face to face with one of the cleverest men that it had been her privilege to meet, as he himself was convinced that Helen in the flesh outstripped all his preconceptions of his interesting correspondent.

"In fact, a most extraordinary phenomenon," he pursued without a tremor, "and one which ought to puzzle any of the Yogi of India; for I believe that the doctrine of reincarnation was never so speedily and conclusively demonstrated."

"With supernatural things, you must know," replied Helen, "there is no such thing as time. A million years and a second are identical."

"Right. I remember the Persian legend of the wizard who was proving this belief to his sovereign, bidding the latter to thrust his head into a tub of water. While there the king died, was born again, lived for seventy years, had seven sons all grown to manhood and died beloved by his country. When the king arose again it required the combined eloquence of his entire suite to convince him that he had kept his head below water for the smallest fraction of a second. However, here is a modern attestation of this occultism right before us. To heaven that all reincarnations such as yours could so convincingly prove the doctrine of evolution of the species, for you are certainly far more interesting and beautiful than you possibly could have been in your former state two months ago."

"Really?" said Helen, coloring deeply. "It is kind of you to offer the observation, even if it has such a small foundation in fact."

"And since I have such a delightful opportunity to study the occult with a subject of such great value, I do not propose to lose her."

"No?"

"Decidedly not. I think I shall take up my temporary abode at Old Point, for it is a delightful spot, most ideal for the study of so profound a subject."

"Indeed? How very persistent! I can but commend such assiduity——"

"And promise to give me every co-operation, Eh?"

"That depends—if it does not take too long——"

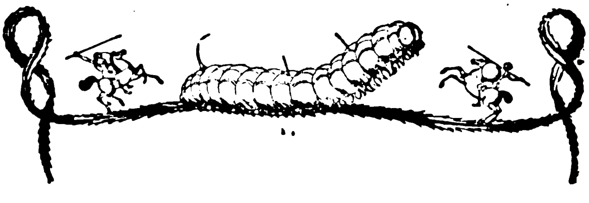
"That remains entirely with yourself. It may be for a day, for a year, or if my entire wish be fulfilled, for a lifetime."

Helen tried her best to look severe, then burst into a little laugh. "Do you think the subject worthy of so much effort?" she asked archly.

"I am sure of it," he answered earnestly.

"Very well then," she yielded with a little tremor in her voice. "You may begin now if you wish, and meanwhile I will summon the maid to set another cover for tea."

Latest returns from Old Point show that, although four years have elapsed, Mr. and Mrs. John Belmont are still studying the miracle.



THE FAIR ROOF-GARDENER

By Philip Breslaw

Sweet Margie has graces that capture the heart—
Blue eyes that are kindly and bright;
Her figure is modelled to classical art,
In made-in-France flounces bedight;
She's proud of her charms (as quite justly she might);
But what strikes the eye in the whirl
Of old jolly Broadway
At the close of the day—
She is a Roof-garden Girl.

Coquette? Oh, dear, no; she's a serious maid,
Tho' but pleasure her summer task be.
At home for the season sweet Margie has stayed—
Just why? Pray, don't question me.
Her sisters have fled to the mountains and sea,
But here Margie's standards unfurl;
For on jolly Broadway
She's the queen of the gay—
Dear Gotham's Roof-garden Girl.

THE HOMELESS OF A GREAT CITY

By William C. Yorke

WHATEVER else the great metropolis of the hemisphere may boast, it cannot be truthfully called a City of Homes. Not but that there are thousands of happy homes within its colossal compass, but as a Mecca for the homeless of all classes and conditions, Gotham surpasses any haven of refuge on this side of the great globe.

There are many reasons for this. It is the largest city on the continent, and hence utter self-obliteration is most possible here. It is the stranding place for foreigners who arrive on these shores at the rate of nearly a million every year, few of them with more of this world's goods than enables them to escape deportation as paupers. It is the seaport of flight for the discouraged foreigner who would return to his native land, but who perhaps gets no further than a glimpse of the big bay. More than all, as a hiding-place and general rendezvous for crooks, men with "pasts," and all who would remain in obscurity, it offers the oblivion of the throng. As an anchorage for every aspiring provincial genius who has done a little in science, literature or art, it is rivalled only by London and Paris. Last of all, as a place to spend money, it offers to the discontented Westerner of wealth the best pleasure-house and the most luxurious bed of ease on this side of the water.

Thus as a haven for the homeless of all nations and conditions of human life, New York is almost without an equal. The foreigners choke the overcrowded tenements of the east and west sides. The crooks estrange themselves in the garrets and lofts of the lower quarters. The provincial genius betakes himself to the boarding house, shabby or comfortable, as suits his means and his success, and the rich man of the West and South takes up hibernation in some one of the increasing "family" or more pretentious hotels, soon attaining the dignity of an exclusive club. But of all these, from the lowest stratum of society to the highest, how many of them can look upon the place of their protracted sojourn and say in all truth, "Verily, this is home!" Barely a small per cent.

Whenever some public enterprise, which offers the great discouraged riffraff of humanity employment, is bruited throughout the land from the metropolis, she receives a double complement of homeless recruits. The public improvements brought fifty thousand "laborers" into the city, each with the idea that as there were many millions to be spent it belonged to any man who could handle pick and shovel. Of the thousands who found work only a few held it for a length of time, and the city parks by day and the lodging-houses by night were filled with these great battalions of the hopeless and homeless, the majority without means to return whence they came nor any logical assurance for the morrow's meal. To-day the major portion of this army of stragglers is with us, waiting turns to find seats on the park settees, foraging free-lunch counters, perambulating the pavements by day and blocking obscure doorways by night, over-crowding our great hospitals, for the homeless and foodless man grows easily sick when he knows that a short ambulance ride brings him to a clean bed, wholesome food and a week of rest, and any hospital physician will tell tales of the struggle of well men to feign sickness in order to enjoy a day longer the city's bounty.

All city institutions, moreover, have recently been taxed to the utmost—almshouse, workhouse, even the penitentiary—overwhelmed with the crush of miserables of all degrees of wretchedness, iniquity and hopeless resignation to fate; and the regular daily trips of the dead-boat from the Morgue to the Potter's Field far up the Sound are doubled. Is it not a picture to stagger the sociologist, confound the philanthropist, and challenge the public economist? For we must realize that the problem, far from growing more solvable year by year, confronts each administration of justice, charity and correction in proportions more appalling.

A fair index to the homelessness of New York may be seen in examining the statistics of the Municipal Lodging House. This institution, like many others, was the outgrowth of a congested condition of affairs, and the privilege long granted to the homeless of both sexes—to rap at the gates of any police station after sundown, summer or winter, and though guiltless of any crime, be received within its sheltering walls till daybreak. This indulgence became at last such an intolerable nuisance, and was so persistently worked by the "regulars," as the chronic tramps of both sexes are called, that the city authorities provided this unique institution where the deserving homeless might receive a night's lodging, a bath, bread and coffee for supper and again bread and coffee for breakfast, and this for three nights in a month, but for not more than three on penalty of a short term in striped clothes on Blackwell's Island. This was a staggering blow to the "regulars," but proved a most humane provision for the alleviation of honest poverty brought to direct straits, and to-day it stands as a model in this sort of municipal philanthropy, saving many a woman and child from starvation and many a man from crime.

The strangers from many lands and many States present a varied aspect, and they are a fair index to the city's homeless. Of the eighty thousand and more which were fed, bathed and sheltered during the year passed, about seven thousand were female, one thousand children, and the remainder male. The women were there principally through the fault of men, either their husbands or children, being for the most part housewives who were dispossessed and brought to this refuge by the policeman of the district, or the old who are cast off as having lived beyond the age of usefulness and fit only for the almshouse, whither they are usually sent on the following morning after their arrival.

As to nationality, about one-half of the entire number were Americans, one-quarter Irish, the remainder German, Italian, English, and miscellaneous. That the American predominates shows that he has less dread of accepting hospitality at the hands of a city of his native country, and by virtue of his vote harbors an illusion of proprietary rights in its institutions. He is by all odds the most persistent dreamer, believing that the world owes him a living, and more often falls helpless by the wayside. The Irishman follows in greatest number, for the latter regards this country as a Golden Eldorado whether he works or plays, and Manhattan the Emerald Isle in little. He naturally waits upon his own who are more successful, and in the long wait grows discouraged, takes to congenial companionship, and becomes an easy vagrant. It may be that the humbler continental types shrink from taking the city's hospitality in distress; but certain it is that the German or Italian will manage to get along on little, keeping up a certain strength of independence, disregarding public bounties in adversity, partially through pride and still more through vague, traditional fear that all municipal institutions are of a penal nature, never to be entered voluntarily.

The ages of the applicants to the Municipal Lodging House tell an additional tale of character and condition. Few with youth, health, and some modicum of hope still in the heart are willing to receive the city's hospitality, coupling it with a sense of personal degradation and the relinquishment of honor. As years pass, however, and the battle for existence grows more trying as well as hopeless, despair dawns darker, compunctions of personal honor yield to calm resignation, until at last advancing age makes what was once a temporary relief now a permanent necessity. In youth and early manhood the fighting qualities are aroused still with every morning sun, even though they sink with its setting; but after the half-century mark is passed and the man mentally writes "Failure!" under his name, he looks with an inveterate resignation upon a bitter present, facing a hopeless future, laboring to forget a useless past. He becomes one of the common drifters of the pavements, willing to take whatsoever kicks and buffetings of Fate there may be in store for him so long as somewhere, somehow, something provides him with the food he cannot earn, the shelter he is no longer inclined to work for, and the soft bed he in nowise deserves. Fully three-quarters of the applicants for the city's bounties are of this class.

And that hardship, privation and a homeless state has affected his morals, too, is shown in the fact that he will lie for a cup of coffee, perjure himself for a clean bed, and risk three months on the island for a breakfast by giving false reference in lieu of none, false name, false nationality, false age. That he is not an arrant criminal is either from sheer cowardice or else a lack of skill, not entirely from an unperverted moral standard. Four thousand applicants last year gave good references, three thousand gave false references, a few gave references which proved to their detriment rather than credit, a thousand were doubtful, and the great remainder gave no references at all. Thus 90 per cent. of the applicants were of that wandering class which comes from nowhere in particular and bound for the same place, save those which go to the hospital as needing medical care—and nightly there is a doctor in attendance at the hour of registry to watch for contagious and other diseases—and the still larger number that are taken to court in the morning and sentenced to the workhouse as vagrants and "regulars"—a class that recruited the island to the number of fifteen hundred from this institution last year.

It is fear of the workhouse that prevents the Municipal Lodging House from being packed nightly the year round from basement to loft. To liberty, the very last possession of the homeless wanderer in a great city, he clings with the tenacity of a drowning sailor to the life-line. In severe winter a workhouse sentence is not so bad. But there is no certainty that the judge's dyspepsia may not lengthen a month's sentence to six on the spur of the moment, and the glorious spring and summer days are given up in hostage to a foolhardy faith in the leniency of man. While in winter the Municipal Lodging House receives its full complement each night, with the overflow sent to the Twenty-sixth street pier for shelter with the Outdoor Poor Department, in summer the number drops from six hundred or thereabouts nightly to less than two hundred, with a considerable increase on Saturday night for the reason that as there is no court on Sunday morning there is no danger of arrest for vagrancy, and the "regular" gets his accustomed weekly bath, medical inspection and badge of respectability for the Sabbath. His only requirements then are that he shall be sober, that he shall be penniless, that he shall tell the truth to the clerk of registry. Upon entering at the opening hour, the men file along through the dining-room to the kitchen counter, where each finds ready a tin pint cup of steaming coffee and a generous slice of bread. Moving along to the tables, they dispose of the simple but wholesome meal, sometimes returning, like Oliver Twist of old, "for more," but, unlike Oliver, never refused. Registration then takes place, after which the homeless are led below to the baths. There they disrobe, their clothes are placed in a tagged receptacle of hempen netting ready for fumigation. and the showers are started, each man under a spray, with a pot of strong soap within reach. The bath done, a clean nightshirt and a pair of slippers are given the city's guest, and thence he is led to the dormitories. During the night his clothes are placed in a steel fumigator and kept for half an hour at a high temperature, destroying all disease germs that may be there, and in the morning the sojourner dons them, receives another cup of coffee and slice of bread, and is sent forth, clean, rested, and fed, to do unequal battle with the world again. Who shall say that this is not almost a socialistic measure for the alleviation of human suffering and the preservation of society from the foragings of the foodless and the shelterless? What though ten who sit at the city's humble board are undeserving? The one truly deserving in deep adversity dignifies the city's bounty and justifies the maintenance of this pioneer enterprise in the interest of hopeless and homeless humanity.

There are some four thousand lodging houses in and about New York with a nightly tariff of twenty-five cents per night down to a ticket for a pillow and pine board in a ginmill loft, the latter given away with every schooner of beer. It is about these vortices that the great masses of the homeless surge after nightfall; but still thousands roam the streets, seek obscure hallways, roofs, or nooks in the park as far as possible from the homeless man's Cerberus, the lynx-eyed policeman. These paltry and overcrowded hostelries are for the most part owned by prosperous saloon-keepers, with a revenue therefrom scarcely less profitable than selling liquor—from 100 to 500 per cent. on the investment.

But the keeper of the lodging house has in turn his scourger in the persons of the Board of Health, which body can order a thousand-dollar renovation, or, in case of the outbreak of contagious disease, compel a complete reconstruction of interior which may take away a year's profits from the lodging house under ban. The owners of these resorts have grown tired of expensive remedies, however, and are now taking more cautious measures to prevention. In the better class each lodger is inspected, passing muster in the interest of his host if not in behalf of his fellow guests, with a free bath, in some cases compulsory—all of which approaches the city's own standard of cleanliness and order.

With the growth of the city at the present marvellous rate, the problem of the homeless becomes more and more important to the individual economist and the corporate municipality alike. The natural gregariousness of man, particularly in adversity, swells rather than diminishes the natural quota resulting from offers of municipal or private employment. With the growth of the city homelessness increases, for the man becomes less, the institution more, and individuality in life and manners becomes further eliminated. Superficiality of education and business training; the increasing exodus from farm to town; the herding propensity which tenement life only aggravates; the inability of men of energy and parts to embark to-day upon business enterprises on a capital sufficient for their forefathers but now inadequate to cope with vast aggregations of corporate wealth —these all contribute to make New York a city of the homeless. And not alone in the lower walks is this true. For the well-to-do the eternal servant-girl problem drives thousands yearly from the home to the so-called "family hotel." Increasing wealth engenders restlessness of spirit, luxuries become necessities, café and club life militate more and more against marriage and its responsibilities, and the man of the home yields to the man of the world. From this Sargasso Sea of a municipal institution I can well judge of the surrounding ocean of humanity, and deplore the inevitable elimination of the home spirit from every plane of society, from the gay battalion of the clubs and corridors of Vanity Fair down through the crowded ranks of boarding housers and tenementers of the east and west sides to the very prowlers of the pavements, many of whom have wandered down through the long avenue from the greatest to the least, from the city's proud supporter to the city's humble guest.

INSPIRATION

By Edwin Sabin

Hold thy look upon the darkness,
  Little brother of the gods!—
Hold it on the rayless, sparkless
  Queryland no mortal trods.
Soon a starry radiation—
  First a point, a gleam of love—
Then a burst of inspiration
  Dawns upon thee from above.

It will clothe thee in a glory
  Far beyond the dreams of men;
Heroes loved in song and story
  Thou may'st count thy compeers then.
Oh, the light in bounteous measure
  Thus vouchsafed thee from on high,
Shalt thou give the world to treasure—
  Things of God that never die.

"NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT"

By I. McRoss

HALF way up the front walk they stopped and studied the old Estabrook mansion, trying to determine what gave it such a shiftless, unkempt appearance.

"It's the winder shades," Mrs. Judd decided, after a long look through her spectacles, while Mrs. Keep was straining her weak, red-lidded eyes. "Just look at 'em! down, an' up, an' part ways up, an' ev'ry one hangin' which ways an' skewin'."

"Where's the lace curt'ins, Maria? I can't see one of 'em." Mrs. Keep moved a step nearer.

"Can't see 'em! No wonder; some's tied up in knots, some's switched back out of light, an' others are hangin' limp. Them lovely curt'ns that his mother was so proud of! Well, come along, Laviny, we may as well go in an' see how he's gettin' along."

They mounted the broad stone steps. Mrs. Judd raised the knocker, then looked anxiously at the tips of her new gloves.

"First time I ever ketched dust on that knocker," she whispered.

She was carefully wiping away the dust when Martin Estabrook opened the door. In one of his hands he held a dish-towel which he whisked behind him as soon as he saw his callers. Grime and perspiration upon his face struggled with distress and anxiety, and his thin, light hair, usually carefully brushed to cover a suspicious spot upon the top of his head, stood out in every direction.

"He really is bald." Mrs. Judd exulted in her discovery. "We thought we'd come an' see how you're gettin' along, Martin."

"Thank you, Mrs. Judd; I'm not getting along at all. I'm sliding backwards all the time. Will you come in?" He turned, reluctantly, and led the way into the parlor, his hand still pressed convulsively into the small of his back, the towel trailing behind him. He cleared the litter from two of the chairs and offered them to the old ladies.

"I suppose they're covered with dust, everything is, but I can't help it; I can't help anything." He groaned, as he tilted a large arm chair to throw the rubbish out before he could seat himself.

"Your last housekeeper has left, hasn't she?" Mrs. Keep asked.

"Yes, the last has gone, so has the first, and the fifth, and the tenth. I've had housekeepers and hired girls, cooks and scrub-women. The ones that would stay I wouldn't keep, and the ones that I would have liked to keep wouldn't stay. It's only six months since sister Ruth died, and it seems as though I had been through six years of misery. What I'm going to do and what I'm coming to, is more than I can tell."

"You'll have to get married, Martin," Mrs. Keep ventured timidly. To her surprise he jumped eagerly at her suggestion.

"Married! Mrs. Keep, I'll marry the first woman who asks me—young or old, maid or widow."

"Asks you!" Mrs. Keep sniffed scornfully, "do you s'pose any woman wuth havin' is a goin' to come an' coax you to have her? You'd better do a little askin' on your own account, an' maybe suit yourself better."

"I did ask a girl once, and she refused me. I vowed then that if ever I got married it would be to some one who asked me."

"Didn't you ask her but once?" Mrs. Keep's weak eyes twinkled until the tears started.

"No," sharply, "she understood me, and that was enough."

"It's plain that you didn't understand her, or else you had a pretty poor opinion of her, thinkin' that she'd drop right into your arms at the first beck of your finger. Asked her once! Why didn't you keep right on askin' her till you changed her 'no' to 'yes'? That is, if you really wanted her—which I very much doubt."

"I did! I do want her!" excitedly, "a poor opinion of her! My opinion was then just what it is now—that she was the sweetest girl that God ever put a beautiful soul into; and she has made——" He stopped, and closed his lips suddenly.

"Well, if she's alive, an' to be had for the tenth or the fiftieth askin' you'd better begin over again an' try a little harder to get her," Mrs. Judd advised soberly. But Martin shook his head stubbornly:

"I'll never ask another woman."

"If it gets to Susan Armstrong's ears that you're waitin' an' anxious for some one to ask you, she'll be right on hand. She believes in all kinds of woman's rights an' wouldn't hang back a minute."

"Don't—don't you repeat what I said! Of all women's ears, I wouldn't have it reach Susan's."

When the ladies were ready to leave Martin followed them into the hall, nervously wadding the dish-towel from one hand to the other.

"I—I hope you won't let it get out—what I said about getting married."

"Of course we can promise not to speak of it," said Mrs. Judd, ambiguously, "but you know that such remarks as that of yours fly faster an' farther than dandelion puffs in a hurricane, an' if I were you an' had any preferences, I'd hurry up an' express 'em before Susan gets a chance."

The door closed, shutting the ladies out, and Martin in with his miseries of housekeeping.

"Seems to me—I heard once, a long time ago—something 'bout Martin—keeping comp'ny—" Mrs. Keep was thinking aloud.

"'Meely Williams!" Mrs. Judd broke in excitedly, "an' she's never married, though she must have had lots of chances, she was such a pretty girl."

"She's pretty yet; I never saw a woman hold her own the way she does. Her hair's just as brown an' curly as it was twenty years ago; her cheeks are pink, an' there ain't a wrinkle anywheres on her face. But 'twouldn't be like Meely to ask Martin—ever."

"She's got to. We'll go right over an' see her." Mrs. Judd's decisions and actions were always swift, and almost before Mrs. Keep had had time to realize where she was going she stood with Mrs. Judd upon Amelia Williams's doorstep listening to Amelia's cordial welcome:

"Come right in, Mrs. Keep and Mrs. Judd. I am glad to see you; I have been feeling lonesome and hoping that some one would call."

"Lonesome!" Mrs. Keep sighed heavily, "if you'd been where we have this afternoon, you'd be so thankful that you're able to take care of yourself and keep your house neat an' comfortable that you wouldn't talk about lonesomeness."

"Why? who is it, Mrs. Keep, some one in trouble?"

"It's Martin Estabrook." Amelia started nervously, and a wave of color flashed over her fair, sensitive face, while Mrs. Keep continued with affected mournfulness:

"You know Martin's determined to stay in the old family mansion; he says it's the only house he ever has lived in or ever will. But of course he can't get any hired woman to keep house the way his mother an' sister used to, so now he's tryin' to do his own work, an' such a lookin' house, an' such a lookin' Martin Estabrook!"

"I'm afraid though that worse is in store for him;" Mrs. Judd furtively watched the effect of her words upon Amelia, "he says he's goin' to marry the first woman that asks him to. Think of that! If it gets to Susan Armstrong's ears she won't hang back a minute. An' you know how Susan is."

"Health foods an' homeopathy," Mrs. Keep murmured, "an' Martin's strong on allopathy, an' likes his food rich an' seasoned high."

"He never could abide strong-minded women either," Mrs. Judd added, "an' Susan's mind runs uncommon strong in some directions—shows it in her dress; short skirt, thick shoes, a man's hat stuck square on her short hair, an' ideas that she calls 'sensible.' I'm afraid nothing will save Martin unless that girl he once asked to have him hears what he's said, an' goes an' asks him before Susan gets a chance."

Amelia's face turned a deeper red: "Did —did he—mention her name?" she gasped.

"No; oh, no," Mrs. Judd hastened to assure her, "he didn't speak her name; all he said was that he once asked a girl to marry him an' she refused. He said that she was the sweetest girl that ever lived, an' was goin' to say somethin' more, then he stopped an' shut his mouth in that set, trappy way he has. But anybody could see that his heart was brim full of that girl. I s'pose though that whoever she is, she's married now, an' don't care anything for Martin, so Susan'll get him. I shouldn't be a mite surprised if she went to see him before sundown."

They were ready to leave. Mrs. Keep's hand was on the door knob, when Mrs. Judd thought of something more:

"How nice you an' your house always look, Meely!" She looked sweetly at Amelia's flushed, disturbed face, and at the well-cared-for room. "Your winders are always a little cleaner an' clearer than other folkses; your flowers are brighter, an' your ferns thriftier, an'—oh, ev'rything about you is homey. How do you manage it?"

"I suppose it is because I have time to attend to things."

"'Tain't that altogether; it's the home-making knack. Some women have it, an' some don't. Poor Martin! he does need somebody with just that kind of a knack, but I'm afraid that Susan hain't got it."

"Now I come to think of it, Meely," Mrs. Keep barely controlled her laughter, "haven't you a lot of the recipes that Ruth an' Martin's mother used—mince pie, fruit cake, croquettes, salads, and so on? Things that Martin's specially fond of?"

"Yes; Ruth gave them to me a number of years ago."

"I do wish you'd lend them to Susan, an' try to persuade her to practice on 'em; though I'm afraid it'll be hard to move her from her ready-made foods."

As soon as the old ladies were out of Amelia's hearing, Mrs. Judd began to laugh:

"I—shouldn't wonder—a mite—if Meely made Martin a call—this very evening." She gasped, "I do wish I lived where I could watch Martin's front door."

Mrs. Keep took the broad hint: "You come right over to my house an' take supper with me. From my dinin' room winders you can get a full view of Martin's front door. You're far-sighted an' you can keep watch while I get supper."

Not for a single instant did Mrs. Judd allow her survey of Martin Estabrook's house to relax. She was sipping her tea, when, suddenly, she paused with uplifted cup, and craned her neck eagerly:

"There she is, Laviny! There's Meely comin'; she's put on that pretty green an' white lawn; she knows how becomin' 'tis. An' true's I live there's Susan comin' from the other direction!" Supper was forgotten. They rushed close to the window in their eagerness to watch every motion.

"Just see how fast Susan's comin'! Her dress is so short that she can swing off like a man, an' poor Meely has to hold her long skirt up, an' she never was any kind of a walker anyway. Oh, Meely, Meely! do hurry up!" Mrs. Judd waved her hand excitedly, as though Amelia could see and hear her.

"I can't see one thing!" Mrs. Keep whimpered, "I never before wanted good eyes as I do now."

"Susan's gainin' all the time. She'll get there first unless something's done to head her off. Laviny Keep, you go right up street an' meet Susan, an' hold her back all you can, while I go an' help Meely."

Bareheaded, they rushed out upon the sidewalk, just as Martin Estabrook stepped out of his house. He had left his unmastered housework for a moment's rest. He caught side of Amelia coming from the east and Susan from the west. Only an instant he hesitated, then bounded down the steps, across the lawn, over the hedge, and rushed down the street toward Amelia.

"Martin!" Susan called, but he did not notice her.

"Oh, Amelia! thank God you've come in time!" He was utterly regardless Mrs. Judd's eager ears, "you know I've always loved you. I wanted you twenty years ago, and I've wanted you every day of those twenty years."

"Martin! I've come to ask you———" Susan came up with Mrs. Keep dragging upon her arm.

"You—you're too late, Susan," Martin interrupted her with an embarrassed laugh, "I, that is—I've just promised Amelia."

"You, Amelia? I thought you had canned all your peaches!"

"Peaches!" the others gasped in chorus.

"Yes; I came to borrow that big preserving kettle of your mother's. It holds half a bushel so I can do up a lot at a time. I always can mine without sugar, they're so much healthier that way." Susan never lost an opportunity to expound her views.

"No—yes—I didn't know; I mean you're welcome to the kettle, of course, Susan. It's out in the summer kitchen on the shelf. Go help yourself, please." He tucked Amelia's hand within his arm, "I'm going home with Amelia."

Mrs. Keep's and Mrs. Judd's eyes followed Amelia and Martin; then turned in the direction Susan had taken. Mrs. Judd drew a long breath of relief, then asked:

"Maria, do you really s'pose Susan was after that preserving kettle, or Martin?"

THE FLIRT'S PREDICAMENT

By Muriel Jordan

Was ever maid in such a state
As I, alas, have been of late?
I've just returned to Gothamtown
From ten resorts of far renown—
Bar Harbor, Newport, Rye, Bayshore,
The Catskills, Springs, and many more.
And as for fiancés, I broke
The record, dears—and that's no joke.
My notebook is with names o'erladen—
The conquests of a summer maiden.

But here's the rub, you will observe:
Back here in town I've lost my nerve;
My wardrobe being down to *nil*,
I took to shopping with a will;
But, bless me! everywhere each day,
I stumbled on some fiancé.
For instance, my dear Newport "Earl"
Was trying hats upon some girl
At Slimpson's, and my Rye "Beau Nash"
Was measuring ribbon, shrieking "Cash!"

Then Willie, with the violet glance,
Has now acquired "floorwalkers' prance";
While Joey, with a lisp just sweet,
Is trying shoes on sundry feet;
And Dick, who looked the millionaire,
Calls carriages on Herald Square.
And so, you see, where'er I go,
I'm barred through fear of some old beau.
Ah, happy thought! From hence I'll flee,
And shop the rest in gay Paree!

. . . .

But what care I? All said and done,
My notebook shows that I have won.

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EDITED BY CHARLES EDWARD BARNS

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THE question, What constitutes good literature? has vexed the sages and the unlearned alike for many generations. It is more or less a pertinent query of the times. Emerson said that all books bore the peculiar stamp of having been written by one man, so adaptable is the present race of writers to prevailing schools. There is no doubt that Addison, both during his time and for generations following, influenced the literature of his language, as Macaulay did, as Stevenson did, as Kipling is doing to-day. The latter has started thousands of strong young men laying their strenuous experiences to paper—men who would otherwise never have the incentive nor the inspiration to write, to say nothing of being afforded a model. Some of these, like Morgan Robertson, the writer of the things of the sea, confess the debt; others ignore it, but still the debt is there. Yet what constitutes literature that will live—this is a subject for the learned. Conceptions regarding literature in many countries differ, but who shall say that the American brand, which may be said to be more of the journalistic than of the "cloth-bound" quality—will not live as long as that modeled upon the lines of the "coffee-house school" of "The Spectator" days or of the latter-day coterie composed of stylists like Stevenson, Patmore, Pater and Matthew Arnold?

Glancing over the tables of contents of the best magazines to-day, one thing strikes the careful reader: their combined and efficient timeliness. Magazines to-day are the sublimation of the daily newspaper—the crystallization through superior channels by exceptional means, in nowise lacking the essentials, yet offering them with that dignity and repose with which great questions are discussed in the *salons* of the most cultured by those most competent to discourse upon them. When Mt. Pelée exploded, the great newspapers of the world sent their best men on fast missions thither, one metropolitan newspaper spending twenty thousand dollars to gather in a few columns of the most reliable and picturesque information regarding the tragedy of St. Pierre. Yet it remained for a college professor of Pennsylvania, some two months after every one had tired of the newspaper reports, to come out with a detailed account of this great catastrophe, and that account will live, for it is literature, it is science combined with the most reliable scholarship. The combination of a great and timely theme with the most accurate learning expressed in virile Anglo-Saxon will survive when the newspaper men's best work, which cost, perhaps, a hundred thousand dollars, will be forgotten, for it is a summary and a crystallization of them all.

Still, this is to be expected. Verily the newspaper men have their reward, and it is a very large and acceptable one. But it also points the moral to the magazine world—that the public requires timeliness quite as naturally as good literature and accuracy of detail. We have been accused by foreigners of being a newspaper-schooled nation, yet there is cause for congratulation even here. The newspaper to-day is an institution of learning with more trained professors, more classrooms and a wider matriculation among all classes than all the other schools of the world combined; and the magazine is what might be called a post-graduate course. Therefore, to be called a newspaper-taught people is not all a stricture upon our standards of taste, but rather in the nature of a compliment.

Every editor's desk is a dumping-ground for masses of written matter which lack at least one and perhaps all three of the requisites of a good magazine article. They may be timely, yet written shabbily and absolutely wanting in accuracy of facts; or perchance well written, accurate in facts, yet so remote in time and place from the thought of the present generation that they would be passed by unheeded. Great events give the chief *raison d'être*, lesser events correspondingly. The finest article ever written on any phase of the civil, political or social life of the Japanese would have fallen flat some few months ago; yet to-day, when the eyes of nations are on the conflict of the Orient, the smallest enlightenment concerning this interesting people comes welcomely. Even fiction receives much of its inspiration from the events of the hour and the instruments to these ends. The submarine vessel, the wireless telegraph, the airship, the mysterious forces of radium, the conflict of labor and capital, and other scientific and social phenomena have all within the past few months been made the framework for romantic structures of excellence, and in some cases of great power and lasting worth. This is one of the signs of the times. These observations are offered the readers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE merely as a hint to the reason why authors, particularly the inexperienced, are disappointed in the return of their articles and stories. A timely article, replete with accurate facts, may overcome the defect of imperfect diction; but where either or both of the other ingredients are wanting, the case is well-nigh hopeless.

THE LATE SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY

By Christopher Dempsey

IT was Professor Chanler of Columbia University who once said that he would advise young men in any department of research to spend at least a year in a newspaper office, not only to keep in touch with the whole world, but to acquire that most valuable trait—a news instinct. What John Rowlands, of St. Asaph's almshouse, afterward Sir Henry M. Stanley, might have been had he never known James Gordon Bennett, a newspaper man whose influence has extended over part of two centuries, it is doubtful if he would ever have achieved the fame and fortune that was his after a life of the severest labor and insatiable news-hunting, for such must, first of all, be termed his chief faculty, always in the most difficult, inaccessible and perilous parts of the great globe.

The late Sir Henry Morton Stanley in traveller's costume

Sir Henry was brought up in an almshouse of Wales, and was never ashamed of his humble early circumstances. At the age of thirteen he was sent adrift, and naturally hearing great stories of the New World, managed to reach these shores by working his passage over on a sailing ship. Once arrived at New Orleans, he searched about for an opening and a patron, and found both in the cotton-press works and the person of its owner, Henry H. Stanley, who befriended the stranger and endeared himself to the lad so deeply as to cause John Rowlands to take the name of his benefactor. This was before the Rebellion, and in that conflict the young man afterward enlisted as a Confederate, and was captured at Shiloh. Young as he was at that time, the youth with the news instinct realized that there were hundreds of thousands of people in the North who looked with personal interest upon every phase of the war, and his contributions to the northern periodicals were even taken as standard for accuracy and trustworthiness. Later liberated, young Stanley now enlisted in the Union navy, not perhaps so much on the score of patriotism as an insatiable desire to be on the everlasting move, to see things and to report them. Later we find him with General Sherman in the far West, still telling the world what it wanted to know, and at last he brought his "long nose for news" to the metropolis, where he entered into competition with the newspaper men of the city, not perhaps altogether with success.

Stanley was still a young man of twenty-nine when he presented himself one morning to James Gordon Bennett at break of day in the editor's bedchamber in Paris and asked to be assigned to some task. The query, "What has become of Livingston?" was just then agitating the world, and Mr. Bennett merely said, "Go and find him." The manner of accomplishing this gigantic undertaking is already history, and the whereabouts of the great explorer in the heart of the mid-Afric wilderness was communicated to the world through Mr. Bennett and *The Herald*. With Mr. Livingston there were certain important explorations, and a year later, upon the death of Livingston, as Mr. Stanley said, "he saw his great opportunity," and returned to "darkest Africa" to complete his explorations.

From this time forth all was assured to Stanley. He was made the friend of kings, potentates, and scholars, and royal societies honored themselves by making him honorary member of their illustrious bodies. The penniless waif was now a man who could command a thousand dollars a night for his lectures; he had the pick of heiresses of many nations, was painted by great artists, sonneteered and lauded throughout the length and breadth of the world. He made many successful expeditions and spent much time and energy developing the Congo Free State. In his fiftieth year he married one of the most beautiful women in England, model for one of Sir Frederick Leighton's masterpieces, Miss Dorothy Tennant, was knighted, and entered the political ranks, achieving a seat in Parliament. It does not appear that his labors in that brilliant body changed the course of the British Empire as he did that of Africa, but he achieved his ambition—fame, honors, a lovely and devoted wife of culture and quality, a title and a seat among the lawgivers of a great nation. Thus did an inveterate, insatiate newspaper instinct bring him all that the world had to give in modern times within the reach of man. His was a grand example of what indomitable courage, utter fearlessness in pursuit of a purpose and towering ambitions will vouchsafe a man of the very humblest origin—an example that shall go down in the annals of the two nations to whom he owes so much and who regard his memory with due veneration. Out of the fulness of the great enterprises that have sprung up in the wildernesses in the wake of his achievements, the name of Stanley will live.

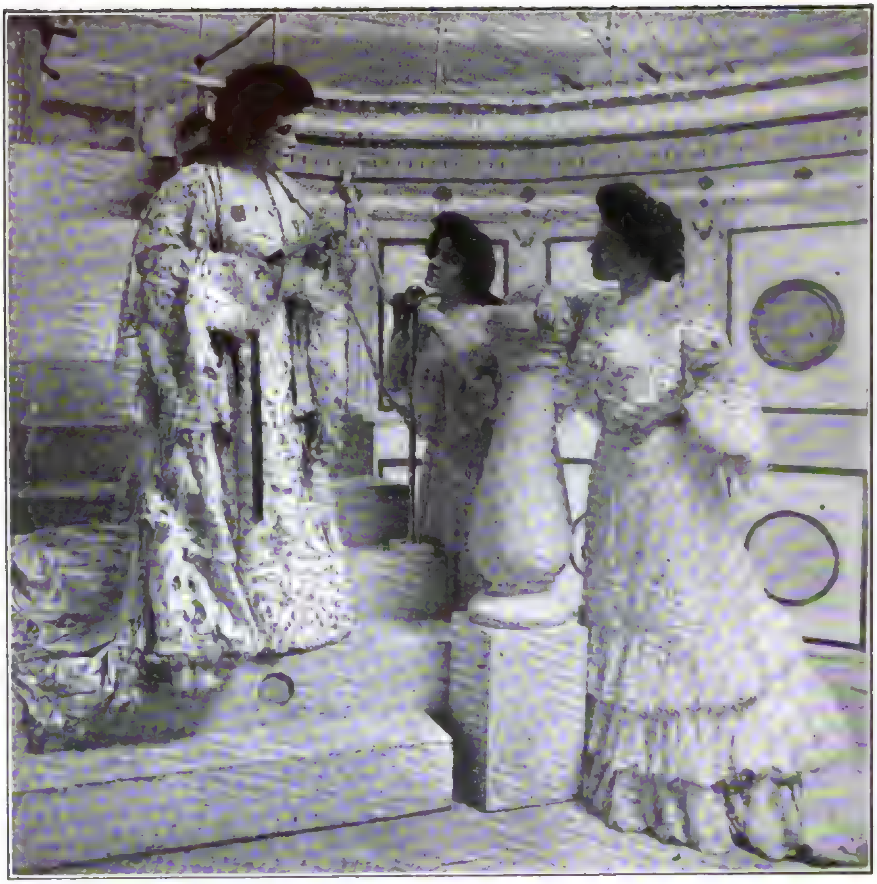
SIBYL, THE SUMMER BELLE

By Jack Parkinson

Now Nature wears a rose
Upon her throbbing breast;
Through Winter's long repose
She sang the psalm of rest.
But now her loveliness more pure,
More perfect in its art,
Is bound in maiden miniature
In Sibyl's tender heart.

July just sips the brim
Of this new wine of years;
And through the world-wide hymn
Rings out the voice that cheers.
But all the joys that earth may bless,
The charm we breathe and feel,
Could ne'er speak half the loveliness
Dear Sibyl's eyes reveal.

Lo, like the leaf-bearing dove
Of old, comes summertide—
The hour when love takes love
More closely side by side.
And eyes that glowed with Folly's flame
Now beam with charity:
I know since gentle Sibyl came
At last to smile on me.



Photograph by Hall, New York

Three pretty leaders of "The Man from China," at the Majestic Theatre

THE THEATRICAL FORECAST

CYNICS delight to call this "the silly season," but it is time to enter a demurrer. Of course, it is not exactly the season when one delights to undertake a severe mental problem, such as determining the relative merits of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, nor even the analogy between the work of Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas. At the same time, when the roof gardens are flourishing and the stars hang low, the mint is fragrant on the julep and the straw hat is as a miter of metropolitan sovereignty, certain things deduce themselves as natural sequences from a season just closed and certain inspirations evolve from the promises of the season dawning.

There were many experiments made during the last season, and we were taught a good many lessons. Concerning one apocryphal situation, however, we were afforded ample confirmation. That is that the public taste with regard to theatrical attractions has improved immeasurably within the last few years, and that the tendency is very strongly upward, both in the matter of the morales of the drama and the insistence upon a more skilful and sincere rendition of the works of the best playwrights.

Indeed, two notable attempts were made to lift the drama clean out of the realm of the practical and sublimate it into the

Maude Adams
From her latest portrait

region of the ideal. These attempts were notable on account of the entire sincerity and trustfulness of their projectors. But like all great movements, it requires repeated effort to persuade the public to be of the same mind. The world generally takes the individual at his or her own estimation, and a large body of earnest people are merely an aggregate individual. It only requires combined insistence upon a brilliant and sustained idea in art as in ethics to come out ahead in the end.

Photograph by Sarony, New York

Mrs. Leslie Carter

And her rare jewels, from a recent portrait

Critics are too prone to take without seriousness the work of men and women of the dramatic profession who are united in the endeavor to raise the standard of dramatic art by presenting the plays of the greatest masters of modern times in a manner intended by the authors themselves, and first of all in the interest of art, and secondly in the interest of finance, reversing the usual order. It is an accepted illusion that public taste is not founded upon the efforts of individuals, but that the people themselves make the demand and the theatrical managers (exactly the same as editors of periodicals) find out what the people want and give it to them. This

Photo. by Burr McIntosh. Copyright, 1904, by M. M. Hurst

Minola Mada Hurst

Daughter of a Philadelphia journalist and artist (the late Hal Hurst), who has been signed to play rôles with Sam S. Shubert's Company next season

latter may be a good rule in certain branches of mercantile life, but at the same time there are in every generation (and for that matter every season of theatrical productions) some few arbiters of dramatic taste who give the initiative and who start the public interest in new channels.

There is nothing new about this, and the observation may appear on the face to be somewhat of a platitude; but the fact remains that whereas melodrama and the plays of the Third Avenue school appeal to the people at large and make money by "giving the people what the people demand," the general unrest of the cultured element among theatre-goers demands something new and usually something better.

At the close of a similar theatrical season a few years ago the writer importuned the late Augustin Daly for an expression of opinion upon what he believed to be the trend of the drama for the season following. "Heaven only knows," he remarked, "what the public will demand a few months hence. One thing is sure; we shall endeavor to give theatrical folk somewhat of the best of everything and leave the choice to themselves."

One of the lessons which the past season taught us quite as much as any season previous is that it is a mistaken notion that the average standard of the theatrical taste is banal and unworthy of serious consideration. The same thing was said of the musical taste of the country a few years ago; but witness the wonderful strides that have been made within the past few years in the matter of musical appreciation! Mascagni,

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Viola Allen

Who is preparing for new honors the coming season. From a recent portrait in one of her most fetching summer gowns

Photograph, copyright, 1904, by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Grace George

As *Louise* in the all-star production of "The Two Orphans" as it will be revived early in the coming theatrical season

in one of his less lucid moments between quarrels with his managers and the deputy sheriffs, affirmed that the American taste had not even the virtue of being vitiated, presupposing that it was once good, but that it is unformed and barbaric and not worthy of the consideration of superior musicians. Contrast this with the pro-

Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco

A critical scene in the funny Majestic Theatre comedy, "The Man from China"

duction of "Parsifal" last season, when this sacred opera, exploiting the very sublimation of musical mysticism, called from every large city and thousands of small towns of the country musical enthusiasts who were all duly impressed and who took to themselves the great lesson in art which this masterpiece offered to those who were sufficiently receptive and intelligent to receive it.

And one naturally asks why it is that the works of Ibsen, for instance, presented by such admirable players as Mrs. Fisk and again by Wilton Lackaye and their excellent support, did not create the same interest on the part of a cultured public. The answer is plain. Snatches of the great operas of the world have been reduced to kindergarten simplicity for the piano-forte at home, whereas the schoolbooks have not teemed with excerpts from the dramas of the greatest living playwrights.

It was Mr. Lackaye who made the remark that "Ibsen is a dramatist for the players, exactly as Wagner is the composer for musicians. Ibsen knows his 'fake'," remarked this talented actor, "and the word 'fake' must not be taken in the usual opprobrious acceptance of the pictur-

Photograph by Kajawara, St. Johns

Lisle Bloodgood

One of the Whitney beauties in "The Isle of Spice" Company, at present entertaining the company at the Moran Homestead at Intervale, White Mountains

Photograph by Otto Sarony, New York

Amelia Bingham

Who has in preparation a new comedy attraction for the delight of the Metropolitans

esque synonym. For one actor to say of another that he 'knows his fake' does not imply that he is in any degree a charlatan; but that, on the contrary, he has mastered all of the intricacies and subtleties of his craft. Ibsen is a fountain where many may

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Hattie Williams

In "The Girl from Kays," whose successful run was a surprise and delight to the Frohman management

come to receive inspiration and he never disappoints. However, like all forerunners of a great school of dramatic art, Ibsen will remain for this generation a priceless treasury from which the knowing will draw inspiration and appropriate situations; and after a time the public at large will begin to sit up and take notice, exactly as in the case of Wagner in the realm of music."

The work, then, of the disinterested and wholly sincere artists who have labored conscientiously through scores of rehearsals this past season in order to present the works of the vanguard of the dramatists in an acceptable manner will not go unregarded. These efforts have borne fruit and will continue so to do in spite of the quips of the witless cynics and the indifference of the great mass of theatregoers who have yet to be enlightened.

This is the seedtime of the manager, the playwright and the composer. The brains that are boiling and moiling during this interregnum period ought to set the world aflame with the product of genius next season, and for all that we may predict will do so.

The old hands are at it good and hard, and the new ones are reaching out after that elusive thing called success with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth and ambition. The prizes for success are greater than ever before, and the field is wider than ever. The public never tires of the new point of view—the new song, new joke, new play. Of the men who have been tried and found not wanting we expect a great deal; but they have established standards, and all they have to do is to live up to them. The ambitious aspirant, however, has the world before him, and there is no criterion by which we may gage his pace.

Hence, like the fascinating dark horse in the race, the long shot, so to speak, arouses a certain sportive interest. We may not bank our all upon him, but he is worth a hazard, at any rate, and if the winning is actually scored, how delightful are the compensations. The discovery of a new talent in another is only second to that discovery within ourselves.

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Fay Templeton

Appearing at the Aërial Gardens over the New Amsterdam Theatre

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Annie Russell

Who is spending her summer vacation preparing a new hit of the "Mice and Men" variety

The house of Henry W. Savage, for instance, is yearning after American talent of a high order, scanning the literary and musical horizon for "the comet of a season," and promising all sorts of delightful surprises for the coming harvest. Oliver Herford is a new recruit to the Savage concern, and if Oliver is taken at his best, the result will be a libretto that should set a pace, for he is a wit among wits. Perhaps that is just where he will fall short; he is a trifle too subtle for the *hoi polloi*—a little

Then if a top hat in August (vintage '76, à la Hammerstein) be a mark of genius, Oliver enthroned in a hansom is a picture fit for the god of wags and the patron saint of little managers and other people. It is said that if Oliver lacks the wherewithal to take a hansom from the Players down to his deadly rendezvous at the Hotel Griffou, he sips juleps and cracks Yoricks with congenial company till after nightfall, making the below-world pilgrimage under cover of

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Helen Singer

In royal bridal costume, as she appeared in a recent play

Photograph by Hall, New York

A Gainsboro' Belle of the Shubert Combination

too cultured in his cynicisms, although there is not the slightest doubt about his ability to amuse. One thing is sure, and that is, if "wit consists in surprise," as some one has said, then Oliver ought to succeed, for he is a most surprising wag—a cross between Thackeray and Whistler, without the former's snobbishness nor the latter's bitter self-assertiveness.

Photograph by Sarony, New York

Henrietta Crossman

As *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, which had such a phenomenal run at the Belasco Theatre

darkness. However, that Oliver is progressing well with the Savage libretto is patent from the evidence afforded in his presence, hat and all, any afternoon in the best hansom within call of the Players, so we have but to bide our time and hope for the best.

Then too, there is Harry B. Smith, who has combined with John Philip Sousa to produce "something new and beautiful for

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Mina Rudolph

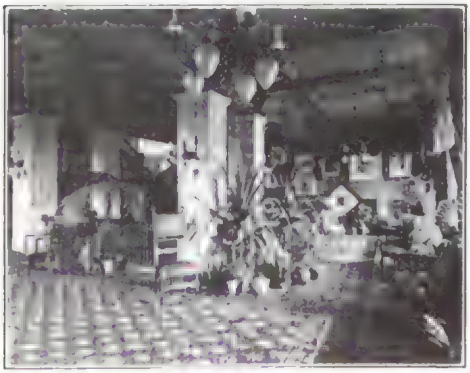
One of the prettiest women in the Frohman Combination

the delight of the sky-children," as Keats says, and who has gone to Mexico to find fitting *locale* in which to set martial music and a picturesque series of situations. The short period during which the French tried the virtues of the Monroe doctrine with a temporary occupation of Mexico, which was so disastrous for all concerned, has been made the theme of a stirring libretto, and whatever else may be said about it, it is, above all, American and indigenous with the soil. Of the qualities of these two men of genius, in story and in song, there can be no question.

OHIO IN ART PHOTOGRAPHY

J. S. Schneider

IT was Fanny Davenport who said, "Columbus, Ohio, is good for one thing if for nothing else, and that is, the only place in America where one can stop and have a picture taken after your own heart." This is rather hard on the civic ambitions of Columbus; but it is, at the same time, a compliment to the Baker Art Gallery, for the reason that the cleverest work that has been done in the middle West for a great many years has come from these studios.



Interior of the Baker studios

Mr. L. M. Baker, founder of the studios, although actively interested, is no longer an operator, retiring in favor of his son, Mr. D. H. Baker. The elder Baker has no doubt posed more celebrities than any man on the continent, with the possible exception of the late Napoleon Sarony, his forerunner in stage photography. His medals cover a period of thirty years and include every exhibit of the world.

The Baker Studios have not rested upon the laurels of the past but have kept abreast with the times in every detail. The examples of art photography in this issue display the peculiar merits of their work. Their workrooms are not only fully equipped to the last detail, but are likewise the most handsomely appointed of any studios in the middle West.

D. H Baker

A CHANGE OF PROGRAM

By Alec Bruce

THE noonday sun scorched down on the vast area of half-staked canvas bellying and flapping fitfully in the torrid air. A row of flags, from slow, coiling Old Glory to ragged-edged burgees, yellow and blue and crimson, lined the roof-ridge of the mammoth tent. Below, and oozing at the pores, a squad of weather-stained grooms and menagerie hands were staking down rib-ropes and digging a trench; and they whistled and sang as they worked. It was to be no hurry-up one-night stand this time, no! And to a man quoth these working hands: "The Lord be praised!"

Five hundred miles, snail-crawling speed, 130 degrees in the sun, and a score of side-track waits, haw y-haw! through the sandy Enstrados desert to Dalvez-Dorez, the neutral playground of two nations, had been a long, long, tiresome jump. And now, performers, men, women and children, from Samson the iron-framed, the dead weight lifter, to the sleepless twins of Delhi, were snoring softly in their bunks. Only one had heard the welcome, "Hurrah, hurrah! Now for Dalvez-Dorez levels, and a ten days' stop, my lads!" And Manager Tim Calligan had given it forth from a burnished megaphone in his usual sonorous voice.

But for hours and hours and hours in the gilded cars standing gaunt, paint-blistered, and dust-seared on the side-track, there would be no sign of life; not even a curling wreath of smoke from the rusty kitchen stacks. There, nature was on strike, jockeys, ring-riders, clowns and acrobats were unanimous for an eight-hours' night. Yet Calligan's grooms and menagerie hands seemed satisfied, and withal considerate; when they whistled, they whistled low; the songs they sang had a crooning sound; and around the tent the hum of work was silent and subdued. Ah! Calligan was a manager! The family, the brother and sister, the spoony pair, but few shining single stars did Timmy ever engage. Every worker had a weary wife or a wearier child tucked away somewhere in that row of gilded cars.

Señor Roderigo Amargo, a tight-wire walker, was the performer who had heard the manager's welcome news. Aye, and to the Señor on these lawless levels, the news was doubly welcome. And when the ring had been raked, when the big sawdust star had been deftly thrown, Roderigo went within.

On Calligan's grass-green posters the Señor Roderigo and Señorita Juanita were heralded as the world's most famous tight-wire artists. "See for yourselves," it said. "The Señorita, on a wire thirty feet above the ring, walks and dances as on ample platform room. Ten feet distant, on a parallel wire of equal height, walks the Señor Roderigo. From the rafters, swiftly spinning and midway between these wires, is a hideless drum. Suddenly the Señorita will turn, jump headlong through the drum, and land, blushing and pirouetting, on the Señor's wire. To-night! To-night! See them for yourselves!"

And thanks to the enterprising advance agent, this poster has found a place on every fence and billboard in the Dalvez-Dorez levels. At intervals for miles around it lay upon the prairie, pinioned down by lumps of hardened clay. Other loose ones, whither the wind listed, had traveled far and wide. Into corrals, against telegraph poles, into scrub trees and sun-brittle brush, against cruel barb wire, it had hurled itself; and one, flaring crimson, had fastened itself on the horns of a "Black Diamond" bull.

See then the night's prospective audience. Over the plains, like shadows, they had flitted thither, when the great white palace flapped its wings. Circling and seething now they shuffled and questioned around the working squad; denizens of adobe quarters, squatter froth, bronzed plainsmen long shy of roof protection and the like, yet one and all, among the lions and tigers, they were at home. For the greatest show on earth many sweltering hours gladly would they wait. Then, come star-shine, indigo haze and coolness, and from symbolic streaks of indolence, Yuhoo! Yuhoo! with thunder of hoofs and clinking spurs they would melt northwards, southwards, eastwards, westwards, as they came.

Now, look at Juanita asleep in a paint-blistered car. But just draw aside the curtains. Spanish? Maybe. Hair, the shade of purple grapes when the bloom's rubbed off. Eyes—she opens them slowly—almond shaped, dusky and disquieting. Complexion, nut-brown, glowing, a patent certificate of health. Features, to the details finely chiseled, curved and rounded. Face, altogether haughty, bold, and with insolence sufficient to give it charm and life. Figure, from chin to toe, the outlines showing 'neath a silken, rose-colored counterpane, are the outlines of the model. And when Señor Roderigo Amargo went inside the tent, he was getting kaleidoscopic glimpses of that model. True, hand in hand, a hundred times he had walked the tight-wires basking in the sunshine of her smiles. Handsome, proud, conscious of a certain victory for self, his blind eyes had seen no possible rival in the troupe. Yet, now he knew he had one. Juanita had told him so. But who? "Ah, Señor Calligan, you engage very few of the shining single stars!" Roderigo himself was one. Bah, on his ten fingers he could count the others; and none, no not one, could match his pirouetting Queen. Yet, journeying Dalvez-Dorezwards, when he persisted with his offers, she had persisted in refusals. And at last, "Ah, bah, Señor," she cried angrily, "no good, eet is no good; you only waste yoos wind!"

Wind! Santa Maria! Love of an Amargo likened unto vulgar wind! Blood of Andalusia spurned for—for whom? For a groom, maybe. Ah, the green devil of jealousy! By the Living! he would make the reptile squirm.

Always when the big tent had been staked, when the thirty-foot poles had been sunk deep down in the sockets, it was the Señor's duty to fix and draw the high wires taut across the ring. Moreover, when he joined Tim Calligan's forces, Roderigo had allowed no one to do it for him: "A—er—becaus' I haf' one certain way," he had explained. And, added Juanita, flashing her dusky orbs and smiling bewitchingly on the manager: "Ah, the Señor Amargo, he ees so thoughtful of the Señorita. An' we haf' been partners but one short month. Just think!"

"Oh, very well," Calligan had assented readily.

"Hah! but to-night, Señor Amargo," muttered Roderigo to himself, "you will rejoice that you did haf' one certain way, one very certain way!"

Around the vast area of canvas, into the band stand, far up the tiers of carpeted seats to the rough-surfaced galleries above, roamed his ominous eye. A moment he stood alert and listened. What was that? Nothing—"nuzzing at all," he told himself—and save for the crooning of the workers, the grating of their shovels, and the slow flip flop, flippety flop of the bellying canvas, all was quiet.

Suddenly, like a man who does not dare revise his plans the Señor went quickly to his work. Carefully he drew in the slack of the wires. Already a thoughtful groom had placed them in the grooves of their respective poles, and with all his might Roderigo strained at the crank below.

Pang, pang, ping, ping, peeng! quivering and glittering in the shafts of light up they tuned from the lowest to the highest note.

It was now or never!

So, swiftly he swung a spidery ladder against the crimson-draped platform of the Señorita's wire. Up, up, up the steps he sprang, two at a time. At the top he shivered slightly, and his bulging eyes swept the walls, the ring, the rafters, and the tiers of seats.

Then, rasp, rasp, rasp! On the wire, close up to the thirty-foot standard, his file did murderous work. And in a moment he was down again, trembling on the big sawdust star.

"Ah, Señorita!" through his pearly teeth he muttered, "pride rides quickly to its fall. Wind? By the Holy!"

Came coolness, indigo haze and glimmering stars, and Calligan's vast audience, murmuring, shuffling and still augmenting, seemed like long, wavy streaks of gray. Up through the crimson tiers to the rough-surfaced galleries above, it was just the same—silhouettes of heads and shoulders, mantillas and sombreros. But, presto! At bugle call a hundred lights went up. "Ah—!" long drawn, involuntarily and as one, gasped a thousand voices. "Programs, programs!" Down on the seething mass of heads showered the varicolored papers. Rat, tat, tat! All murmurs ceased, and a bunch of mandolins ripped the air.

Then, suddenly the curtains parted; a regiment of red-coated grooms lined the entrance, and Ma'amselle with an unpronounceable name and spangled wings dashed into the arena on a piebald steed. Following, in continuous performance, came glee singers, musical oddities, Roman chariot races, clowns with their quips and cranks, Indians on the warpath, and jugglers from Japan, all wonders of the circus ring.

But it was the tight-wire walkers the audience thirsted for, and when the Señor Roderigo Amargo, in scarlet and yellow, made his bow, the cheers rang wild and deafening. All eyes, e'en Roderigo's, transfixed the ladies' entrance. Ah, now the Señorita! But it was Calligan, big Tim Calligan, with white, set face, who came slowly forward, dangling a red silk handkerchief in his hand. And at a glance his ready eye took in the temper of the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, and his voice rolled out like the deep, bass notes of an organ, "my wife, the Señorita Juanita, is—is indisposed to-night. The long, long tiresome journey—ah! I knew you would understand." And he smiled his thanks along and up the lines at the chorus of sympathetic murmurs. "Most humbly do I crave your kind indulgence, and with your permission I will announce a change of program."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" from the rough-surfaced galleries; but disappointment was mirrored on the crimson tiers.

"Fortunately," continued the manager, "we have still the Señor Roderigo Amargo, a never-failing stand-by, a veritable wonder on the wires. He, ladies and gentlemen, will fill the bill. He will jump through the drum, from his own to the Señorita's wire."

"Ah, Si-señor Ca-Calligan," gulped the blanching Spaniard, advancing swiftly, "I —I c-cannot j-jump to-night. No, no! I cannot j-jump!"

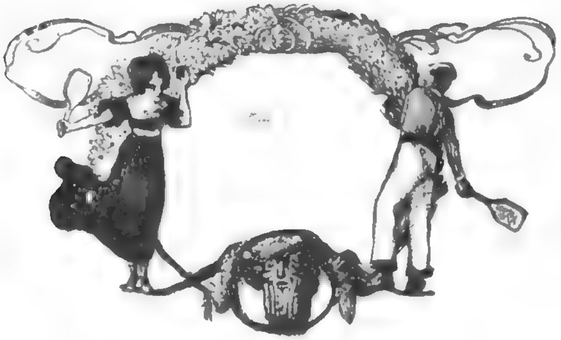
Out from the big red handkerchief peeked a threatening point: "Take your choice, Señor, take your choice!" muttered Calligan. And snip! as his watch face clicked sharply, "It is a matter of seconds, Señor, a matter of seconds. Decide!"

A few minutes later, when he had given the most daring exhibition of his life, the Señor Amarago jumped. Ping! swish! hissed the writhing wire!

"I cut it myself, I cut it myself!" he shrieked as he fell.

"Ah—aw—ah, ah!" And the audience rose, gasping, to a man.

Then the lights went out.



William Carleton, Emma Carus, and Ignacio Martinetti in "The Medal and the Maid"

One of the comedy scenes from "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII AUGUST, 1904 No. 5

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN . . . . . By A. L. Scherzer

HISTORIC OLD MILLS OF LONG ISLAND, by Harry B. Leighton 3

Illustrated with special photographs by H. B. Fullerton

THE FINE ART OF THE "SPEIL," by James S. Oglesby 10

Illustrated

THE BROADWAY GIRL (Poetry), by Florence Waterton 18

AT THE FIRESIDE OF THE HACKETTS, by Anna J. Harrison 16

Illustrated

THE DESTINY OF GRISELDA, Racing Story by Alfred Stoddart 19

GOBELIN TAPESTRY WEAVING IN AMERICA, by H. M. Lome 23

Special photographs

AMERICAN GIRLS IN HIGH LIFE, by Helen Winthrop 32

Illustrated

MANAGING THE GREATEST PROPERTY ROOM ON EARTH, by Augustus C. Hildorf 38

Special photographs

FROM GRAVEYARD TO PARK, by Joseph Lewis French 42

Special photographs

THE SANE IN DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION, by Mrs. Leslie Carter 47

THE READING OF THE RIOT ACT, Story by M. A. Brady 50

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE, by Geo. C. Jenks . 54

Illustrated

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR AMERICAN ARTISTS, by Lorenzo Lucet 71

Illustrated

THE MAN BEHIND THE TRUST, by George Stillwell 78

EDITORIAL 84

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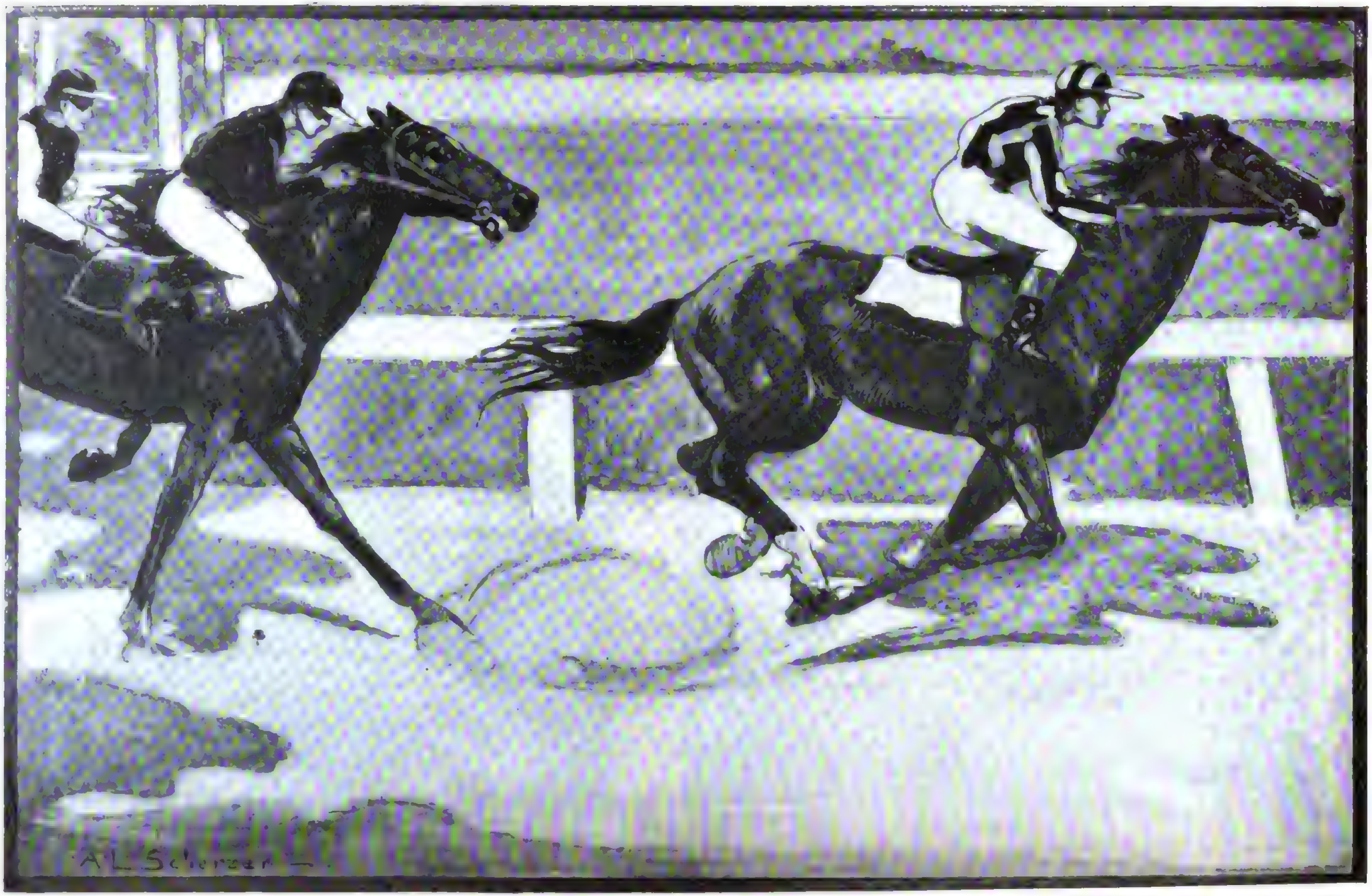


(See page 19.)

"Griselda had won by a length."

BROADWAY MAGAZINE
VOL. XIII. AUGUST, 1904. NO. 5

Fresh water mill, grinding daily, Watermill, Long Island.

HISTORIC OLD MILLS OF LONG ISLAND

By Harry B. Layton

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. B. FULLERTON.

IT DEPENDS whether one adopts the historical data of Southold or of Southampton in determining which of these towns the pioneers on Long Island made their first abode. However, there seems to be no dispute as to the correctness of the date, 1640; and in 1890, Southold celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, as did Southampton, the difference being in months only.

Whichever was first, it is certain that the Indians had possession at the time, and the little band of white men and women that came first onto the virgin ground Connecticut had to treat with them to secure the first living foothold—or Southold. Then began the struggle for existence. The cultivation of soil, the hewing of timber, building of homes, contentions with the redmen and the building of mills. It all required grit—the kind that got into the flour from the flinty millstones that ground it; the kind that afterward made New York the financial center of the world; that enabled a small army to triumph over superior equipment and greater forces.

Some of the descendants of those early settlers in Fifth avenue and **Madison avenue and along** Riverside drive **are using flour from** those early mills **to-day.** It comes from a mill at **Southampton, out on the south fluke of the island, 90 miles away.** The miller is **a descendant of the original builder. He has convinced Fifth avenue that the old mill-stone-bolted flour, with the grit in it, contains** more nutriment than **the flour of the** roller process. He says **to his customers:** "You need the grit; **it's good** fer ye." And they believe **him. He has** also succeeded in mak**ing his argument** pass current with **some of the** physicians to Fifth avenue, **who charge** $50 for an ordinary visit.

The old mills of Long Island add a **picturesqueness** to the scenery that is **the delight** of the artist and cameraist. **The windmills** occupy the higher **ground; where** they stand monument**like, with** broad-stretching arms of wel**come. In the** dells, or near the mouths **of the brooks,** are the fresh water mills; **and the** ide mills are on the north and **south shores, at** the heads of beautiful **bays or inlets.** These are the three **types, and no** two of tide and "race" **mills are alike.**

All may be reached by the Long **Island railroad.** Those nearest are **along the north** shore division of the **road.** The first is at Bayside, 11 miles **from** Thirty-fourth street, and then fol**low at** short intervals others at The Alley, Great Neck, Manhasset—where the palace of Howard Gould is being built —and Port Washington, eighteen miles **away,** overlooking beautiful Manhasset bay, where stands the largest tide mill on the island. All these mills were busy in Revolutionary days grinding flour and meal for the Continental Army, before it was expelled from this **section;** and even after the British occupation a few of the unwilling millers **were** compelled to work.

Continuing along the north shore, on the Oyster Bay division, are mills at Glencove, twenty-seven miles; Locust Valley, Bayville and Oyster Bay, the summer home of President Roosevelt. At Glencove is the celebrated "Dana Island," the home of the late Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, where the great editor collected together plants and shrubs from every section of the earth. Here also is the 800-acre estate of the late Charles Pratt, upon which he built and endowed a school building and a modern agricultural school.

Farther east, along the north shore, on the Wading River branch, are several of the most historic old mills on the island. At Cold Spring, on a beautiful estuary of the Sound, in a beautiful location, is a historic old water mill. It was kept very busy, for here was once an important center of the whaling industry; and on a lake nearby is one of the state's largest fish hatcheries. The whale fishermen, in Colonial days, established a woolen mill on the co-operative plan. When the British Governor of New York heard of it he sought to prevent its operation and recommended to his home government that it be suppressed on the ground that it was a menace to the industry in the mother country.

It was once a whaling center that ranked with Sag Harbor and with New London. On the shore near here, obsolete and old, the Cold-Spring whaling fleet was beached and burned. All that remains of it is the copper, now melted into a big ball, and owned by a resident of Huntington.

Two miles northeast, at Huntington, and still in operation, is another mill of great age, for the town is more than two hundred and fifty years old. Here also is a massive boulder, appropriately plated to mark the spot where the patriot, Nathan Hale, was martyred and where he uttered the immortal sentence: "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

At Northport, overlooking Northport bay, where once many vessels were built, and is now a splendid resort, another old mill made flour for fishermen and mariners.

Smithtown, seven miles southeast, the center of a rich agricultural region, is the site of the homestead of that sagacious settler known in history as "Bull" Smith. His descendants still live here and operate two flour mills and a combination flour and sawmill. The place is little changed; the people prefer to live undisturbed.

Fresh-water sawmill, making lumber, at Smithtown.

The story of how "Bull" Smith outwitted the Big Chief, Wy-an-dan-oque, is probably authentic, for there is now in possession of his descendants the piece of bark upon which they made their bond of agreement and many of the trinkets that entered into the transaction. Smith lived east of the present town, then occupied by the chief and his people. He raised cattle and grain and on his way to market passed through the Indian's domain. It was fine land and Smith wanted some of it. He sought to negotiate a trade at various times, but the chief would not trade. Smith's persistence, however, provoked a proposition. For certain skins, cattle, beads, blankets and gallons of rum, he would give Smith as many acres of land as he could bound or circumscribe on *bull*-back from sunup until sundown; but no especial time was designated as to the day. Smith went back to his farm. He carefully selected a strong young animal from his herd and proceeded systematically to break him to the saddle. His trials in the operation are not related. It may have been something like the late struggle between the Hill-McCarren forces and Tammany—without indicating which represents the bull. However, Smith broke the bull to his satisfaction and one day appeared at the tepee of Chief Wy-an-dan-oque and announced he was ready to begin his ride at the first sunrise. The chief is said to have grunted assent and chuckled as they smoked the pipe of peace and amity.

Before sunrise Smith led his animal followed by witnesses on both sides, up to the coast above the present pretty village of Stony Brook. Promptly at sunrise he was off. The bull was as gentle as a plowhorse. He neither bucked nor plunged, but went like a thoroughbred. What Smith covered that day is shown on the map by the boundaries of Smithtown township, which enclose about forty square miles.

Northeast of Smithtown, overlooking a splendid landlocked bay, is the mill at Seatauket, fifty-five miles from New York, and two miles to the east is the mill at Port Jefferson, famed as the rendezvous of Captain Kidd, and where he executed two captives, officers of the British frigate *Nahant.*

At Riverhead, the first town on the north fluke of the great Long Island whale, is three mills, one of them a combination sawmill; and, continuing northeast on the fluke, are mills at Jamesport, Mattituck, Peconic, the most easterly, and on Shelter Island, the formation that shelters a great body of water and forms Little Peconic and Great Peconic bays.

It is said the first mill on the Brooklyn end of the island was built in 1831, by one Garrison—the "old red mill" on the shore of Jamaica bay, on property adjoining that bought by the late William C. Whitney. He restored it in 1900, and it is now in an excellent state of preservation.

At Hempstead, twenty miles from the New York City Hall, is another of the oldest of the old mills, the property of the city, which bought the land to secure the water right of the stream, to augment the water supply of Brooklyn.

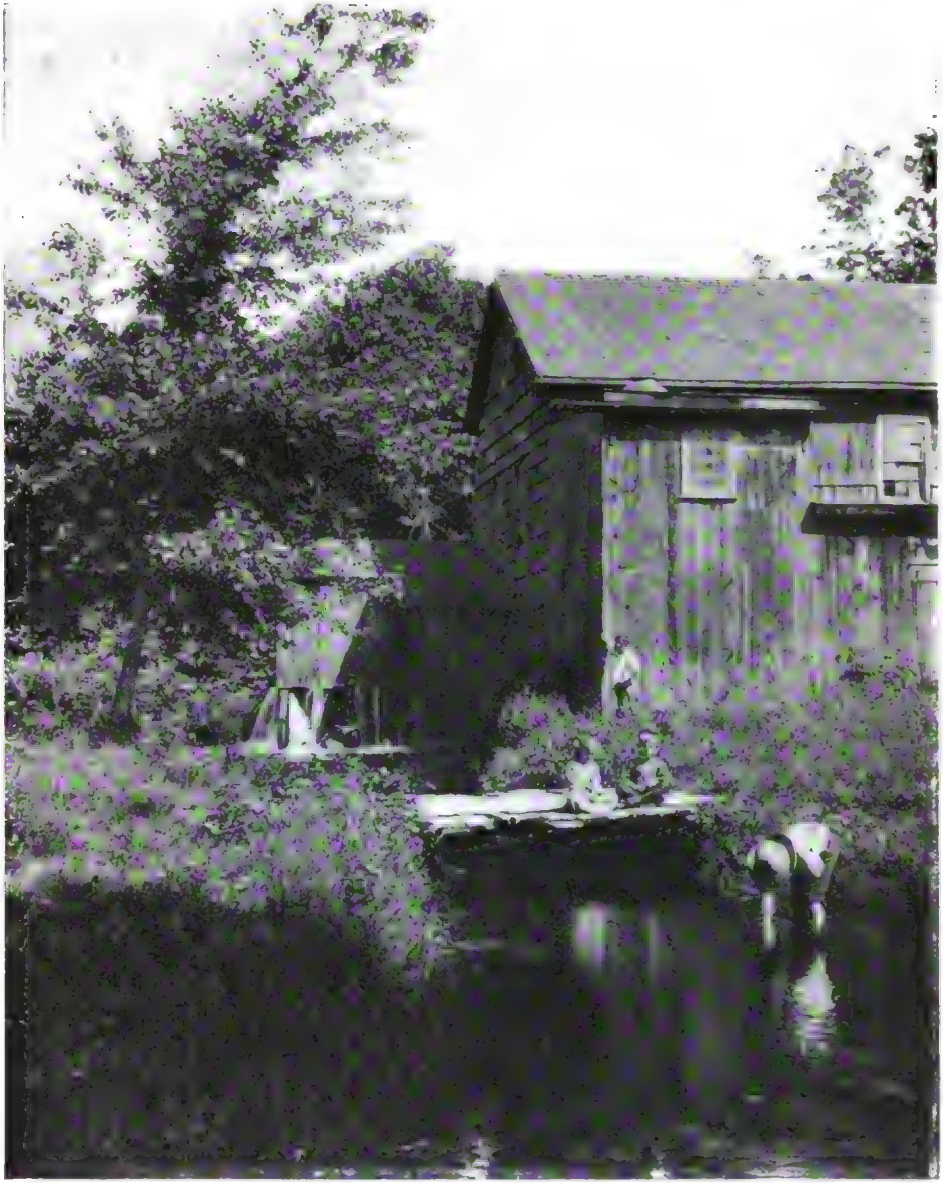
It is related of a former Park Commissioner of Brooklyn that while in office he conceived the idea of giving to the people a monument of historic value and, incidentally, one to himself, so he purchased, for a good round sum, an old mill not far from Jamaica, with the intention of placing it in Prospect Park. He evidently did not know what kind of builders those Colonials were, for when he sent the housemover to take "the toy" apart to be hauled to the park, the toy wouldn't separate, and the mover reported that the timbers were so tightly pinned and wedged that he could not get them apart. The commissioner sent builders and architects to see it and tried to make a contract, but no one wanted it.

His dream of monuments and relics having been rudely broken, he sold the mill at auction, and it was bought by a speculator for a song—fifty dollars, it was said. The speculator was proud of his bargain. Yes, he would get a few thousand for it from Mr. Quickrich, who might need an ancestral relic. Therefore the speculator had the mill taken up bodily and moved to the village coal yard, where he stored it until further orders. Mr. Quickrich was not buying that kind of mills just then; too much doing in steel common and other steal stocks. The coal yard man raised the storage charges as winter came on, and the next spring, when he presented his bill, the speculator would not pay and the coal man had a mill on his hands. But he didn't keep it long. He met his fellow townsman, the original owner; the transaction was settled to their mutual satisfaction, and the following week the old mill was back on its original foundations, grinding again as cheerfully as though no interruption had occurred.

Following the Montauk division of the railroad along the south shore, beginning with the Flatlands, in the South Jamaica section, are many interesting old mills, all with historic connection.

At Babylon is the mill built in 1680 by Judge Garrett Montfort, who operated it fifty years, when it passed to the Oakleys, a family of millers. Nathaniel Oakley was one of the characters of his day—eccentric but honored, and ever kindly to the children, by whom he was revered. The mill is now a factory for the manufacture of children's toy whips, and its output supplies nearly the entire demand of this country.

The southern coast of Long Island is protected by a chain of islands, extending seventy miles in length, that form between ocean and mainland a stretch of protected water or bays, the largest of which is Great South Bay. Near its eastern end is Patchogue,* fifty-four



Grist mill at Hempstead, in Greater New York, still running. Owned by the city.

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*It will be observed that many of the names of the island end with the syllable "ogue" or "que." It is an Indian word, meaning water.

miles from New York, and a mile away is Blue Point, celebrated for its oysters; but Patchogue is the shipping point, and it distributes thousands of barrels of the shell food throughout the United States and to Europe. There are two old mills here, the pride of the townspeople, and a large lace mill and other industries.

The other mills on the south shore are at Mystic, Moriches, Speonk, two at Southampton, one a perfect type of the Dutch windmill; Watermill, Bridgehampton, Easthampton, and Amagansett, the last one hundred and five miles from New York.

The old windmill at Bridgehampton is perhaps the most beautiful of its type on the island. It is in operation, and grinds out flour of the same grade as that of two or more centuries ago.

Along the main line of the road are, in the central portion of the island, four fresh-water mills, two at Hempstead, twenty miles out, and two at Yaphank, fifty-nine miles distant.

All the old mills were entirely of timber and plank, or shingles, hand hewed. The timbers were dovetailed, pinned together and wedged. The millstones and bolting cloth were brought from France, as they still are, and the millers of today are descendants of the original builders. The miller was a man of importance. He commanded the respect of his neighbors; he was consulted, and usually led in community and church affairs. He was sagacious, well posted and thrifty. He was architect, builder, carpenter and millwright. When he was ready for a raising the neighbors came from all the country side to help. Later in the day the women followed, and that night the "raisin'" was celebrated with a dance. Frequently the miller raised his own wheat, and from that which was brought to be ground by others he retained a certain percentage for his pay.

Old windmill at Hay Ground, between Watermill and Bridgehampton, still running.

Nowhere else in the world, certainly not on this continent within such short distances of each other, are so many great hotel resorts, nor a greater number of beautiful summer homes. And upon both classes the artistic work of the architect is seen at its best, and in all schools, from the airy bungalow of the Hindu down through types of the Moorish, the Orient, the broad Colonial, the gap to the costly composite of to-day.

Yet with all this great development of the new, one may see the farm, the orchard, the garden and the wheat field as of old side by side with the palace of the Crœsus. The *ensemble* is not a discord, but a beautiful harmonizing of nature with the master works of the artisan.

Could one imagine a more diversified medley? Beginning with the race-tracks; to gay, cosmopolitan Coney Island; the more sedate but no less brilliant Manhattan; then radiating out, through the restful lake and seaside resorts, to cottage and palace; the home of a President of the nation, past the gardens and wheat fields and old mills, the last unchanged since first the tide or wind or brook turned their wheels, on to the extremity of the island, where only four years ago, at Montauk, the nation welcomed back a victorious but fever-stricken army. The private improvements have cost millions of dollars; many more millions have gone in public improvements, a large part of it within a generation; and the results are ample justification of the cost.

To keep pace with the growth, the Long Island Railroad Company has built four hundred miles of standard track on the island, upon which it operates more than eight hundred trains per day. The various divisions of the road traverse the north and south shores and the central section.

Because of the marked similarity of its sea coast to the outlines of a whale, with the head at Brooklyn and the great flukes to the east, the island bears a marked resemblance to the whale; hence the term north fluke and south fluke, as applied to the two peninsulas that form the eastern end.

An old landmark of Long Island.

THE FINE ART OF THE "SPEIL"

THE HUMOR AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PROFESSIONAL "BARKER."

By James S. Oglesby

Talk not of rare Demosthenes,
Your Chatham, Burke or Parker;
For eloquence, ah, what are these
To dear old Coney's "barker?"
He runs the gamut up and down
Of all mankind's emotions;
He balms your cares and smooths your frown
With honied words in oceans.

He finds your weak spot with a glance,
Then makes his vocal play;
You feel the sting o' his verbal lance,
You fall his easy prey.
Yes, of all mortal ills and cares
He is the licensed healer;
This weaver of hypnotic snares—
Old Coney's suasive "Speiler."

THE Ancient and Honorable Order of Barkers — an institution founded by the medicine men in the early '70s and perpetuated by every circus side-show and country fair since—reached the dignity of an established profession about the time of the World's Fair at Chicago. At the Pan-American in Buffalo a national weeding process took place, those tried and found successful forming a merger and practically sloughing off their old name with the chaff of the profession, calling themselves "speilers," in cotradistinction to the riffraff of cart-tail Ciceros, placing themselves literally and figuratively on a pedestal high above their fellows and all the world in general. With the opening of the new Coney Island, as it has been called, as scores of the attractions of the Pan-American were removed to the island resort, naturally the "speilers" followed, and likewise followed the humbler member—the old-time "barker" ever to be found in the trail of any amusement success. He, too, adopted, illegitimately and unauthorized, it is true, the name of "speiler," so that now in old Coney the word "barker" is seldom heard except on the Bowery and among the humbler and shadier quarters. The "speiler" is king.

There is only one genus "speiler"—the man who gets the crowd—but his methods are various and show the most intimate knowledge of human nature. Your genuine "speiler" will stand on a three-foot elevation and pick his people out of the moving mass as the small boy will pick plums out of a pudding. He is familiar with all sorts and conditions of the gaping motley. He has them classified, annotated, underscored and indexed. He has a few stock phrases or catchwords which he uses to hide his hypnotic cunning. Perhaps it is a bit of doggerel delivered with irresistible drollery. Perhaps it is nothing more than a pantomime. Then again a shrieking, howling-dervish sort of exhortation, which appeals to the excitable. Every emotion is played upon, every sentiment has its special appeal.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Donkey!"

"Ya-hu, ya-hu! It is here, it is here!"

If it is the poet-speiler, for instance, he will project a peal of laughter clean above the roar of brass bands and the excitement of thousands, putting every one in a semblance of good humor with doggerel like this:

The laughing show—ha, ha!
  The funny show—ha, ha!
You can't but laugh—ha, ha!
  Why, don't y' know,
  It's only a nickel and
    In you go—ha, ha!

It is strange that merriment is so contagious and persuasion in rhyme appeals to so many simple minds, but it is nevertheless a fact that the poet-speiler is one of the most successful on the island.

In contrast with the poet-speiler is the stalwart Arab with severe eyes and thunderous voice, who nevertheless manages to impress with his tuneless gutturals, not always in intelligible English, as follows:

Shall a look, shall a look!
  Mile-a-minute chute!
So quick you don't know!
  Up rail, down water!
A watery slide to joy!
  Shall a look, shall a look! etc.

The Arab is a very impressive personage, and wields a powerful influence upon the minds of the young ladies, not always unmixed with admiration, for he is a man of wonderful physique and his garb is rich and barbaric in splendor.

There is the confidential "speiler" who works his broad arms with a beckoning motion and pretends to draw you closer to him that he may impart some wonderful secret. "It's between us," he'll confide to you, "you'll have to hurry. The mill won't grind water when it is passed.

"Go way back, not here. Go, go!"

A pantomimist "speiler."

A silent "speiler."

And listen, listen! (in semi-whispers) it's a great ride for young lovers—just dark enough, just light enough, rocking through romantic gorges—oh, wow! (Hugs himself.) You'll have to hurry. If you're engaged, so much the better. If you're not and want to be, better still. If you're married—not too long, just long enough—best of all. Right along, right along! Keep moving. All passengers please hold hands. It's a bed that never sleeps, it's a mouth that never eats, but it always keeps moving—the babbling brook!"

Then there is the "speiler" who will stand in some statuesque attitude, pointing at some invisible apparition with a rapt, dervishlike expression upon his face, eyes full of wonder, and his whole countenance expressive of ecstatic delight. Amid all this moving throng the silent figure commands instant attention, and within three minutes there is a crowd

"I will prove it, I w ll prove it!"

"Allons, allons, allons!"

about him wondering what he is staring at and if he has not gone clean crazy. Suddenly he turns upon the gaping collocation and bursts forth with a volley of verbal explosives: "It's there, it's there! Glorious, stupendous, thrilling! There it is—there, there! And it's yours—all yours for a song—for a mere song, mind you; and if you can't sing, you pay only a dime—only a dime. Now, now, now is your chance! Never again, never again!" etc., etc.

There are scores of others, each with his pet phrases, his individual method of appealing to the masses. Each has some facial peculiarity, some grimace, some series of gestures which are so extraordinary as to command the attention and stay the passer-by; and he who hesitates is lost. Some will drive people into their shows with columbiads and verbal fulminations; others will use a gallus unpersuasiveness that charms them unawares. There is a great psychological secret in it all which the "speiler" seems to have well mastered.

In point of fact, although the profession of "speiler" seems a lowly one for men of intelligence, there is no room in the ranks for the ignorant man, whatever his "gift of gab." In the science of reading human nature at a glance these exhorters excel. They know the psychology of the crowd by intuition developed to a fine art. The emotional man, all alive with enthusiasm and interest, they can play with wonderful ease, and even the hard, cold, miserly cynic, with his hands thrust in both pockets for fear someone else will get there first, the "speiler" will encompass; as St. Paul says, "Holding fast the faithful word that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers."

All sorts and conditions of the moving

A serpentine "spell."

"The cowboy 'speiler.'"

motley the "speiler" reads and makes the subject of direct appeal. He will thrill the man who comes to be thrilled, he will coax the woman who loves a coaxing, flatter the weak and browbeat the strong. He will pick a stubborn old fossil out of the crowd and say, "Don't you come in here—this is no place for you. You are too intelligent—you will see through the illusions in a minute and then go away and ruin our business. Go away, go away!" And the chances are that the man thus addressed will assert his obstinacy and independence by doing just what he is ordered not to do, pays the price and passes in. Or the "speiler" will pick out another and say, "Don't come in here! I see you've got a weak heart. You could never stand the excitement and thrills that await you here. You would drop dead, hoodoo the place and cost us funeral expenses. Pass on and watch the monkeys!" Thus piqued and to prove his cardiac organs entirely normal, the man thus impaled before the mob pays the price and stalks in with his chin up. It is marvelous indeed how these appeals to vanity, weaknesses, beauty, intelligence—every human faculty or passion—will win in spite of the listener's resolve not to be inveigled into

"You bad, you good, all come!"

any foolish extravagances. However, the art is as old as the Stone Age. One recalls in "The Sentimental Journey" the amazement of *grande dames* as they alighted from their Sedan chairs, one by one, in front of a popular place of amusement, and each invariably dipping into her purse in his behalf. "What is the secret?" he asked. "Hush! It is flattery," was the answer. Then, in the language of the master, "Flattery—delicious essence! How refreshing art thou to Nature! How strongly are all its powers and weaknesses on thy side! How sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages of the heart!" Written just one hundred and fifty years ago, these words are as true in the heart of Coney Island to-day as in the gay capital of the court of Louis XV. Flattery takes on many habits and forms, but the modern professional "speiler" is master of them all.

AT THE FIRESIDE OF THE HACKETTS

By Anna J. Harrison

MARY MANNERING and James K. Hackett reached the second round of their honeymoon when they moved from their somewhat modest East-side apartment into their handsome residence—a whole house from basement to garret and furnished new from top to bottom—in a fashionable street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hackett in their library at home

Nothing is lacking in this new home. Both Miss Mannering and Mr. Hackett admit that all their lives they had been beset by ideas in regard to the planning and decoration of the spot that was to be their home. In those days their hour of destiny had not struck. Mary Mannering was an English girl, with dramatic yearnings and a very small salary, while the stripling Hackett, equally unknown, was struggling to decide between the allurements of a business career and the histrionic. Heredity won the day, and as he grew in years, wisdom and good looks, he took knowledge of his chosen art, and the young women who patronized Saturday afternoon performances forthwith elevated him to the rank of a matinee idol.

Young Hackett was as modest as he was earnest. He took no note of the enthusiastic matinee girls, did not reply to their gushing epistles, and, better still, made no boast of his reticence. He was wedded to his art, and while he had nothing to say on the subject of his popularity, he would discourse with simple directness on his hopes, his aims, his historical studies. He was a handsome, broad-shouldered chap, with a healthy ruddiness of complexion, fine eyes and a mop of curly hair which he tried to keep short, but in spite of tonsorial efforts it grew again like a thicket.

When importuned by interviewers while at the height of his matinee fame, he replied to all personal questions: "About myself I know nothing interesting. I just went through college, went on the stage; and after the stage, I like out-of-door sports."

It was never rumored that he was to be married. He worked steadily after the manner of his father, drew a good salary, and was tucking something aside for a rainy day—when he met Mary Mannering.

Mary Mannering was brought over from England to replace Isabel Irving with the Daniel Frohman forces. It was the Frohman fashion in those days to present attractive types. Art was taken on trust. Miss Mannering was the shy, retiring, big-eyed English girl. If I am not mistaken, she is one of a clergyman's brood. She was better than pretty. She was appealing, a bit frightened, and—if the paradox be permitted—"awkwardly graceful," or perhaps it was the other way—"gracefully awkward." At any rate, while she made no special impression as an actress, she succeeded in pleasing. Her voice was liquid music. Her manner was almost a caress. By nature adaptable, she soon began to improve under the advice of an energetic coacher and the more gentle suggestions of the leading man who was none else than the earnest, serious young actor, James K. Hackett.

It was against the rules of Mr. Frohman's establishment for true love to run smoothly. In spite of opposition and warnings, the young people cast loving glances toward one another, and whispered sweet nothings between the lines of their rôles.

When least expected, the crash came. Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett eloped under their manager's eyes, and were married before he could forbid the banns. He did the next best thing, however. He sent the young bride on the road, and forbade the leading man to make public the disastrous fact of his fall from single grace.

The honeymoon of the venturesome couple came late in the day, but it was none the less sweet for that. It was passed in the shabby old apartment on the East side.

"We are not furnishing to any extent just now," the young wife used to remark. "We are saving for the new home. I am an Englishwoman, and we love to own a little spot of our own. My husband feels as I do." Then, as a loud, resounding ring of the bell echoed through the house, "Ah, the master, the master! Here comes my lord!"

It was all very pretty and English and bride-like—like a character out of Thackeray. She was all blushes and confused happiness in a moment's notice, and for that day at least had no further opinions on the subject of high art and Grecian costumes to replace the modern.

Well, this was all some years ago. The shabby apartment had been given up, rented perhaps to other brides on their honeymoon. James K. Hackett is managing himself, and best of all, the new house is bought and furnished according to the caprice of both husband and wife.

"I have my boudoir," says Mrs. Mannering.

"And I have a den," says the master.

"There is a library, too," they both sang together.

"And your favorite room?"

"I think we both prefer the library together," admits the happy wife. And the husband smiles acquiescence.

There is no doubt that the honeymoon is being completed in the new house.

THE BROADWAY GIRL

By Florence Waterton

Stop! you girl with the golden hair,
Besprayed by Pan with perfume rare;
Whose dainty pose
And flash of hose
Would make of saint a sinner.
For what fell purpose are you fair?
With violet eyes that cry: "Beware!"
Is it to make poor chaps despair,
And quarrel with their dinner?

I see you 'neath the Broadway light,
In fleecy silk your form bedight.
Your ankle trim
Is Eros's hymn,
That's set to lilting measure.
Full well know you the pow'r you wield,
And sweetly smile as all men yield,
As trip you lightly in a field
Of torment, doubt and pleasure.

But, tell me, who's that ancient swain,
Who hobbles meekly in your train,
With purse in hand,
At your command,
Whene'er you deign to use him?
At night we see him at the play,
And, later, taking you away
To where they serve the wine frappé,
Is't true that you can't lose him?

* * * * *

With a rippling shake of her saucy head,
And a wink through her golden curl:
"That's only Uncle Bob," she said,
"And I am a Broadway girl."

THE DESTINY OF GRISELDA

(A RACING STORY.)

By Alfred Stoddart

I.

IT was back in the days of Monmouth Park and my affairs had reached a crisis that meant one of two things—either to win a big purse or sell out. I was younger than I am now—younger and poorer and more foolish—or wiser, who knows, and I was against a hard proposition, but I was not going to give up hands down. I had only a poor beggar of a three-year-old, a couple of untried two-year-olds, and the four-year-old mare Griselda. She was the only one of the bunch that was worth her forage, and it was Griselda or bust.

She was entered in the Ocean Breeze Stakes and handicapped at 115 pounds, which gave her a chance, and as the purse was a good sized one, I had great hopes of her putting me on my feet again.

The difficulty was to get a jockey. Of course, I couldn't afford to pay for a top-notcher, but I wanted the best I could get. I had to be satisfied in the end with a boy named Harris, a newcomer, comparatively speaking, to the turf, and one with a reputation for trickiness at that. Still, he was a clever lad and had ridden some remarkable races that season. If he would only ride to win, I felt sure he could land the mare if anyone could.

I didn't come into the city very often, but whenever I did I always looked up my friend John Rutherford. He was a confidential clerk in an old fashioned banking house on Wall street, and he lived at the lower end of Long Island. He frequently asked me to visit him at his home, and at last I went down one Saturday. He was a quiet sort of man—little given to talking—and you may imagine I was surprised to find that he had a beautiful daughter. I fell desperately in love with Florence, but I was not in a position to say anything, for my prospects were so uncertain. As often as I could find time I visited her, but in the meantime I was working harder than ever and watched Griselda with the keenest interest, for I wanted her to be in tip-top shape.

The midsummer meeting at Monmouth occurred, and each day brought nearer the one set for the Ocean Breeze Stakes. I knew that the world was going to be a mighty poor place to live in without Florence, but I counted my assets again and remained silent. The Ocean Breeze Stakes, a good little mare and an unreliable jockey—it was a discouraging prospect.

I had, of course, confided my hopes to Florence, and she displayed deep interest in the race. Two days before it took place I asked her if she would care to go down to the track and see Griselda worked out. Harris was going to give her a final gallop. She accepted the invitation with alacrity.

Reaching the course—it was about nine o'clock in the morning—I left her for a moment standing by the rail, while I went to see the mare saddled.

When I returned I found her, a little paler than usual, I thought, talking to Harris.

Just like the fellow's impudence, I said to myself—and I put him up on the horse in a jiffy. But Florence did not seem to be angry—only a little nervous and agitated.

The mare ran well, taking the extra lead she carried into consideration, as well as the fact that Harris did not push her—for it was in no sense a trial—and I was perfectly satisfied with her condition.

I took good care that the jockey did not get another opportunity to force his attentions on Florence—for, like all young lovers, I thought everyone else must be as much in love with her as I was—and I was rather inclined to be jealous.

Judge of my feelings, therefore, when upon the very next morning—the day before my big race came off—I saw Florence and the jockey Harris together on Broadway. They did not see me, as I was in a shop when they passed by. I hurried out of the shop to follow them, but dismissed the idea as unworthy of me, and turned the other way. They were talking very earnestly together, and I assure you I did not know what to make of it.

I did not expect to see Florence until the following day, when Rutherford had arranged to take a holiday and to bring her to the track. When I went to bed that night I had a new sensation in addition to my anxiety about the next day's race. For the green-eyed racer, Jealousy, and his stable companion, Suspicion, were installed in my racing stable.

II.

I confess I acted very much like a cad on the day of the big race. Of course, I was worried about my horse and busy with her final preparation, but that was no excuse for my behaviour. The afternoon wore on, and the time set for the Ocean Breeze Stakes to be run arrived, and Florence and her father were up in the grandstand. I knew, for I caught a glimpse, but I never went near them.

I was disgusted with Florence for having anything to do with a jockey of such a questionable reputation as young Harris, and, moreover, I was insanely jealous. They had seemed to me to be too friendly when I saw them on Broadway.

If I could have secured another jockey I should have done so, for I had grown to hate Harris. Moreover, I was warned by several people that the boy was not straight, and one of them went so far as to assure me that he was in a plant to "throw me down." But no other rider worth his salt was available, and I determined to make the best of a bad situation.

The race was a mile and a half, and after putting Harris up and warning him sternly to ride to win if he never did so before, I walked down the infield to the beginning of the homestretch, thinking that the critical point of the race would be at about that spot.

Griselda started at long odds. A horse called King Robert, a slashing big bay, was the favorite at even money, and there were two or three others which were better thought of than my mare. I had been able to get all the money I could spare on her at an average of about ten to one, and I stood to win a very tidy sum.

I had instructed Harris to get to the front and stay there if possible, and not to take any chances. Griselda was a high-strung animal, and if she were discouraged she might stop altogether. I knew she had the legs of the whole lot in a burst of speed, but I doubted her ability to stay with such a husky brute as King Robert in a long-drawn-out finish. Hence it was my idea to win the race, if possible, in the first mile and a quarter.

Griselda swept past me on the way to the starting post, and my critical eye was delighted with her freedom of motion, her beautiful chestnut coat glistening in the sunshine and the fine, clear eyes which shone from her lean, well-bred head.

"The horse that beats her to-day," I said to myself, "will know he's been to the races."

Just then I felt a shy touch upon my arm. I looked around quickly to find Florence standing beside me.

"Oh! It is you!" I said somewhat gruffly.

"Yes. I am so anxious and you have been so unkind."

I was about to accuse her of a vulgar flirtation with a jockey, when the cry came from the grandstand and lawn:

"They're off! They're off!"

No time now for recriminations. I climbed upon the rail to see the start, and it was a beauty. There were fourteen horses in the race, and when the starter's flag fell—there were no starting barriers in those days—they were sailing away together like a flock of swallows. Eagerly I looked for the colors. I saw the cherry and green hoops—King Robert's colors—leading the van. The others my eye passed over as it would a rainbow. For with a sudden sinking at the heart, I noticed that my own maroon and white sash was last of all, and a bad last at that. Griselda was all but left at the post.

"Confound the boy!" I cried. "What is he doing?" For I had given him explicit directions to get away well, not wishing the mare to be discouraged at the outset.

On they came past us, the thunder of their many hoofs ringing in my ears. A tremendous cloud of dust was raised, and as the bunch passed I could just distinguish the maroon and white sash in the rear of it.

I could not see much of the race now until the horses had passed the grandstand the first time around. But when they reached the first bend I groaned aloud. For there was Griselda trailing along in the rear and I could not see that Harris was doing a thing to improve his position.

On the back stretch the mare moved up a little—no thanks to Harris, I thought. King Robert was still leading by a couple of lengths and apparently going strong. The crowd on the grandstand was shouting for him lustily and cries of "King Robert!" "The favorite wins!" came floating to my ears.

"Thrown down!" I cried in my rage. "The boy has done me, curse him!" I had forgotten all about Florence, and now in my blind fury I turned to accuse her of plotting against me.

But she was no longer by my side. She had followed the rail around considerably further than the turn into the homestretch, and stood there eagerly awaiting the approach of the horses. I saw King Robert's cherry and green hoops flash past her. I watched her as she leaned far over the rail, and my anger rose again as I saw her signal frantically to Harris.

"Has she no shame?" I asked myself.

But her signal to the boy was not without result.

He had been laying back in the ruck, sullenly urging the mare forward and riding without spirit. But now a sudden change seemed to take place in the lad.

He took the mare firmly by the head and steadied her. He did not resort as yet to either whip or spur, but he rode, rode as never a jockey rode before.

That youngster nestled down into the mare's saddle and fairly seemed to lift her along. And the chestnut mare tossed her pretty head once or twice and then laid herself out to win that race or die.

What a race it was! There was that great big bay, King Robert, thundering along in the lead as though he was the only horse in it, while behind him a round dozen of the best horses on the American turf struggled for supremacy. And somewhere among them, creeping forward, slowly—but as surely as destiny—was my chestnut mare Griselda.

I felt something rise in my throat and my knees got shaky.

When they thundered past me Griselda was just emerging from the ruck. Two more jumps and she was out of it. Then King Robert's jockey looked back and saw her coming and both lads drew their whips. I clutched the rail, for the landscape was getting hazy in my eyes, and I held my breath at the finish. From the grandstand the thunderous cries of "King Robert!" "King Robert wins!" now died away into silence—deep and impressive, as if all were holding their breaths, as indeed they were. Then faintly—very faintly at first—I heard the cry "Griselda" floating toward me once or twice. But still the multitude held its breath.

The little chestnut mare had collared the big bay and they were finishing in a furious drive. Both jockeys worked away like mad men—both horses strained every muscle.

I could not see them as they passed the judge's stand, but from the muffled roar which went up from the grandstand—like that of some wild animal despoiled of its prey—I knew the favorite had been beaten.

Griselda had won—by a length!

Then I turned and confronted Florence. Her face was pale, but her eyes shone with triumph.

All of a sudden my forgotten rage and jealousy returned to me.

"He won for you," I cried, "after he had thrown away the race. What is there between you?" I asked fiercely.

I shall never forget the quiet look of reproach in her eyes as she answered me.

"Your jockey is my brother," she said. "Poor fellow, he ran away from home two years ago. Did father never tell you about him?"

I had seized both her hands in mine, but could not say anything.

"I suppose father was too sensitive to speak of it. It was only when you brought me down here that I found out he was a jockey. He made me promise to keep his secret, but he swore that if he won this one more race he would return home and go back to college."

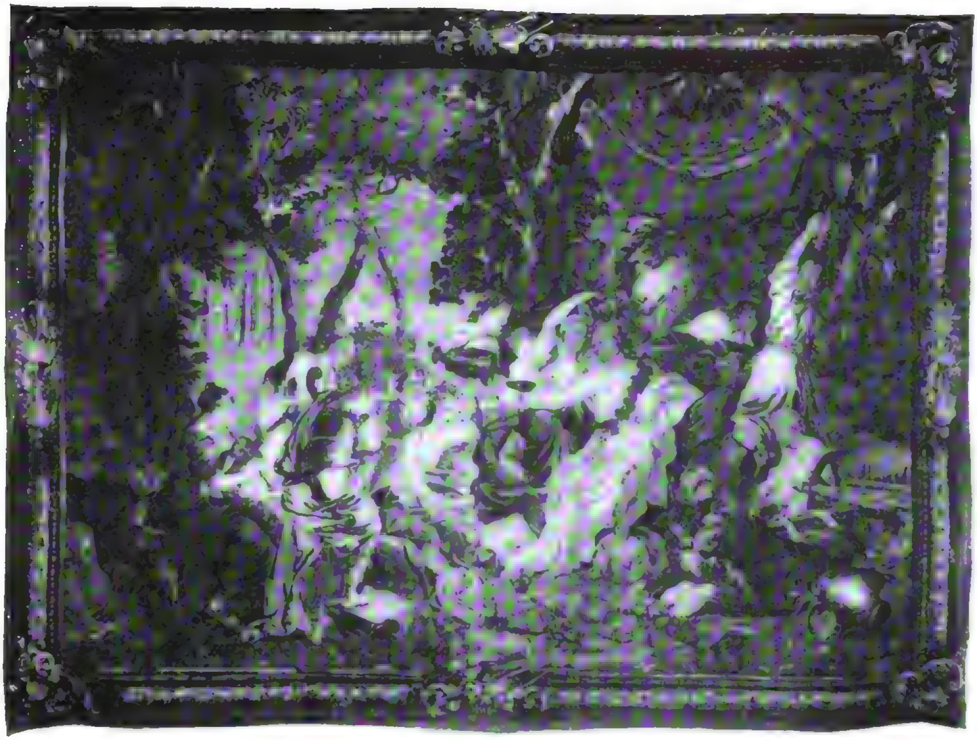
"But he was going to throw the race," I interrupted.

A flush, as of shame, overspread her features. "I'm afraid he was," she answered.

"But he didn't," I cried joyously. "And it was you who saved the race.

"Can you ever forgive me, Florence?"

For answer she gave me her hand and I—well, I'm not going to tell the rest—but Griselda was my destiny.



Famous antique Flemish tapestry panel.

GOBELIN TAPESTRY WEAVING IN AMERICA

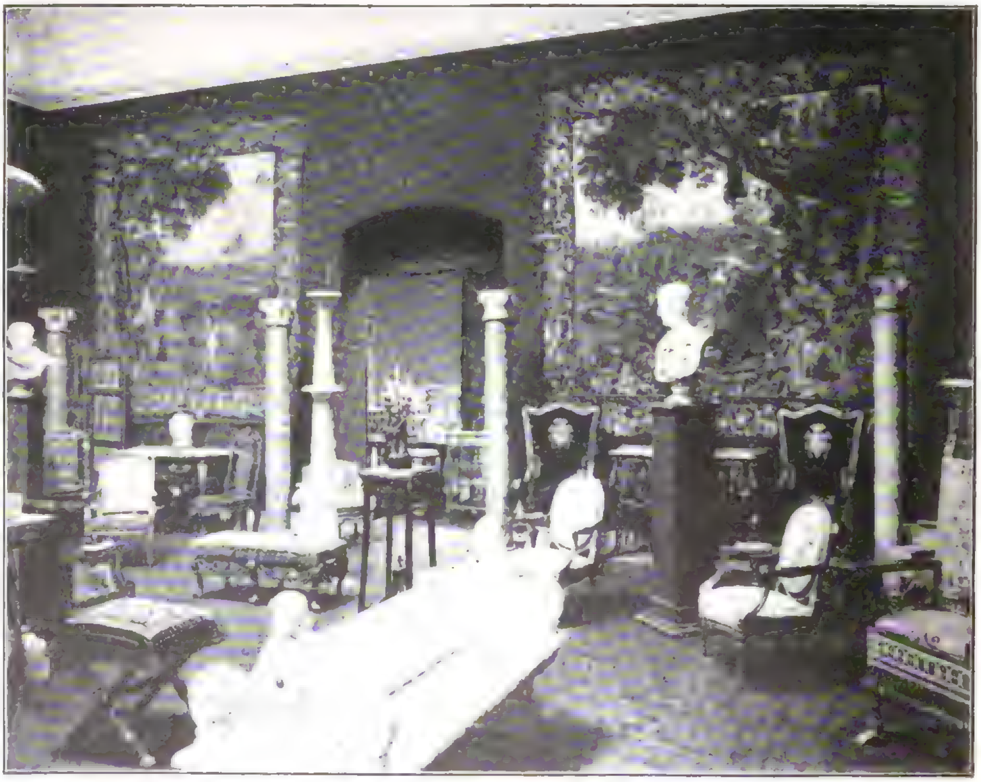
STORY OF AN ART INDUSTRY WHICH HAS HAD A BRIEF BUT PHENOMENALLY SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

By H. M. Lome

THE making of tapestries is an art industry of but recent installation in this country. A dozen years ago there was not a single loom or a solitary weaver within the boundaries of the United States. To-day, and on the banks of the Bronx, are the *ateliers* of a Gobelin tapestry factory, which, in point of size, equipment and beauty of products, is admittedly superior to any European establishment of a like type. The output of its looms is so much appreciated by the connoisseurs of America that the importation of Continental modern tapestries is practically a thing of the past. We shall tell later and more fully of the enterprise and its successes—artistic and commercial.

Tapestries have been called "paintings by textile materials," and aptly so. They are the result of weaving around a "chain" or lines of threads, colored wool or silk. Beneath the "chain" is placed the cartoon or picture which the weaver is to reproduce in his work. Looking directly down on the cartoon, he notes the point of color lying under a given thread. Taking a morsel of silk of an exactly similar hue, he deftly knots it around the thread, and repeats the process until he has made a replica of the original. As may be imagined, therefore, the growth of a piece of tapestry is characterized by deliberation. The weaver who produces his square foot per month is doing well. A panel piece is deliverable in a couple of years from the date of its being ordered. The time consumed in the creation of a tapestry, no less than the methods employed, are analogous to the work of the mosaic artist with his bits of colored marble, or of the enameler with cloisons filled with vitrifiable material. Incidentally, the tapestry is perhaps the only fabric which has escaped debasement at some time of its history, and that for obvious reasons. A forgery would be merely a replica, for it would have to be tapestry after all, and some of the most valuable tapestries extant are recognized replicas. This unassailable dignity of the fabric, if one may use the term, has resulted in many of the most notable of the world's painters evolving cartoons for the use of their fellow artist, the tapestry weaver. In regard to the latter, it may be added that as far as the excellencies of ancient or modern tapestries are concerned, no small proportion of them are due to the man at the loom. A margin is given to his individual interpretation of a theme, and not infrequently he translates and tranposes portions of the cartoon from which he is working into tint tones that he feels is demanded by the scheme of the composition as a whole.

The art of transmitting figure groups or ornamental designs on the loom is coincident with the higher civilizations of all periods of the world's history. One of the wall paintings of the subterraneous temple at Beni-Hassan, Egypt, which dates back to 3000 B. C., represents a tapestry loom that is curi-



Wall panels with rich borderings.

Boucher panel and reproductions of Raphael's "Miraculous Draught of Fishes."

ously like those in use at the Gobelin factories of to-day. It has all the elements of the *"haute lisse,"* or vertical machine, including the upright "chain," cross-beam, comb to ram down and even the threads, and so forth. Historical data is not wanting to show that during the times of the Pharaohs tapestries of extraordinary richness and fineness were produced in abundance. The same remark stands good of the defunct civilizations of Western Asia and the art eras of old Greece. Babylon and Nineveh were renowned for the magnificence of their textile hangings and embroideries. The former city in particular was distinguished for the superb compositions of her artists, for the skill of her weavers and for the richness of the materials used by these last. Plinius does not hesitate to assert that the art of blending colors in textiles reached its maximum in Babylon. Indeed, the term "Babylonians" was, in his time, used in the same sense as we moderns do the word "Gobelins." The Latin poets are eloquent in the praises of these fabrics, and in Rome they were sold for their weight in gold. Metellus Scipio paid 800,000 sesterces ($40,000) for tapestries which Nero subsequently purchased for 4,000,000 sesterces ($200,000). When the Hebrews rebuilt their temple about 19 B. C. there was a liberal usage of splendid tapestries, and the glories of the looms in Greece during the times of Phidias and Alexander are matters of historical record.

After the fall of the Roman Empire tapestry making seemed to have been a dormant art for some centuries. The world was in a state of re-adjustment in those days, and the artists that might have been merged into the warriors that were. At all events, the oldest pieces of tapestry known to exist at present do not date back further than the end of the Twelfth Century. These are few and to be found in the Cathedral of Halberstadt, Germany, and in the museums of Lyons, Nuremburg and South Kensington, London. Nearly all of them have to do with scriptural subjects.

During the Thirteenth Century the reawakening of the art was made manifest by the production of many important pieces, according to old chroniclers. But of these only one survives, and that a panel representing the marriage of Mercury and Phililogy, which is now in the abbey of Quedlinburg, Germany. A hundred years or so later, however, tapestry making had assumed great strength and importance, especially in France and Flanders. Paris, Arras and Brussels had the pick of the weavers, and gradually monopolized the industry and the artists also. Many years afterwards, when Italy, Spain, England and Germany were fain to make tapestries on their own account, they had to send for Franco-Flemish artists to teach them how.

With the beginning of the reign of Charles V. of France, in the year 1364, and through the medium of the labors of the artists under the patronage of the King, the history of the art takes a definite form, and one can study the incidental and subsequent productions preserved in the *Gardemeubles* of the Government. From this time on the story of tapestry is so rich in detail that space will permit of but a mere synopsis thereof.

The most famous *tappissiers* of the time of Charles V. were Nicholas Bataille, of Paris, and Jacques Dourdin. These supplied the King and notables with innumerable tapestries, all exquisite of execution, precious of quality and interesting in subjects. Some of the pieces sold for what is an equivalent of $350 per square yard. The Flemish *ateliers* showed no less activity than their French

Cornice, window frame and panel of Boucher school.

rivals, and "Arazzia," or Arras, tapestry was notable for the permanent and lovely quality of its dyes, together with the perfection of the work of the weavers.

The golden age of tapestry making was perhaps in the Fifteenth Century. An adoring and almost reverential regard was then lavished on the fabrics. The products of Northern France and Flanders seemed to have achieved the ultimate of the beautiful. The coronation of an Emperor, the canonization of a saint, a triumphal entry, a tournament, a marriage, a banquet, a municipal *fête* were alike incomplete unless framed in masses of soft and silky hangings of brilliant coloring. Arras included in her population fifty-nine master weavers and several thousands of ordinary weavers during the height of her fame. But the taking of the city by Louis XI. in 1477 and the expulsion of her inhabitants in 1479 gave the death blow to her special industry.

Besides Arras, Brussels, Lille, Bruges, Tournai, Oudenarde, etc., were tapestry-producing centers. Hundreds of pieces from their looms still exist. The famous Italian tapestries had their inception about 1420 in the arrival of emigrant artisans from Flanders. But Italy's own artists began to make the needed cartoons, and considering that such artists included Leonarda da Vinci, Andrea Mantegna, Cosimo Tura and so forth, it is not to be wondered at that before long Italian tapestries equalled the best of those of Arras and Brussels. More than that, cartoons by the great Italian masters were sent to Flanders for reproduction there, and thus the way was paved for the introduction of the Renaissance.

During the Renaissance itself tapestry cartoons were composed by Raphael, Guilo Romano, Andrea del Sarto, Bronzino, Tizian, Paul Veronese and many others in Italy, while, in Flanders, Bernard Van Orley, Michel Coxie, Pierre de Campana were but a few of the illustrious who were like occupied. It was Pope Leo X. who commissioned Raphael to paint the historical cartoons representing "The Acts of the Apostles," and it was in 1515 that they were sent to Brussels to be translated into tapestry by Pierre Van Aelat, a prince of weavers. It took but four years to complete the work—an incredibly short time considering the magnitude of the task. The tapestries themselves cost the equivalent of $150,000, and Raphael's personal fee was an additional $10,000. But it must be rememberd that the purchasing power of money in those days was three or four times greater than what it now is. Both tapestries and cartoons, with the exception of three of the latter, are to be found in the Vatican and London.

Passing over Brussels' art decline in the second half of the Sixteenth Century and the continued successes of Italy during the same period, the beginning of the Seventeenth Century saw the coming into being of the famous Gobelin factory in Paris. The story of the enterprise has a tragic element to it. Henry IV. of France, in 1607, sent for two able Flemish artists, François de la Planche and Marc Coomans, installed them in the Faubourg St. Marceau, and gave them a monopoly of the industry for twenty-five years, letters of nobility, subsidies and extened privileges. Three years later the ill-starred monarch was murdered by Ravaillac. The factory was forthwith closed, and after enduring many vicissitudes the two masters, in 1630, became associated with the dyers whose name they were distined to make famous.

The Gobelins enjoyed a national reputation of a high order as manufacturers of very beautiful dyes. No small proportion of their prosperity is said to have been due to the peculiar qualities of the water of the little river Bievre, on the banks of which their factory was situated. As a singular historical parallel it may be added that the depth and mellow opulency of the colors of the American tapestries are alleged to be due to the water of the Bronx, which, like the Bievre of old, is rich in vegetable constituents.

In 1662 was established the "Royal Manufactory of the Furniture of the Crown," or to call it by its modern name,

Wall panel time of Louis XIV. and screen made for New York financial magnate.

the Gobelin Tapestry Factories. Louis XIV. appointed as director and painter of designs Le Brun. Le Brun shares with the Rubens the credit of elevating the art to the level that it attained under Raphael and Van Aelst. Jordaens and Teniers, Lerambert, Guyot and Poussin, Phillip de Champagne, Vander Meulin, Coypel, all made tapestry cartoons at this period. But Le Brun dominates the whole of them. As a critic has said, "He did more for the art than all the rest of them put together. The sentiment of decoration is so vivid in him that his paintings seem transfigured in passing from the canvas to the loom. Their translation in a different art gives them more splendor, a richer and more masculine harmony."

Towards the end of the Seventeenth Century Louis Heinart, of Paris, established a tapestry factory at Beauvais. When in 1694 the Gobelins were closed on account of lack of funds, Beauvais was sufficiently flourishing to employ a large number of the ex-Gobelin employees. About this time the Elector of Bavaria established a factory at Munich, and in England yet another establishment came into being at Mortlake. Denmark and Russia followed suit, so universal was the demand for the fabrics.

Oudry and Boucher were the successors of Le Brun, and with their coming the output of the Gobelins underwent a notable change. The tapestries of the reign of Louis XIV. are of a semi-heroic order. But in the time of Louis XV. the works were of a much lighter caliber. Under Boucher we have those deliciously false pastorals wherein the shepherds are clothed in court costume and in the matter of raiment the shepherdesses wear the garments of a duchess. With all that, however, the Boucher compositions are exquisitely charming, and in spite of their anachronisms are, through the medium of their artistic value, able to disarm all criticism.

The end of the Eighteenth Century marks the end, also, of the last important era of tapestry making. From that time on and up to within fifteen years or so ago, the art languished. For a number of years the Gobelin factory has eked out a bare existence. Brussels and all other centers of tapestry making have not a single loom left in operation. In other places and in recent years, however, the industry is having a sort of revival after its long slumber. Outside of the Gobelins and the Beauvais, there are two private establishments, both at Aubusson, France; another at Neuilly, Paris; still another has been reopened in Rome, and in Berlin an *atelier* has come into existence at the instance of the present Emperor. In 1876 works were started at Windsor, England, under the patronage of the Queen, under the title of "The Royal Windsor Tapestry Works." Bad management, however, caused the collapse of the enterprise in 1887.

The history of tapestry making in this country is sufficiently interesting. Mr. William Baumgarten, of New York, the well-known art connoisseur and collector of antiquities, after some years of pondering on the matter, decided to start a Gobelin factory in America. By great good fortune he succeeded in getting in touch with Mr. Foussadier, the former master workman of the Windsor Tapestry Works. Through him he succeeded in inducing several of the cleverest of French weavers to come to this country under a guarantee of high wages, steady work for at least a year, with a free passage over and back. This was a difficult task, by the way, the men being unwilling to leave la Belle France.

Mr. Foussadier with his family reached America in January, 1893, bringing with him a small loom, which was set up in one of the rooms of Mr. Baumgarten's Fifth Avenue establishment, and work began forthwith. The first piece of American tapestry ever produced was a small chair seat that is in the possession of Mr. Baumgarten's family as an heirloom. The second, a facsimile of the first, is in the Field Museum, at Chicago. After some experimenting and further work, more weavers were brought over, and a factory and *ateliers* was established at Williamsbridge, West Chester. Mr. Foussadier, who is an expert dyer as well as weaver, soon discovered the peculiar qualities of the Bronx River, as already told. In May, 1894, a small exhibition of the first year's products was arranged, and among other visitors was a gentleman from Philadelphia who casually remarked that he liked shows when they cost nothing. After an inspection of the tapestries he said to Mr. Baumgarten,

Artists painting tapestry cartoons.

Weavers at work on loom.

"Do you think you could do as well as those old fellows of a couple of hundred years or so ago?" Mr. Baumgarten meekly replied he would try. The outcome of the conversation was that the visitor, who turned out to be Mr. P. A. B. Widener, gave an order for furniture coverings and portieres of the *genre* of Boucher, the cost of which amounted to over $20,000. From that time on commissions began to pour in upon the inaugurator of the new industry, and more workmen had to be obtained from Europe.

Mr. Baumgarten has at this time lots of trouble with the Immigration Commissioners, who could be hardly made to believe that in the greatest country in the world there were no such persons as tapestry weavers.

A recapitulation of the many important tapestries executed at Williamsbridge would take up too much space. But some of the more notable commissions were those of Mr. W. Elkins, whose wall panels in fine Gobelin point, representing a stag hunt, cost $18,000; that of Mrs. Elliott F. Shephard, of two hundred square yards of tapestry; Andrew Carnegie, who has spent a small fortune; Jacob H. Schiff, who is the owner of four spirited panels in silk tapestry of fine point; J. Pierrepont Morgan, who has secured some of the most opulent and expensive outputs of the factory; the coarse point panels of the directors' room of the New York Life Insurance Company; the wall panels of the dining-room of the Manhattan Hotel; an exquisitely spirited set of panels for a stair hall in New York City, the subject of which is a stag hunt, and scores of other orders from all parts of the country, which in the aggregate must approximate not very far short of a million dollars in value. The foregoing are independent of a number of important commissions which ensures work for the factory for at least a couple of years ahead.

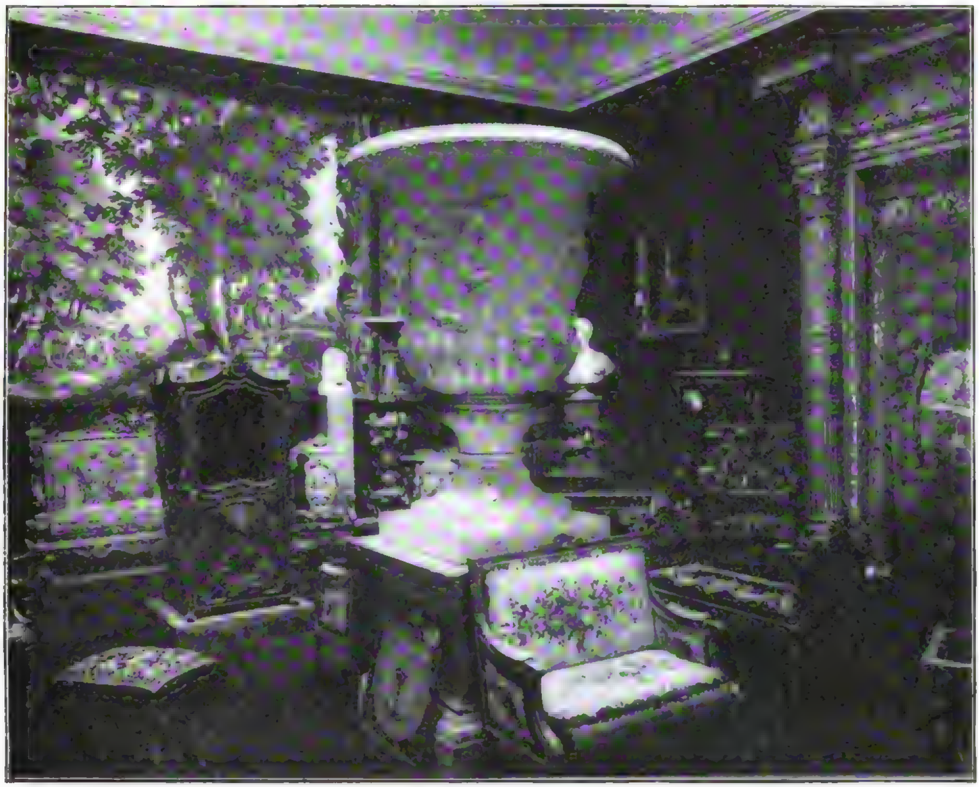
One of the interesting features of the matter is that its promoter from the first began to secure American boys as apprentices, with a view of gradually making the industry a native one and independent of foreign workmen. Much difficulty was met with in securing lads with the proper amount of intelligence, and also on account of parents desiring that their sons should begin to earn money forthwith on leaving school. However, a number of apprentices were and now are on the staff of the factory, while several of those secured at the inception of the enterprise are producing very good work indeed.

The original small quarters at Williamsbridge have been gradually enlarged into a large square of commodious buildings in which are about fifty looms of the *basse lisse* or horizontal type, and over one hundred workmen. This is independent of the other *ateliers* and looms at the Fifth avenue establishment, where there are also about fifty employes.

As for the Frenchmen who have been brought over, they have found a paradise in the little town on the Bronx. When they reached this country they looked like the proverbial tramps more than the skilled artisans that they really were. Few had leather shoes or as much baggage as would fill a handbag. Now they are well dressed, well fed, well housed, have all saved money and are the happiest little colony in the country.

The *ateliers* also give employment to a number of girls and women, who repair antique tapestries and whose needles are found useful in connection with mounting, etc., the products of the factory.

American Gobelins are cosmopolitan as to *genres*. They embody the high ideals of LeBrun, the stately beauties of the Italian masters, the vigor of the Flemish school, and the delicious daintiness of the Boucher fantasies. But more than that the Williamsbridge cartoonists seem to have been influenced to a certain extent by the spirit and genius of the land of their adoption. It is, of course, too much to assert that there has come into being an American *genre*. At the same time there is a



Wall panels of the Boucher school.

breadth and virility about the compositions of the Baumgarten artists that is manifestly different from the accepted standards of Europe.

The writer desires to express his appreciation of Mr. Baumgarten's courtesy in the matter of data and photographs .

* * *

MRS. PERRY BELMONT.
A leader in the coaching set.

AMERICAN GIRLS IN HIGH LIFE

By Helen Winthrop

AMERICAN dollars are no longer a passport into the inner circles of that certain set which summers at Newport and winters on upper Madison Avenue, and which elects unto itself the privilege of creating an aristocracy altogether at variance with the democracy of its worthy and perhaps plebeian forefathers.

One must admit that times have changed for the worse since the passing away of Ward McAllister. He was the true and only arbiter of social ethics in this city given over to commercialism. He held a tight rein on the Newport clan, and permitted no rude intruders to enter into his carefully sifted colony of Four Hundred. The Four Hundred of Ward McAllister may have given cause for some innocent merriment, but even those who were forced through his stringent policy to remain on the other side of the dividing line, were ready to admit that society in those days lacked neither dignity nor manner.

After the great dictator's death the select coterie rapidly swelled in numbers. The younger set who headed it were erratic, self-willed and hoydenish, It soon became known as "the Smart Set," and its doings were widely heralded both in this country and on the other side. In fact, its manners were supposed to be modeled upon those of the so-called "Prince of Wales' Set," in London. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and young Harry Lehr constituted themselves leaders of the set, and one merry prank after another were devised to satisfy a sort of inordinate craving for the extraordinary and ridiculous. It must also be admitted that about this time divorçes became frequent and family relations became so entangled through marriages that it became quite a stroke of diplomacy to seat a dinner party without giving offense. Mr. James Brown Potter, who was himself smarting under the blow that had broken up his home, retired to Lenox with his young daughter to educate her under a more rigid code than the one in fashion, and William Waldorf Astor, in a fit of temper, declared he would no longer live under the American flag. He in his turn took his young daughter and son, and domiciled them and himself on English soil.

With the Anglo-mania craze that had infected the Smart Set came the seeking after the English title, and the international marriage became as much the fashion as a French hat or an English walking-suit. The *pros* and *cons* of the international marriage are innumerable, but one thing is certain, it is the young American girl married in England who has brought about a different and higher standard of high life for the American girl in her own country.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs led the so-called "Smart Set" of Newport; her sister, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, is by no means identified with either Newport or New York society. In fact, Mrs. Willie K., Jr., as she is known, had more advantages than her sister "Tessie." They were the Fair girls, the daughters of Senator Fair, one of the gold kings of California. Birdie Fair came to New York a round-eyed, blooming-cheeked schoolgirl of about sixteen, and at the proper time had the advantage of being launched into society by her sister, who had already achieved an enviable social connection through her marriage to Herman Oelrichs.

MRS. GEORGE GOULD.
Formerly Miss Virginia Dresser of Daly's Theatre.

Consuelo Vanderbilt's marriage to the Duke of Marlborough was a brilliant *coup de finesse* on the part of Mrs. Oliver Belmont. At any rate, it gave the little California girl, the daughter of a miner, a Duchess for a sister-in-law.

MISS ADELAIDE RANDOLPH.
Step-daughter of the late William C. Whitney.

Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, and mistress of historical Blenheim, was still in the schoolroom when the brilliant alliance was planned by her ambitious mother. The girl was hardly pretty, tall, dark and lanky, with a neck so long that her young companions nicknamed her "the Giraffe." Poor little Consuelo Vanderbilt would gladly have renounced some of her millions for a neck like other girls.

Time, however, has brought to our young American Duchess not only beauty and popularity in the country of her husband, but she has proven herself to be a woman of brains and extraordinary diplomacy. A sister Duchess, May Goelet, now Duchess of Roxburg, is another American girl who through her familiarity with English life will have little or no difficulty in adjusting herself to her duties as chateleine of Floors Castle, her new home. It would be interesting and poetically fitting if the rumored engagement between the young cousin of the Duchess of Roxburg, Robert Goelet, and the young sister of the Duchess of Marlborough, Gladys Vanderbilt, should prove to be an "authoritative statement."

It is hardly advisable that the best of our American girls should grace the homes of Englishmen of title. While Pauline Astor is no longer, correctly speaking, an American, her recent engagement to Captain Spender-Clay is unusually interesting from the fact that Pauline Astor is still enough of an American to assert her independence and marry the man of her choice. One is convinced that he is not a bridegroom of the ambitious father's selection. William Waldorf Astor placed his young

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH.
Formerly May Goelet.

MISS PAULINE ASTOR,
Daughter of William Waldorf Astor.

daughter at the head of the princely pile, Hevey Castle, with the intention that she should leave it to become the bride of nothing less than a Duke of royal lineage. But Miss Pauline determined otherwise. Captain Spender-Clay is not included in that English book of books, "Burke's Peerage." Indeed, it is questioned whether he is numbered amongst the "County families."

Miss Gladys Deacon, who won the heart of the heir to the German throne, has been reported engaged to every bachelor of title in Europe. So far she seems to have escaped heart free, and one hopes that this beautiful young girl will finally return to her own country and become a leader in the social circles of her own people.

Mrs. Perry Belmont, young, brilliant and possessed of unlimited wealth, is the prime mover, with Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and Mrs. Burke-Roche, in the coaching set. She is prominent at the Horse Show, where her turnouts have won many a blue ribbon. It is in this set that Dorothy Whitney, the young daughter of the late William C. Whitney, will undoubtedly join when she makes her *debut* a year hence. Miss Adelaide Randolph, her step-sister through her father's marriage to the widow of Captain Randolph, has never been prominent in New York society. It will be recalled that William C. Whitney's house-warming in the magnificent Madison Avenue mansion was her coming-out ball. But Miss Randolph, although an heiress, prefers to pass her days in seclusion among her own people in the South, where she is highly connected through her mother's family, the Mays of Maryland.

A woman eminently fitted to hold the somewhat lax reins of the Smart Set is Mrs. George Gould. She was formerly Virginia Dresser, a member of

MISS GLADYS DEACON,
Who rejected an alliance with a royal prince.

BARONESS STERNBERG

An American girl, who became the wife of the Belgian Ambassador

The Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt.

the late Augustin Daly's company—a young girl of an impoverished Southern family. After her marriage she devoted herself to the management of her beautiful home, "Georgiana Court," in Lakewood, and to the education of her children, the oldest of whom, a lovely girl, will make her *debut* in a few years. Mrs. Gould has never cared to court society, and society has tried in vain to tempt her to enter the field of honor. It is said she is awaiting the coming out of her young daughter, Marjorie.

For the present the Smart Set is without a leader. Some young girl as yet unknown is destined to save the day. Who will it be?

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is considered the present dictator of the Newport coterie. But her influence, while widely admitted, is purely theoretical. She passes the greater part of her time abroad, and if upon her return she gives a few formal dinners, an opera party and a ball, she considers that she has more than fulfilled any obligation she owes society. The true social leader must be impervious to the ailments that afflict ordinary human beings. Mrs. John Jacob Astor is a semi-invalid.

Mrs. Burke-Roche is handsome, wealthy and popular, but while always willing to take part in the social whirl, she has persistently refused to accept a position that would entail responsibilities of any kind. Her daughter, Miss Cynthia, is in her first season. She lacks the beauty that made her mother famous, but she has freshness, buoyancy and decision. Although half English through her paternal ancestry and the granddaughter of an English baron, she has already announced her determination to wed only an American. Indeed, it has been rumored that she is betrothed to one of the Iselin boys. An enviable alliance, as the two families have lived side by side for more than a generation in their old brownstone mansions in Madison Square. A young girl of family, wealth and social prestige wedded to a man in her own set would prove herself as a matron an ideal leader of the society tandem.

Miss Helen Barney, the daughter of Charles Barney, a niece of the late William C. Whitney, and an heiress in her own right, made her *debut* under the auspices of her uncle about two years ago. Her social career was an exceptionally brilliant one. She was superbly coached by her beautiful and clever mother, who as Miss Whitney was at the head of her brother's establishment in Washington during the years of his diplomatic career. Miss Barney, by training and inherited talent, is eminently fitted to lead the social pace with brilliant tact and *savoir faire.*

There is no doubt that the younger set will arise in power and might to take possession of the tottering throne now awaiting a worthy occupant in the kingdom of Newport.

Imitating a priceless piece of statuary in papier-mache for the stage.

MANAGING THE GREATEST PROPERTY ROOM IN THE WORLD

By Augustus C. Hildorf

(General Stage Manager for All Frohman's Combinations.)

THE TASK of equipping twenty theatres and twice as many road combinations with all the paraphernalia necessary to offer to the public various features from tragedy to farce, and from musical comedy to pantomime, is a task which might make the untrained man quail, so vast is the amount of material and so important is every essential detail.

For twenty years or more it has been my pleasure to take upon myself the responsibility of costuming and otherwise equipping more theatrical attractions than probably any other man in the world, and yet the process is so simplified and every working detail is so perfected that within a very short space of time the most wonderful harmonies of color and intricate machineries for stage use can be made ready for a dress rehearsal.

It is nothing to receive a manuscript of a play on Monday and be called upon by Friday of the same week to have that play properly staged and equipped, ready for the criticism of the manager, the author and the players themselves. This might include a very difficult combination of mechanical effects. The period might be that of Louis XVI. or a modern London drawing-room, a Chicago wheat-pit or a Scotch cathedral, a palace of a king or the hovel of a peasant. Dr. Johnson claimed that we had two kinds of knowledge, that which we possess actually in our minds and that which we know where to go and get. The stage manager is largely endowed with an intuitive knowledge of where to lay

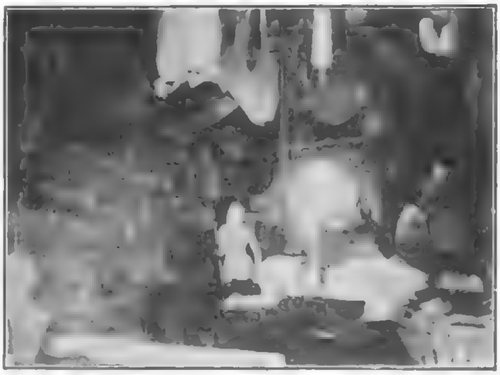
AUGUSTUS C. HILDORF.

Preparing for a classical production.

his hands upon the right kind of material at the very right moment. An army of men is necessary to accomplish this gigantic work. Four massive storehouses filled from cellar to the top-most attic with every sort of classified and unclassified material is necessary for any emergency. Any one entering one of these gency. Any one entering one of these massive storehouses would be bewildered with the vast amount of stage trumpery apparently cast aside without any form or system. However, there are men in every department whose business it is to keep track of these features and to collate them on a moment's notice.

The first thing necessary in the building up of a stage production is to take the model of the designer and carry out as near as possible the ideas which are presented there, all of which have been carefully regarded by both the manager, the author and the players. This miniature stage setting is duplicated with great care in every detail. Wherever it is possible to use the actual furnitures and other paraphernalia of the period the matter of expense never causes hesitation. Old Chippendale tables and Cheraton cabinets are dug out of the antique shops, rare Berares lamps are found in obscure places, and every sort of utensil, from a Colonial candlestick to a Russian samovar, is collected from far and near as occasion requires. Thousands of dollars are very often spent upon material that the ordinary theatregoer does not appreciate. However, as it is necessary to make an illusion as nearly perfect as possible, every effort is put forth to give the public the real thing, or, in lieu of that, the best possible imitation. Some things, of course, are out of the question in the real material. For instance, the heavy statuary which could not be carried about the stage between the acts without great danger. These sculptures are imitated by *papier-mache* with the utmost fidelity, so that a life-size figure—the Venus of Milo for instance—which in the marble would weigh hundreds of pounds, can be duplicated in paper to the hair's breadth of accuracy, and so light that it can be carried by the finger of one hand.

Critics, both writers and the still more dreaded wise men among the audience, are very keen to catch an anachronism or a false note in any of these details. A knight of the Louis XV. period who offered a pinch of snuff to a guest from a Colonial snuff-box would likely receive a letter the next day taking him to task for the incongruity; or if a five pound Bank of England note were passed off for a thousand franc Bank of France note in a Continental transaction the merciless critic would not be slow to make his disapproval known. There



A society play out of commission.

I COULD USE FIVE
5
5
5
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.
This is good for nothing
Banking Co.
£5.
Bank of Experience.
No. 55.
Five Pounds
Stage
For the Governor & Compy

A Colossal Fortune in Stage Money

must be the most absolute harmony between every detail of furniture, costumes and even personal ornament, or any deviation from the iron-clad rule calls for a more or less severe protest.

The average person who sits in an orchestra seat and watches the moving pictures of the play, all in such smooth harmony and apparently without effort, has little idea of the immense amount of labor required to bring about these effects. Some scenes may be changed again and again, and after all a return made to the first setting adopted. It is like preparing half a dozen plays in order to get the finished one. Even up to the hour of the last rehearsal there are expedients resorted to that make an all-night job imperative. Effects which seemed to be all right are found to be all wrong, while others are out of harmony with the surroundings. Thousands of dollars' worth of material are sometimes thus discarded at the last moment and the labor of perhaps many weeks thrown aside.

Another point that is not generally understood is that when a show leaves New York and goes out on the road, or several duplicates of a popular play start out on the hunt for popularity "in the provinces," every one of these is as near like the New York production as the out-of-town theatres will admit. There is absolutely no stinting nor any charge of too zealous economy. The interior city of fifty thousand inhabitants gets the same play with as careful and as rich a setting as Broadway affords the New Yorker. Of course, this matter of duplication calls for an infinite amount of extra labor, and with twenty or thirty shows on the road, with the full complement of plays to handle here in the metropolis, there are often strenuous times for us.

The ideal stage manager is a man of keen insight into the demands of every play, conversant with every period, knowing exteriors and interiors by heart, and with a memory that never fails, even to the supplying of the hero's waistcoat pocket with a sliding pencil or the villain with a skeleton key. He must be actual master of every part and parcel of the behind-scene world, and even beyond this his province extends, for whatever goes wrong he is sure to get the blame. Actors are serious people to deal with, and the wrath of a star whose situation has been spoiled by a lapse of memory on the part of the stage manager in some detail is far reaching and unstinted. The ideal stage manager never forgets.

The season just closed has been in some respects a remarkable one considered from a purely technical side, for the tendency has been more and more in the direction of stage realism. The public is more and more demanding, and the work devolving upon us is harder every year. However, there are compensations, for the competitive strife makes economy and makeshifts of any sort quite out of the question. The public pays a high price to be amused—nearly thirty millions of dollars this last season, I am informed—and naturally demands much. More than that, actors have received more and more, the average paid to talent by Mr. Frohman alone during the season just closed aggregating no less than fifty-four thousand dollars weekly—more in one week than the President of these United States receives in a year. Naturally when such demands are made upon all departments of a vast theatrical enterprise, there is room for the highest of skilled labor and the investment of vast capital. But the end justifies the means, for "the play's the thing," and the public gladly pays the price for the best and demands only the best.

Cornelius Lawrence.

From a painting in the New York City Hall.

FROM GRAVEYARD TO PARK

HOW AN OLD CEMETERY HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THE PRETTIEST PLEASURE GROUND IN NEW YORK.

By Joseph Lewis French

WHEN Cornelius Lawrence, whose memory will ever be green as the first Mayor of New York chosen by the votes of the people, lived away up on the west side of Manhattan Island, his demesne fronting on what is Morton Street now (how many New Yorkers, saving perhaps those to the manner born, know where Morton Street is?); when the night-watch, who were still called "constables," after the good old English fashion, used to sing o'nights on their rounds (fancy an up-to-date "copper"!); when the stages only ran up to Abingdon Square from the Battery, and Fourteenth Street was the end of the world; when a fishing expedition to Macomb's Dam was a more memorable undertaking (aye, and one long to be talked over on winter nights!) than a trip to Europe is now; a graveyard flourished and throve in the center of the thriving village of Greenwich. "Greenwich" is still extant, but only as a tradition and in the memory of a few of the older inhabitants of the section who still linger on. What Greenwich *was* is now the famous Ninth Ward, stronghold of Republicanism in the heart of a Democratic district. What Greenwich *was* is a thriving little community, beginning below Washington Square and continuing on up to somewhere about Tenth Street (the village lines are obliterated now), in the ampler ether of the far west side, adjacent to the Hudson River. Tradition has it that the epidemic of 1822 drove hundreds of well-to-do citizens over there, and the village, while never aristocratic, was eminently respectable, and sixty years ago, with its green fields and frequent gardens, was a very pleasant place to dwell in, far from the noisy East Side and the bustle of "downtown" traffic.

And the little burying-ground, with its fence of high palings, behind which grass and nearly every kind of flower known to our flower-loving Dutch ancestors grew rank, was the "God's half-acre" of the village of Greenwich.

To speak more categorically, it was the burying place of St. John's Parish, an outlying district of the great Trinity Church corporation. Tradition that still flourishes in the mouths of a few "ancients" of the vicinity says that men were buried here as far back as Revolutionary times.

The only remaining monument that stands on the spot bears this inscription:

THIS GROUND WAS USED AS A CEMETERY
BY TRINITY PARISH,
DURING THE YEARS 1834-1898.
IT WAS MADE A PUBLIC PARK
BY THE CITY OF NEW YORK
IN THE YEAR 1897-8.
THIS MONUMENT STOOD IN THE CEMETERY
AND WAS REMOVED TO THIS SPOT
IN THE YEAR 1898.

The monument, a modest sarcophagus of limestone, was erected to commemorate the half dozen brave firemen who fell in the great fire of the old sugar house in Duane Street, in the early fifties.

And this is the only relic that marks the spot where four thousand bodies were buried; and these were mostly of the poorer class of Trinity's children, for St. John's was far uptown and was a sort of mission in those days, and interments were cheap in this burying-ground not far from the church. The great cholera epidemic of 1832 contributed a liberal quota, poor folk for the most part, for whom hasty provision had to be made. Statistics vary, as they ever will, about more or less traditionary spots, and it has been claimed that as many as eight thousand bodies have found interment here. The real number will never be known until the great judgment day. In support of the larger estimate, however, it is known that the original burying-ground covered twice the space that was afterwards publicly set apart in the sight of men still living, and extended from Morton Street on the north to Clarkson Street southward. The upper half was gradually sold off in parcels by the Trinity corporation, and finally two whole city blocks, now crowded with a teeming population, took its place.

Where be the bones of the brave ones who once rested in this upper section? Some were claimed by survivors and buried elsewhere as "civilization" gradually advanced upon them, and some?—beyond doubt many—of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," still "sleep" where they were first laid to rest. There are graves in many of the cellars hereabouts. But no superstition disturbs the dwellers in the neighborhood, and no ghost has been reported up to date. Small chance, indeed, of one rising with a solid brick block of five or six stories built on top of him!

The old cemetery was known by the name of "St. John's Burying-ground" (good old-fashioned title!), and when the city began to wake up to a final sense of its future greatness in 1850 further interments there were prohibited by law. From that hour the old cemetery fell into a gradual decay. The tombstones crumbled, weeds grew rank everywhere, and the ancient trees remained untrimmed and neglected. For forty years "old St. John's" was one of the most forlorn and forsaken spots on Manhattan Island, forgotten like the dead within its boundaries in the onrush of a mighty new civilization. Finally old "Greenwich" village gave itself one more shake, and property owners began to petition the municipality for the conversion of the neglected cemetery into a park. Once before in the annals of the city had this been done,

Firemen's monument.

General view.

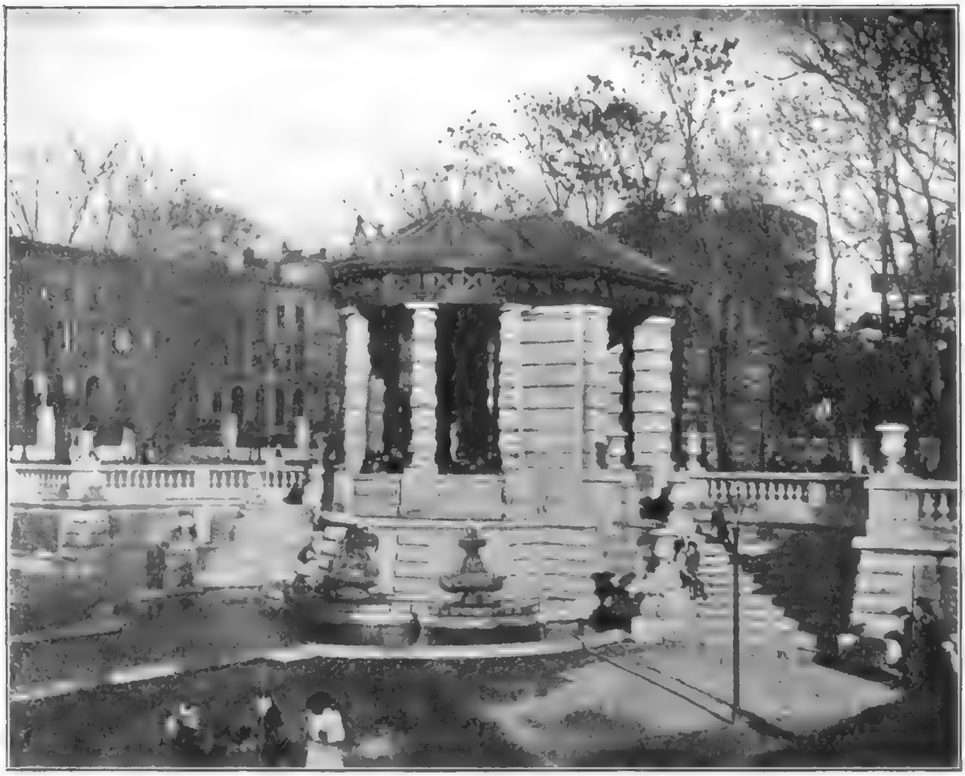
and yet how many born New Yorkers now remember that our noble Washington Square, for two generations the home of the aristocracy, had once been a burying-ground? The conservatism of the most conservative institution in the world, the Episcopal Church of North America, as represented by the corporation of Trinity, resisted for awhile, and the matter had to be fought out in the courts.

"But life," sings the poet, "will ever conquer death," and the living finally won. Is there precedent for it? "We find it," remarks a recent writer, "in a thousand cases, not merely in the village churchyard, but in places in the older countries that have become great cities because of the presence of the tomb of a warrior or a saint. Who does not recall such instances? Temple, fane, permanent dwellings of the living have risen near the homes of the departed, so that the history of many famous places goes back to their selection as graves. It seems historically fitting that when we look on St. John's Park we may feel that vaults filled in and graves only disturbed on the surface lie there under the sod."

In Japan the very earliest form of religious observance that is taught to children is the worship of those great departed who have been erected into gods, and they are taken as little ones to the shrines built over the bones of these and taught to lisp their great deeds and to play about the sacred precincts without fear. A beautiful and touching custom that has been practically repeated in the present instance, although in the exigencies of a more material civilization we have done without the religious feature.

In September, 1897, after a seven years' struggle, the cause of the people was finally victorious, and the actual work "of transforming a graveyard into a public park was begun." "St. John's Park" as it stands to-day is the most beautiful of all the small parks of Greater New York, and is probably unrivaled, for a pleasure ground of its size, anywhere in the world. This is due in the first instance to the architectural plans, which were a bold and striking departure from anything heretofore known among us. The grounds, which form a parallelogram, comprise about two acres, extending from St. Luke's Place on the north to Clarkson Street on the south, and from Hudson Street, the busy main thoroughfare of the section, on the west to the wall of buildings at the eastern extremity.

They are divided into two distinct sections, the surface of the eastern one-third being elevated some ten feet above the remainder and devoted to a playground for children, with swings and other appliances of like character. This elevation gives its distinctive and peculiar character to St. John's Park. When the work of transformation was begun in 1897 the bones of the buried four thousand were put into a great pit dug at the eastern end by the workmen, and



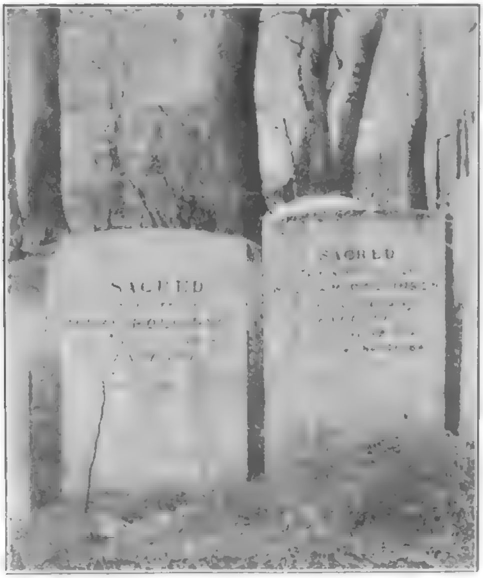
Kiosk, for band.

the earth heaped over them forms the spot now set apart for the special diversion of the children of the quarter. Here they romp all day long to their hearts' content, careless of their nearness to mortality, although so recent has been the transformation that scarce a child in the neighborhood is ignorant of the actual fact. As time wears on only the firemen's monument that stands on this playground will bear eloquent witness to the grim tradition. This diversity of the surface, due to the exigency of the buried, only adds an unwonted feature of landscape attractiveness to St. John's Park, which has been fully realized upon by the architects who were entrusted with its making-over. The slope is decorated by a kiosk or belvedere, and a fountain, besides two stone staircases and a balustrade, all in gray wrought sandstone, an *ensemble* that immediately strikes the beholder with a definite sense of beauty. The kiosk is indeed quite different from any other feature of this kind in any of our parks. Its fluted columns and peak-tiled roof exhibit a quiet elegance that no meanness nor vulgarity in the surroundings can easily destroy, even though the neighborhood may sink into the utmost squalor, which is not at all likely to come to pass. The fountain at the base has six jets, the three upper ones flowing from lions' mouths, the lower ones from immense stone turtles, appropriately mossed over by the continued flow of water that seem to take delight as in their natural element. The style of the whole, even to the fence surrounding the enclosures, is French Renaissance, which means simply what the French evolved or adapted from the Italians at the time of *their* Renaissance—and they did it for the larger part very well, too, as their very great influence in modern American architecture affords abundant testimony.

There is a simplicity and a dignity that is strikingly Roman about this little park, however, that undoubtedly finds and awakens a responsive chord in many a breast among the Italians who swarm in the quarter, and whose children disport themselves here daily. The kiosk recalls in general outline the well-known Temple of Jupiter at Rome. There is indeed a tradition that cannot be shaken among the unlettered Italians of the vicinity that it is copied from an old temple of the time of the Cæsars. A fringe of old trees that were left to cluster along the edge of the park give the only hint of its primitive natural condition. One of these bore its full share as a temporary gallows at the time of the Draft riots. Here a band plays every Friday now, and here hundreds of children play every day, while their elders sit about the benches, the men smoking and idling, the women intent on gossip and knitting.

The dwellers in the quarter are largely Italians, whose feeling for beauty is a birthright, and the charming proportions of the little pleasure ground and its decorations, together with the simple belief that is prevalent among them that the kiosk is a reproduction of a mausoleum of one of the long-buried Cæsars—who knows but a kind municipality placed it there to remind them of their past greatness?—makes of it an oasis in their sad and commonplace lives, their one never-failing outlet in the direction of beauty and the higher life.

It is one of those primitive neighborhoods common to all great cities, where the druggist on the corner does most of the prescribing for sudden ills, and where the local alderman is a sort of a demi-god, but if you asked any of its simple dwellers what they really loved most about it they would tell you that it was the pretty little park (the prettiest in all New York), with its Roman temple, where their children romp and play from morning till night over four thousand old graves.



Graves of William Rollinson, the engraver, and his wife.

THE SANE IN DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

By Mrs. Leslie Carter

THE danger of the artistic nature, especially in dramatic interpretation, is that it minimizes the sane in thought and action. An interpretation, even if it depict the ravings of a maniac, must be free from the slightest suggestion of exaggeration. It must appeal to the audience as being possible, real and convincing. In this clothing of certain extraordinary situations with action so appropriate to the lines that it gives the impression of spontaneity, the actor reveals the caliber of his talent. Herein lies as well the real fatigue of interpretation, the dividing line between the genius of sanity and the savage, superabundance of irresponsible and uncontrolled genius.

Scenes that are strong and vibrating are eminently sane and, I may add, calculated to a nicety. They represent not merely physical strength, but arduous apprenticeship and infinite thought in the selection of every detail Even after an interpretation has received the full acceptance of the press and the public, the true artist continues to struggle toward a higher standard. It is only when an outsider is sufficiently interested to follow a performance of the same *rôle* month after month is he able to recognize how much thought has been expended on the subtleties of business.

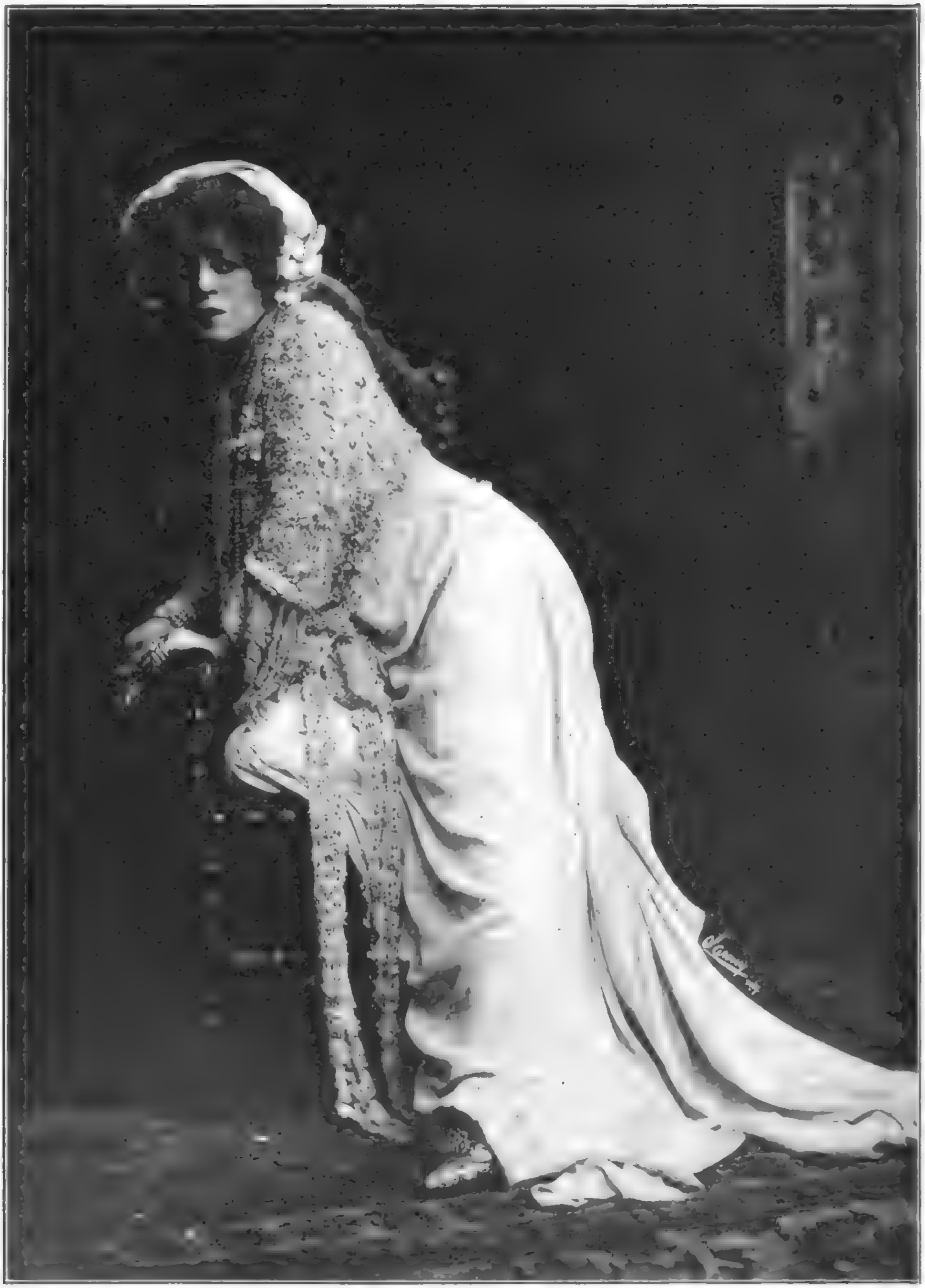
Improvement has been made where to the ordinary mind improvement did not seem possible. The direct statement of action has been discarded here and there for the indirect intimation; where before the effect of mind upon matter was shown, now the very workings of the mind itself are disclosed. It is the ideal of every ambitious actor to merge the unseen and the imagery of his art into the real and the most delicately material.

No actor has a right to be absolutely satisfied with any *rôle,* whatever his triumph may be in it and through it. If the charm of his interpretation is great, it must be rendered greater. The eye and ear may rest satisfied, but the wise artist knows that the human intellect is ever stirring, and that if he gives the much he does but quicken the mind to appreciate the more.

Thus it can readily be understood that an actor must be always keenly conscious of his dual personality. He is, even during the most engrossing performance, the critic and the artist. It has never been my theory to lose myself in my parts, to become the person I am impersonating. This idea is hardly sane. One's *ego* is the master that holds the reins that guides the fiery steeds of those other fictitious selves the actor is called upon to enter into and become for a few brief hours. I must admit candidly that I never for a moment lose my critical consciousness. It is absolutely necessary for me to be in a mental condition to weigh the effect upon my audience of every little innovation I am testing for the first time. To do this enables one to mount high, and if one has the artistic strength to mount higher. To do the opposite—to forget oneself entirely during the presentation—is, first, to stand still and, secondly, to take a big chance that the original conception may be all wrong, and, as a consequence, much enthusiastic labor entirely lost.

This method necessitates extraordinary poise and calmness of judgment. It is, of course, in the end a matter of habit, even in those scenes that call for a simulation of abandonment, but while I admit it is the only safe method, I must also admit that the draught upon the system is enormous, especially in the case of a woman.

The audience watches an actress rising higher and higher until she reaches the climax of a tremendous scene. The



Mrs. Leslie Carter

curtain descends and there are repeated calls for the star. Let none imagine that it is merely vanity that causes her to delay her appearance before the curtain to bow her appreciation. Alas, no; a dramatic star is human, and too often there staggers off the stage a limp, helpless woman, who falls into the arms of a mother or a maid, both of whom, of all others, know best at what price the victory has been won. An audience may be sure that the sufferings, the agony of the woman in the play have been multiplied by the demands of art, and the total has been impressed by the stern hand of Nature.

In truth, an actress, beyond all others, must strive to attain health of mind, health of body, health of soul, and the triumph of all art is a healthy, a sane interpretation of what has been revealed.

Free baths. New York City. Recently opened on the East Side.

THE READING OF THE RIOT ACT

By M. A. Brady

HIS mother—the beautiful shining Queen Mother—opened the nursery door.

"Celestine," she said to the neat maid sewing beside the low table, "you may put out the velvet suit for Master Douglass. He is to come down to dessert tonight." She blew a kiss daintily toward the child, then the door closed again and the radiant vision vanished.

Douglass looked up from his blocks and sighed.

"I don't like the velvet suit—it's hot," he observed, with patient resignation.

Celestine, whose name had undergone a trifling transformation since leaving the Emerald Isle, but who could chatter French like a native when it pleased her, surveyed the pretty but rather grotesque figure of the child with sympathetic interest.

"Shure an' ye're auld enough fur pants—an' big enough. Shure an' it's turrible leggy ye're growing'," she remarked, with a vigorous nod, "for all th' worruld like a young goslin'."

Douglass looked up at her gravely.

"I'm seven, you know, Celestine, and I think it is a—a stretchy age, don't you?" he said, with a wistful deprecation of his attitude.

Celestine laughed.

"Ye poor little sowl!" she replied, good-naturedly, "stretchy, is't? Shure, an' ye wor me b'y, off ye'd go to th' ba-arber's an' off 'ud coom thim coorls! 'Twould stretch thim foine, Master Dooglass. An' wid thim gane—an' pants—y'ud be a foine la-ad."

For once the richness of Celestine's native Galway failed to interest Douglass. He flushed warmly.

"I'm not a baby, anyway," he said, bravely. "I don't cry when you pull my hair—and you do pull, Celestine—and I'm not afraid of the dark either—that is, not much," correcting himself with strict truthfulness, "and I never tell how much I want pants because—because Mamma likes me best as I am."

The warm-hearted Celestine kissed the brave little lips that were beginning to tremble.

"Ye're a thrue gintlemon—that's phwat ye a-are," she said, solemnly. "Coom now and let Celestine fix ye for the avenin'. Shure an' if ye wor put in the worruld fur to look pritty, as yer ma thinks, 'tis Celestine as kin help ye to it."

The dining-room was a bower of light and flowers when Celestine opened the door for him. In the far corners, where cool palms lifted their feathery fronds, it was dim and pleasant, but a lovely radiance of pearl and rose lighted up the faces around the table.

The beautiful Queen Mother stopped short in her gay little speech to the appreciative gentleman at her right.

"My baby!" she said proudly, with her lovely smile. "Come here, darling."

Douglass came obediently.

"What hair!" exclaimed a vivacious brunette across the table. She put up her *pince-nez* and gazed admiringly at the bright curls glittering in the candlelight.

His father gazed proudly at the group.

"I move that mutual admiration society up there breaks up," he said, with a pleasant laugh. "Come here, Tiddle-de-winks, and shake hands with your father."

The guests laughed and his wife blushed a little.

"Harvey! that absurd nickname!"

She turned to the man at her right.

"You see, he is our baby—our only one," she said, gravely. "I am afraid we all spoil him—and yet he has the sweetest nature." She glanced affectionately toward the yellow head at the other end of the table. Her husband had lifted the child to his knees and was plying him with sweets and fruit.

"No—no wine for Douglass—please, Harvey," she said, presently.

The man at her right glanced keenly at the solemn little face shadowed by the bright curls.

"How old is the boy?" he asked, with an abruptness permissable in an old friend.

"Seven," she said, deprecatingly. "My baby is going and I can't bear to give him up."

The man smiled.

"I know," he replied, simply, "and yet I've a three years' old shaver at home whom I wouldn't send back to babyhood if I could. The sight of him with his sturdy little feet planted on my library rug and his mites of hands deep in his trouser's pockets tickles me immensely."

His hostess opened wide eyes of astonishment.

"Three!" she said, aghast.

He laughed.

"Yes. Young America for you, isn't it? But I remember my own youth. Doesn't your boy rebel against those skirts—kilts, I suppose you call them?"

A little coldness came into her voice.

"Douglass never rebels. Whatever I think right for him is right to him. He is the sweetest child."

The gentleman glanced at her disturbed face.

"You have put me in your black book," he said, with pleasant entreaty in his voice. "Forgive me—I did not mean to make myself officious. Nevertheless, I prophesy that Douglass will read the riot act over you some of these fine days. He has gray eyes!"

The Queen Mother was herself again.

"Après?" she questioned gaily over the top of her fan. The man fell in gladly with her change of mood.

"Gray eyes are not the eyes of passivity," he said, incisively. *"Après? Le deluge!"*

She smiled tranquilly.

"I hope not. Douglass, dear, say good-night to everybody. It is past your bedtime."

Douglass slid from his father's knee and went obediently from one to another. The men shook his hand with a curious mixture of cordiality and sheepishness; the women without exception kissed him with frank affection. When he reached his mother, she took the rather pensive little face between her soft palms.

"Do you love me?" she whispered, softly.

He raised adoring eyes in answer, and she laughed triumphantly.

"Run along now, dear," she said, releasing him. "Celestine is waiting for you in the hall."

Celestine was not in the hall—instead there was a boy. Douglass could not know that the cook had company, and that the company's boy, weary of teacup confidences, was making a tour of the house. He only knew that a boy, red-haired, freckled, possibly six years old, but with hands thrust defiantly in the pockets of his corduroy trousers, faced him.

The two gazed at each other in silent antagonism for a moment, then the boy spoke.

"Hullo, Faun'elroy!" he said, contemptuously.

His meaning struck Douglass as a lash from a whip, but he stood his ground.

"My name is Douglass—not Fauntleroy," he replied, courteously.

The boy sniffed disdainfully.

"G'wan! Youse is a Faun'elroy all right, all right. Mine's Chimmie. W'ere's yer mudder?"

Douglass pointed at the dining-room door.

"In there—at dinner."

The newcomer stared.

"Dinner? Dis time o' night? Hully gee! Yuse must be a swell! Say, wot do youse wear dem coils fur? It's sissy—dat's wot it is. Give 'em de shake, see?"

Douglass, flushed and uneasy, stared in his turn. What language was this?

"I'm going upstairs," he remarked with dignity.

The undaunted Chimmie shut one eye.

"So'm I," he said, blandly. "Got any allies, kid?"

Douglass' eyes kindled.

"Lots!" he said, briefly. "I'll show them to you."

At the nursery door he paused and eyed his guest doubtfully.

"If Celestine," he began, hesitatingly, but the redoubtable Chimmie interrupted him.

"If youse mean Mame Kelly, she's out to de gardin gate wid dat butcher guy. I seen her. Celestine yer neck! An' dey're spoons on each oder, too."

He pushed by into the room, dismissing the subject of the absent Celestine with a *sang-froid* frightful to contemplate in one of his years.

"Say, d'youse play wid all dese kid toys yet?"

His scornful gesture embraced the whole display, from Noah's Ark to the life-size horse in the bay-window.

For almost the first time in his seven years the truth seemed distasteful to the small owner of these treasures. He clinched his hands and swallowed a troublesome lump in his throat.

"Yes," he replied bravely, "I do. What do you play with?".

"Me? Huh! I play craps wid de fellies, an' pitch pennies—w'en de cop ain't lookin'—an' it's bully fun sellin' de papes."

Douglass was puzzled. He was also polite and he did not ask the meaning of this unintelligible jargon.

The free-and-easy Chimmie made a scornful tour of the room, then he came back and looked Douglass over, from shining crown to shining patent leather boots.

"Youse can't never be a felly!" he remarked, distinctly. There was even a little pity in his tone.

Quick tears sprang to Douglass' eyes. Chimmie's meaning was as vague as the nebular hypothesis, yet in a misty way he felt himself an outcast.

"Why can't I?" he asked, with a pitiful attempt to steady his voice.

The very freckles on the bridge of Chimmie's nose seemed to dilate in his scorn.

"D'youse ever look at yerself?" he demanded. "Say, youse give me a pain! Commere!"

He laid strong and grimy paws on the delicate collar of the unresisting Douglass, and turned him toward a full-length mirror.

The two oddly assorted figures gazed in silence for a moment, then Chimmie spoke:

"Do youse tumble, Faun'elroy? Skirts an' coils! Aw! G'wan! Youse 're more'n half goil wid dem coils. If I had 'em——" An expressive pantomime of snipping shears finished the sentence. Douglass grew very pale.

"I'm sorry you don't like them—I don't myself—but Mamma does, you know, Jimmie," he remonstrated, gently.

Chimmie sniffed.

"Wot's de ole woman got to do wid——" he began, but paused at the sudden flash in the gray eyes near him.

"Do you mean Mamma? She is not old! She is beautiful! There is no one so beautiful as Mamma!" Douglass replied, hotly. "You are a rude boy, Jimmie, and I—I think you'd better go now."

The astounded Chimmie dropped a cigar butt he had drawn from his pocket. It was as if a dove had flown in his face.

"Gee!" he said, slowly, "youse got more sand 'n I t'ought! Youse would be a real felly after all if youse had de clo'es."

This was a diplomatic move. Douglass opened a closet and displayed a pair of brown overalls.

"I've got these," he said, eagerly, "to play in the garden, you know. They've got pockets—and I've worn them twice!"

Chimmie scratched his ruddy head reflectively.

"Dey ain't so woise but wot dey kin be fixed," he remarked, thoughtfully. "Chuck me de snippers."

Douglass handed over Celestine's bright scissors and gritted his teeth in sympathy as Chimmie and the scissors gnawed their slow and tortuous way through the tough denim.

"Dere!" said the operator, triumphantly, holding up the overalls shorn of half their length. "Dose 'll just reach yer knees. Put dem on!"

Douglass was flushed with shy delight when he presently faced the critical Chimmie. The amputated overalls flapped in uneven points around his knees, but his hands reposed joyfully in real pockets.

Chimmie lighted the cigar butt in the gas jet.

"Dat's de ticket!" he said, approvingly. "Now fur de coils." He laid the precious butt down carefully on Celestine's dainty table scarf and took up the scissors.

Douglass shrank from him.

"Oh, no, Jimmie! Mamma wouldn't like that," he protested.

Chimmie ran a grimy finger tentatively along the scissor's edge.

"Shure she would," he replied, calmly. "W'en she sees youse a real felly and no kid sissy, she'll like youse all right, all right. Come on now."

The Devil wears a most inviting aspect at times, and when his wishes and our own coincide heartily our guardian angels take a day off. Snip! went the sharp scissors and curl after curl of bright hair fell to the ground.

It was rather a frightened little face that was reflected in the mirror.

"Oh, Jimmie," Douglass said, tearfully, "Mamma won't like me at all. It —it looks worse!"

Chimmie scowled.

"Keep still—'tain't short enough—youse got such a mop! Here! Youse take de snippers and do it. Me arm's tired."

Suppressing a sob, Douglass obeyed, but presently a new pride surged within him. Why! this tall, clear-eyed fellow in the glass was a boy—a real boy! Taller than Jimmie! His happy eyes did not see the grotesque appearance of the haggled overalls nor the devastation of the bright hair.

Chimmie looked on with growing admiration as the scissors snipped vigorously.

"Gee!" he remarked at length, "wot a felly youse is! Kin youse hook out into de alley some day, d'youse t'ink?"

"Of course," said Douglass, much flattered, "and you may teach me your games, Jimmie."

"I'll learn youse stunts," he said, graciously. "Look at dis!"

With the supple spring of a practiced acrobat, he stood on his head in the middle of the floor, and while in this reversed position winked solemnly in a manner which always convulsed his alley audiences. Douglass' laugh rang sweet and clear. The dinner guests, passing through the hall on the way to the drawing-room, smiled in sympathy, and the vivacious brunette turned to her hostess:

"May we run up? Douglass is evidently enjoying himself. Just for a moment, please!"

With her lovely smile his mother assented, and very quietly they stole upstairs.

The nursery door stood open. An odor of bad tobacco greeted them. The man who had been on the right at dinner got one glimpse and turned away.

"The riot act!" he murmured, with a choking effort to suppress a laugh.

Douglass turned at the sound. He did not see the agony in his mother's eyes as he ran to her.

"Look, Mamma! I'm a real felly now!"

He took his hands from his pockets and thrust them rapidly through the bright stubble on his head, and laughed aloud.

"See the fur fly!" he exclaimed, joyously.

His mother drew a sobbing breath, then she bent and kissed the flushed, happy face.

"My big boy!" she said, bravely.

Mme. Gabrielle Réjane

With her own company from Paris she will appear in the principal American cities this winter.

"The Poster Girls," in "The Maid and the Mummy," at the New York.

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By Geo. C. Jenks

WITH only two Broadway theatres open, yet we find every stage in New York occupied by busy players. August is rehearsal month, and the note of preparation is sounded from orchestra, stage and parquette, from Harlem to Fourteenth street, and in and out on either side of Manhattan's principal commercial and pleasure-giving artery. Wherever there is a playhouse there you will find a rehearsal. In most theatres the use of the stage is carefully apportioned among at least three companies, each of which rehearses morning, afternoon or evening, according to arrangement, and none of which dares overlap the time of another company by so much as five minutes, save by special concession. Usually, indeed, there is no desire on the part of anyone concerned to stay longer than the time set. The stage manager may explosively express annoyance when obliged to cut off a rehearsal in the middle of a scene that has been giving him trouble for an hour, and as he charges up and down the centre aisle, in the wilderness of draped orchestra chairs, he may howl for "another ten

BERTHA GALLAND.
As "Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall," her greatest success.

minutes just to get this bit of business right." But he does not insist on it. He recognizes the probability of everyone doing better when he takes up the task after a few hours of quiet study and a night's sleep, or even after a complete change of occupation as purposeless as a stroll along Broadway or a chat in a restaurant with other players as tired as themselves.

Most of the big attractions—practically all of them—are able to find a regular stage for rehearsal, where some vraisemblance is possible from the beginning. But hundreds of companies for "the road" are not so fortunate. They are rehearsing melodramas, farces, comic operas and Shakespearian plays which they will never present in the metropolis, and their smaller importance and limited command of capital compel them to make use of obscure dance halls, lodge rooms or the lobby of a theatre here and there, with everything in the way of exits, entrances, footlights and general stage equipments make-believe. It is to the credit of these struggling barn-storming companies that many of them give as finished a first performance as the aristocrats who have enjoyed the benefit of rehearsals with every accessory of a big stage at their command, and under the guidance of a "producer" whose expert knowledge of stage technique has swept away in a flash each difficulty as it arose.

What do all these rehearsals mean for the public? What is the trend of theatrical amusements for the season of 1904-1905? If one might judge by the gusts of harmony that find their way to the outer world through open windows and doorways of theatres the length of Broadway in these hot

ARTHUR J. BYRON.
In a new comedy, "Jack's Little Surprise," at the Princess Theatre.

August afternoons, it would be safe to say that musical comedy and opera will overshadow every other kind of entertainment. But this is only a surface indication. When a musical production is in rehearsal it makes itself known to the surrounding neighborhood by the very nature of its work. The music can be heard in the street, and every passer-by knows what is in progress within. Then, again, there is such a vast amount of detail in the preparation of a modern musical spectacle that rehearsals necessarily begin earlier and last longer than those of a drama or comedy without music. All this, however, does not prove a monopoly of musical entertainment. The play's the thing still, and there will be no lack of stage stories depending altogether upon the spoken word and dramatic situation.

Plans for the season have been outlined, but not filled in. Some well-known producing managers, who have been abroad for the summer, are already at their New York desks again. Among them may be mentioned Charles and Daniel Frohman and Kirke La Shelle. Others, including George C. Tyler, of Liebler & Co., will not come back until September or October. The schedules of production for the autumn and early winter of the latter class were prepared many months since, and their fulfillment can be left to competent lieutenants, who have broiled and steamed in Broadway offices all summer.

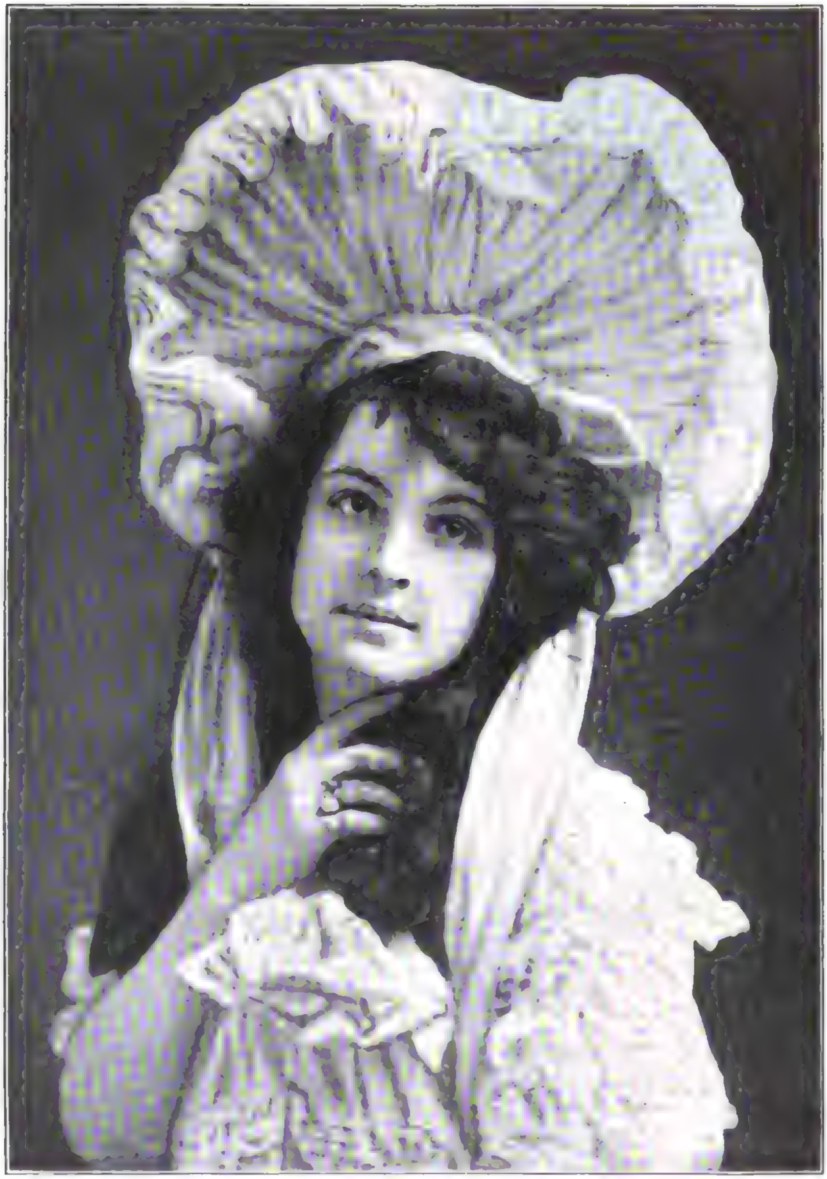
Genevieve Day in an attractive ensemble in "A Girl from Dixie." A toast to loveliness.

There will not be many new offerings until after that fateful Tuesday in November, whereon the people of America will make known their sovereign will in the naming of a Chief Executive of the nation for the ensuing four years. After election day from one to three or four new productions every week may be expected.

There will be some before election, however. Henry W. Savage, who will, at the outset of the season, send forth eleven traveling companies, intends to

JULIA SANDERSON

The most talked of beauty in musical comedy this year. She plays a leading role in the new production, "Fantanna."



VIOLETTE PEARL

She is a "daisy girl" with "The Runaways" at the Manhattan Beach Theatre.

A bunch of loveliness in "The Maid and the Mummy." Observe the soulful beauty at the top.

produce George Ade's new comedy, "The College Widow," at the Garden Theatre, on the 5th of September. This play, which will have no music, is a satire on modern college life, and is said to have been inspired by the author's own experiences in a Western university. If it should prove as funny as "The County Chairman" it will add another success to the several already achieved by this brilliant young man from Indiana.

Two other Savage productions new to New York which will be brought to Broadway theatres in the course of the winter are "Woodland," described as a forest fantasy, which is running successfully in Boston, and the Korean comic opera by George Ade and Gustav Luders, "The Sho-Gun." Charles E. Evans, for so many years the cheeky book agent in "A Parlor Match," has the leading role in "The Sho-Gun," while Harry Bulger is principal comedian in "Woodland."

One of the impressive productions of the season will be Mr. Savage's presentation of "Parsifal" in English, which he promises shall be given with the same magnificence and completeness as it was in German at the Metropolitan Opera House last winter. It will be done for the first time in Boston on October 17, coming to New York later. The Savage English Grand Opera Company will open the season in Brooklyn early in October.

"The County Chairman," with the original cast, including Maclyn Arbuckle and Willis P. Sweatnam, will reopen at Wallack's on September 1. It played at that theatre last season from November 24 to June 4 without interruption. There will be another

CHEW
GOO-GOO
GUM

Arthur O'Brien, as Wiju, the bill poster, in "The Sho-Gun."

"County Chairman" company to tour the West. Theodore Roberts will be in the title role, and George Thatcher will appear as that lazy, lying, but altogether delightful, black rascal, Sassafras Livingston.

Mario Ivell, contralto, as "Carmen," with Savage English Grand Opera Company.

There will be two "Prince of Pilsen" companies. The one now playing at the Shaftesbury Theatre in London will remain there indefinitely, while the other will open in Brooklyn early in September and will visit a large number of cities in the United States.

Klaw & Erlanger, who last season gave New York the most beautiful theatre in the world, the New Amsterdam, will open the new Liberty theatre, ten doors west of the New Amsterdam, this winter. The Liberty is nearly ready, but the decorators cannot get out of it by the 5th of September, the date on which the Rogers Brothers will come into New York. They will begin their season at the New Amsterdam. These irresistibly funny fellows have a new musical comedy by J. J. McNally, called "The Rogers Brothers in Paris." While it is along the same lines as others of the series in which they have been playing for several years, it is announced as the biggest production they have had. There will be a company of 125 persons, with that bewitchingly beautiful girl, Josephine Cohan, of the "Four Cohans," in the leading feminine role. She will have as a setting the handsomest girl chorus in existence, it is said.

Klaw & Erlanger will make several entirely new productions this season besides that of "The Rogers Brothers in Paris." One of them will be the latest Drury Lane spectacle, "Humpty-Dumpty," which will be presented at the New Amsterdam. Then there will be C. T. Dazey's new play, "Home Folk," founded on J. Whitcomb Riley's poem of that name, which will be made

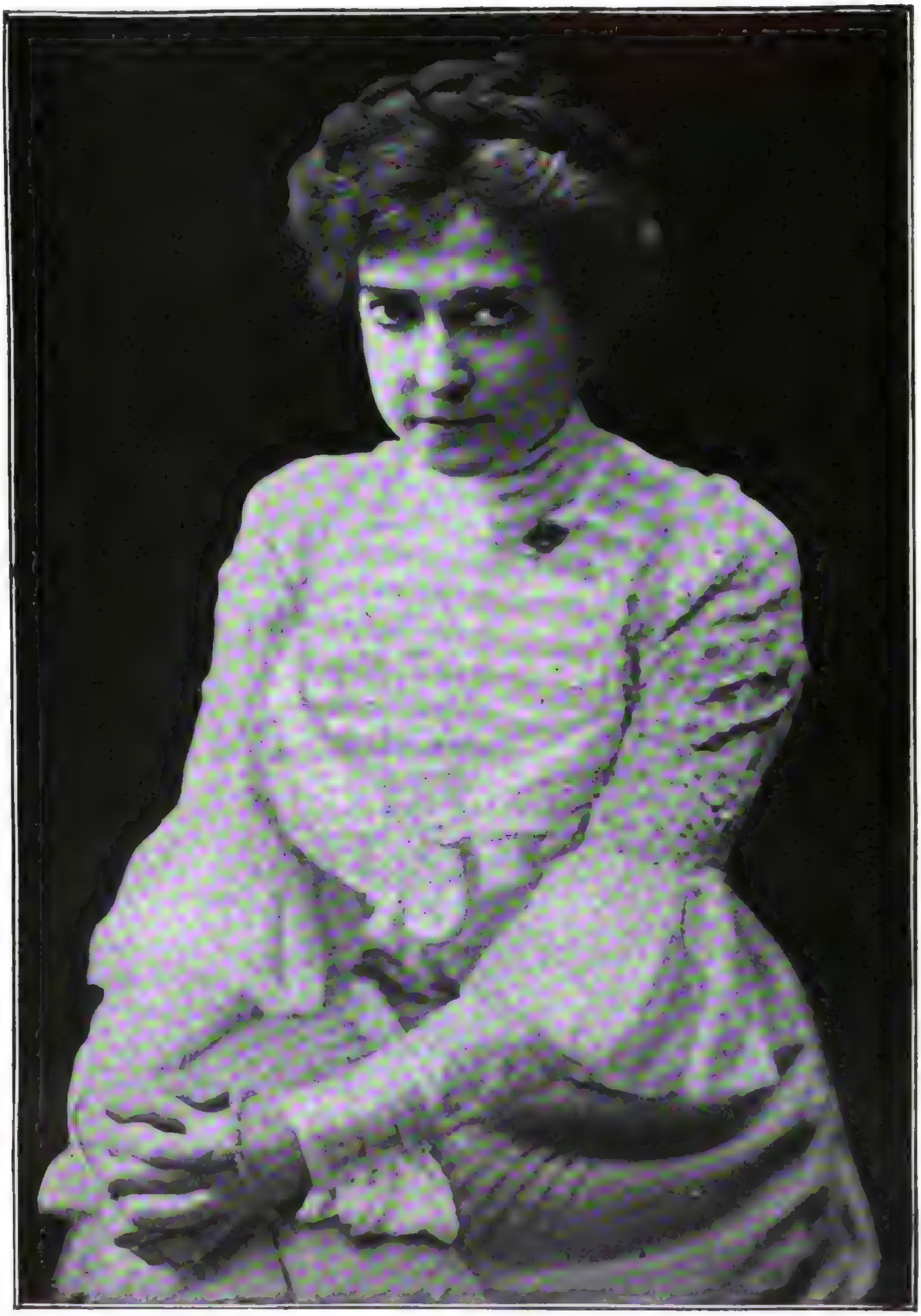
Josephine Cohan, who has an important part with the Rogers Brothers this season. Formerly of the "Four Cohans."

Miss Margaret Illington.

Miss Nanette Comstock.

Miss Grace Hadsell, in "Her Busy Day."

Miss Ida Conquest.



MAY BUCKLEY, OF "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE" COMPANY.

Miss Buckley first came into prominence in New York as a Chinese Maiden in "The First Born." Since then she has appeared in a number of important productions. Miss Buckley comes of a family of players, and is very much at home in advanced ingenue roles.

ANNA HELD.
One of the stars at the Weber Music Hall. A recent photograph.

known at the New York on Christmas Day. A dramatization by J. I. C. Clarke of General Lew Wallace's "Prince of India" is in preparation, as is a big spectacle based on Denslow's and Paul West's fairy story, "The Pearl and the Pumpkin." The Drury Lane spectacle of last season, "Mother Goose," will open in Chicago and make a tour of the country, and a similar programme is laid out for A. M. Palmer's all-star "Two Orphans" company, in which Klaw & Erlanger are interested, except that it will open in Boston, instead of Chicago, on September 29.

"Ben Hur," with its marvelous hold on the affections and interest of the people, will not be seen in New York this year, but will be given in all other principal cities, opening its sixth con-

Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

secutive season on September 5. The success of this drama may be estimated from the fact that its receipts for one week of eight performances were $32,700, an average of more than $4,000 a performance.

Liebler & Co., with the energetic Mr. Tyler as its mainspring, will do its share toward making the coming season full of interest. Here are some of its notable offerings: Madame Rejane, who will open at the Lyric Theatre, November 6, and afterward tour the country in a repertoire. She will bring her own company from Paris, and, of course, the performances will all be in the French tongue. Madge Carr Cook, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will be at the Savoy for the whole season most probably, for her success in Chicago and elsewhere has been something phenomenal Signor Ermet Novelli, the great Italian actor, will be here some time in January with his own Italian company for a ten weeks' tour of the larger American cities. He will appear in such classics as "Othello," "King Lear," "Louis XI.," "Ingomar," etc. Ezra Kendall has a new play by Edward E. Kidder, entitled "Weatherbeaten Benson;" Eleanor Robson, in "Merely Mary Ann;" Edward Morgan, in "The Eternal City," and Kyrle Bellew, in "Raffles," will continue to play in large cities. Miss Robson will open in London for a run next month before resuming her work in America.

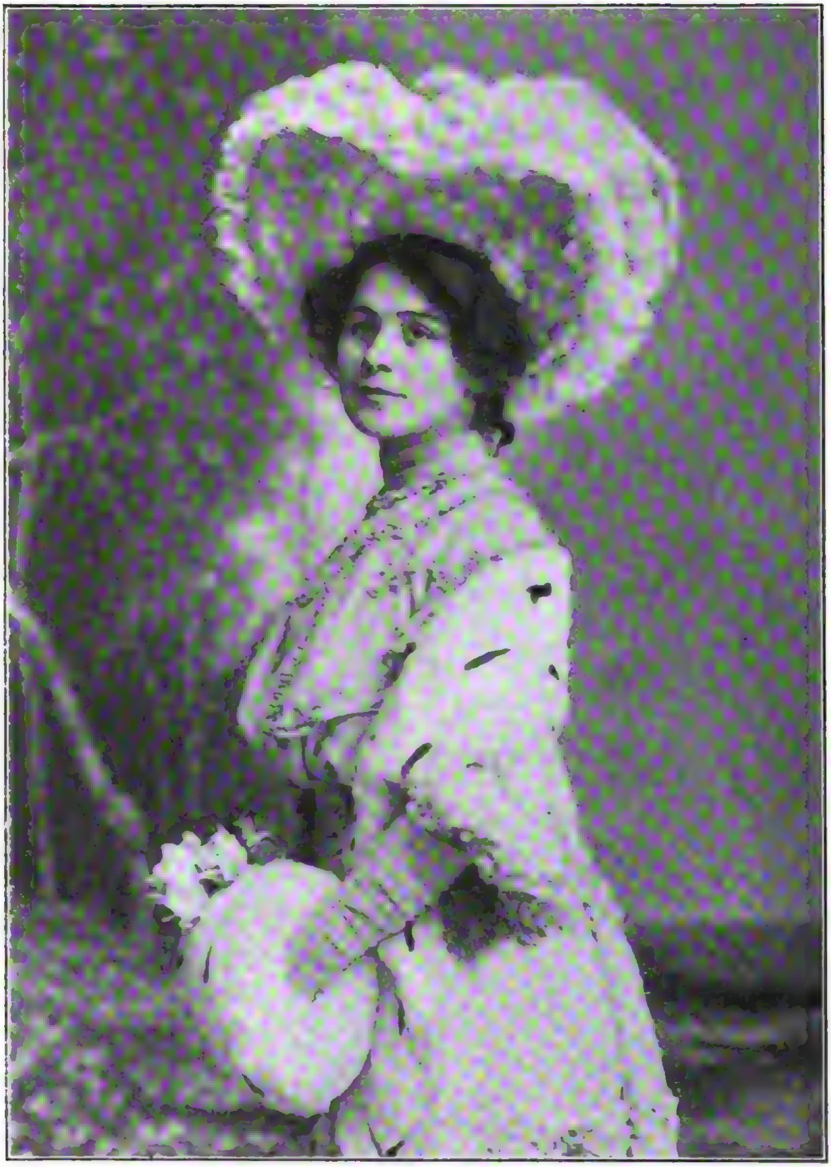
Among the stars who appear under their own management are Mrs. Fiske, who will appear in her old repertoire and some new plays; James K. Hackett, who has a new romantic comedy, "Debonnaire;" Amelia Bingham, whose new play is entitled "The Vital Issue," and Della Fox, who will return to the stage, after a long illness, in a musical comedy called "Ta-ta-to-to." Miss Fox will reopen the Princess Theatre.

Charles Frohman has such a string of New York theatres and so many stars that his plans form a very large part of the season's outlook. He returned from London about the middle of July, where he conducted his season in the English metropolis, as well as laid the foundation for his enterprises on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Frohman is always confronted with the making of more than a score of new productions each season. Nearly all of his stars are provided with new plays, and to these are added the English attractions he will bring over.

Mr. Frohman's season will open early. Three of his theatres ring up their curtains in August. "The Girl from Kay's," which proved a season's success at the Herald Square, opens that theatre with Sam Bernard as "Hoggenheimer" and Hattie Williams as "Winnie," supported by the original cast. William Collier opens the Criterion with his lengthy success, "The Dictator," by Richard Harding Davis, and doubtless will continue in the same prosperity this piece brought him last season. A new of-

MAXINE ELLIOTT

Who will star in a new play this year.



LILLIAN ALBERTSON

Who played the leading part in the successful melodrama "By Right of Sword.

Camille Clifford, the dashing "New York girl" in "The Prince of Pilsen," now playing in London.

fering is at the Garrick, where an adaptation from the German by Leo Detrichstein, called "Military Mad," is presented by Rich & Harris' Comedians, including the author and Ida Conquest.

As usual, John Drew opens the Empire. His play this year, called "The Duke of Killicrankie," was written by Robert Marshall, author of "The Second in Command," which was one of Mr. Drew's most popular hits. After his season Maude Adams will come to the Empire in a new play. Miss Adams' season did not finish until well into July. She played out to the Coast and back again to the middle West, her appearances in new territory as a star resulting in a series of most unusual triumphs. Following Miss Adams' appearance on the Coast, Ethel Barrymore was hurried from London to 'Frisco, where in "Cousin Kate" she duplicated her success of last season in the East.

Mr. Frohman has also sent Henry Miller to the Coast, where he is presenting "Mice and Men," with Jessie Busby in the part originated by Annie Russell. Later he will produce a new play by Henry Arthur Jones, entitled, "Joseph Entangled," in which Hilda Spong will be the leading woman.

William H. Crane will open his season in New York in the adaptation of the Comedie Française play, "Business is Business." Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern are to star jointly under Mr. Frohman's management in Shakespearian repertoire. Fay Davis will have a new play by R. C. Carton, and Annie Russell a congenial part in a new piece from the French. Clyde Fitch is completing a comedy for Clara Bloodgood and also a new play in which lovable Mrs. Gilbert will be starred. Mr. Fitch will call his play "Grandma." William Faversham will be seen at the Hudson in "Letty," the new Pinero play. Will-

MISS EDNA MAY

MISS EDNA MAY.

She will appear in "The School Girl" at Daly's Theatre in September with a large company.

iam Gillette will continue in "The Admirable Crichton" until the play of which he is the author is completed.

"The Other Girl," the bright comedy of New York by Augustus Thomas, will go on tour.

LEW FIELDS.

The well known comedian, who will head his own company at the Lew Fields Theatre.

Mr. Frohman brings over Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who will be seen at the Herald Square Theatre in "The Sorceress." At Daly's Theatre he will present "The School Girl," with the original company, headed by Edna May, who returns to Broadway with new London laurels.

The new Lew Fields Theatre, in Forty-second street, will be one of the handsomest playhouses of its size in the country. Built by Oscar Hammerstein, it has been leased for a term of years by the firm of Hamlin, Mitchell and Fields. It will have a seating capacity of between 1,200 and 1,300.

In speaking of the plans for the theatre, Mr. Fields said, lately: "We will, as I believe is generally known, have a stock company, somewhat on the plan of the old Weber and Fields organization, only we have no idea of making it what is called 'All-Star.' Our idea is to perfect an organization in which all members will have an equal chance, and in which the players will fit the parts, and not the parts the players—a somewhat novel scheme, it may strike you, in these days, but one which we hope will please the public. Our initiative entertainment, which will have its premier on or about November 17, will consist of a straight musical comedy, to be followed by a brief burlesque of a current theatrical success. Victor Herbert, perhaps the best known of American composers, has signed a contract to write all the music for the Lew Fields Theatre productions, and Glen MacDonough, librettist of 'The Wizard of Oz' and 'Babes in Toyland,' will write the books to Mr. Herbert's scores."

VICTOR HERBERT.

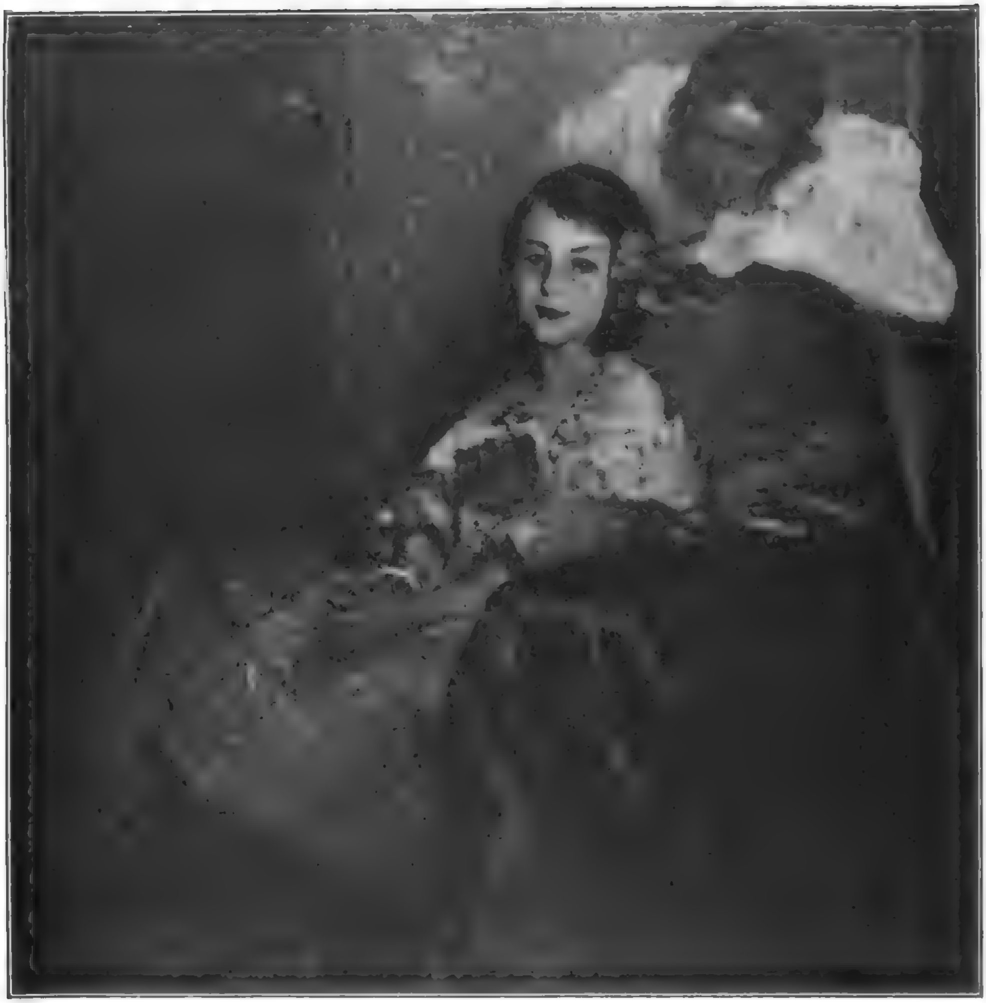
Distinguished musician, composer and conductor of the Symphony Orchestra bearing his name.

Miss Cecilia Loftus, who will open at the Lyceum September 13.

The great musical event of the season in New York will be undoubtedly the first appearance of Victor Herbert's Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of the eminent composer and conductor himself. The opening concert will be given about the middle of October, probably at the Majestic Theatre, being the first of a series of popular Sunday night concerts which will extend throughout the winter. Mr. Herbert has gathered about him instrumentalists capable of this magnificent *ensemble* work for which orchestras under his direction are noted, and there is perfect assurance to New Yorkers that they will enjoy in the Victor Herbert Symphony Orchestra such music as may naturally be expected from a virtuoso at the head of a perfect organization.

Among other pleasing prospects must be mentioned the return to the stage of Ada Rehan with a classic repertoire, the appearance of Cecilia Loftus in a new comedy, entitled "The Serio-Comic Governess," and E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe together in Shakespearian plays.

Rehearsals indicate one of the most interesting dramatic seasons New York ever has had. But then who can tell? We can only hope for the best, and be kindly as well as critical.



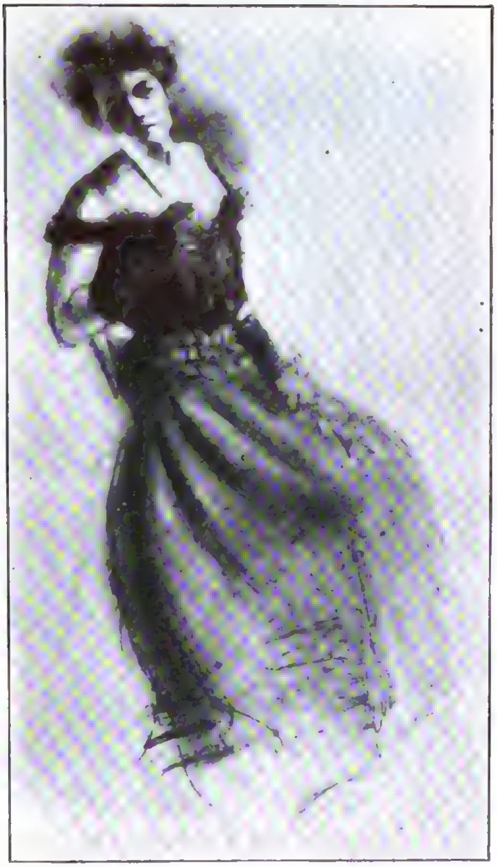
Portrait of two children. By William M. Chase.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR AMERICAN ARTISTS

By Lorenzo Lucet

WHEN the "Chase School of Art," with a small and select membership, broadened into the "New York School of Art," with an enrollment that rapidly increased from one hundred to twelve hundred pupils, it proved conclusively that an institution of this kind had become a necessity in the art life of New York.

As a matter of fact, hundreds of young men and women who finished the curriculum of the usual art classes found themselves at a standstill unless they were in a position to continue their studies abroad, in either Munich or Paris. They no longer required tuition, but that higher teaching, criticism and competition—the latter of the highest standard.



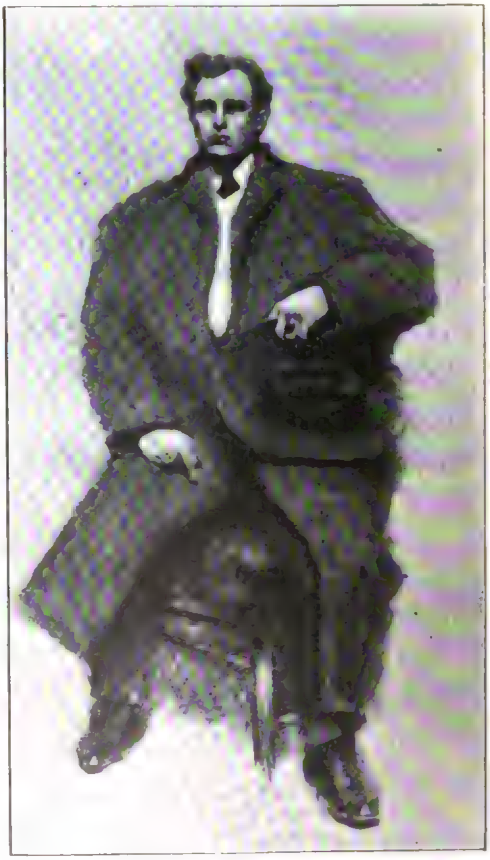
An honorable mention illustration by George A. Avison.

It was in recognition of this actual demand that in 1896 a dozen or more advanced students of the League determined to form an *atelier,* where the liberal and independent methods of the famous Julian Academy, of Paris, could be followed out under competent and sympathetic masters. Mr. William M. Chase gave his name and guidance to the new school, and Lawton Parker was unanimously elected to the responsible position of director.

At the close of the first year the new director brought distinction to the studio and glory to himself by winning in open competition the John Chandler scholarship of $5,000. This closely contested honor necessitated a residence in Paris, and Douglas John Connah was called upon to fill the vacant office. After another year of extraordinarily successful management, the scope of the school became so large that it was decided to give it a more general character and to reorganize it under the name of "The New York School of Art."

A remunerative and popular departure was the admission of pupils to any of the classes without examination. But as the number of pupils in each of the thirty classes is limited and as the waiting list is large, pupils who continually fall below a certain standard are thrown out and others given an opportunity to step in.

As an example of this, four times a week a life class of half an hour is held free on application to any art sudent in

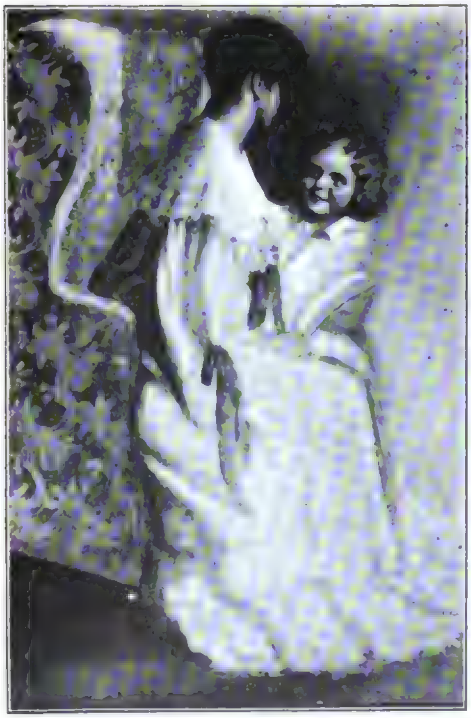


An honorable mention portrait by Harry Dougherty.

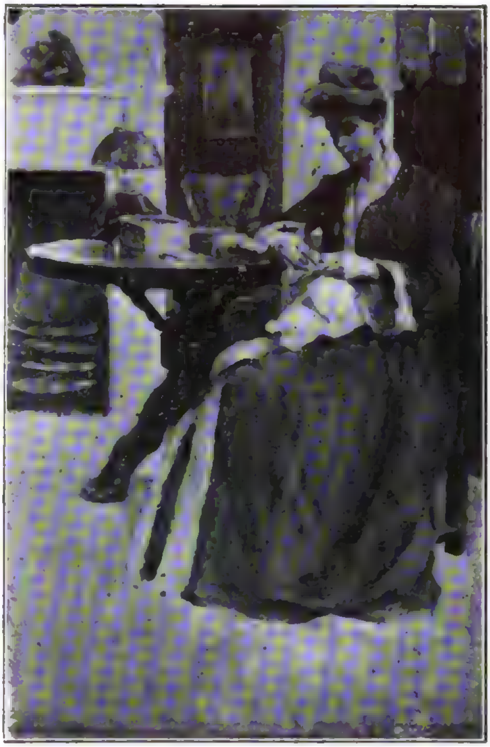
technique of his art, works out his own idea according to the caliber of his temperament; the master guides and prunes without actually directing. There is no servile imitation, but a free and spontaneous growth of individuality.

Another important innovation of this year is the special class in illustration under the instruction of Edward Penfield, who is recognized as the foremost illustrator of this country.

The competitive examinations at the close of the year, which decide the awarding of twelve scholarships, each entitling the winner to a year's tuition, are, as a matter of fact, great culminating points of interest—the ambition and coveted goal of every pupil. A jury composed of the teachers and at least two outside artists determine upon the merit of each contributor's work, and it must be admitted that the "prize winners" and "honorable mentions" of the city. The membership is limited to thirty pupils, and while no special criticism is given, the work is passed upon according to merit up to twenty. The ten who fall short are compelled to retire, while ten others upon the waiting list are notified to replace them.

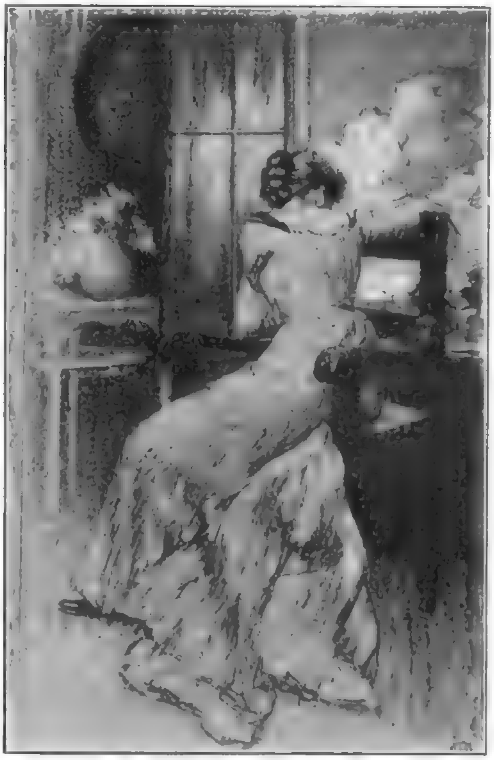


Honorable mention sketch by Miss E. Lance, a student in the Penfield Illustration Class.



Scholarship illustration, Hitchcock class, by Miss I. Deremeux.

While Mr. Chase, the presiding genius of the school, has been in the habit of giving a series of public criticisms of work from the model to the assembled students, it was not until this year that he opened a special class in portraiture under his personal supervision. This is only open to advanced pupils and the number is limited to twenty. Every opportunity is given to individual development, Mr. Chase making it a principle to criticize only once a week. In this way the personality of the master is not permitted to become overdominating, as is so often the case. The student, who is supposed to be well grounded in the

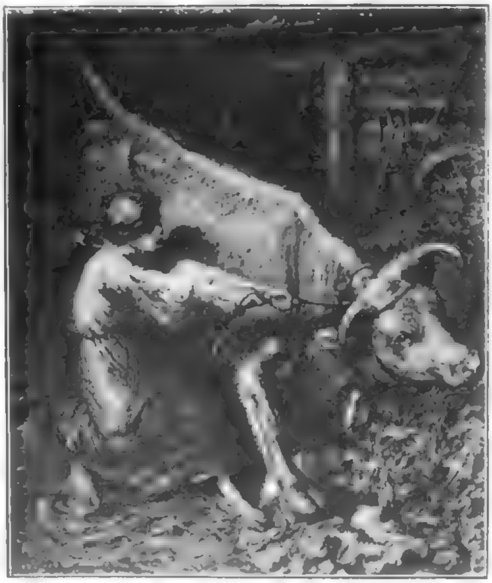


A study. By D. W. Humphrey. Honorable mention.

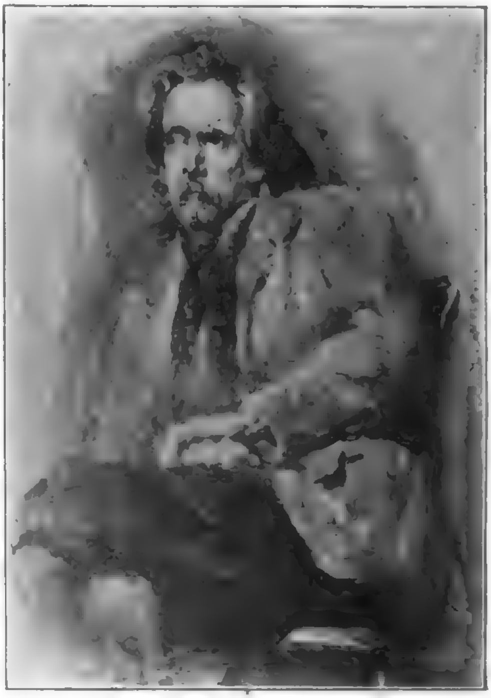
several classes show work of unusual talent and originality.

Some thousands of pupils have passed through the school and under the direct influence of Mr. Chase during the past nine years. As a proof of the esteem and affection in which he is held, the army of young artists of which he is the commander, banded together to present to the Metropolitan Museum of Art a portrait of their master painted by Sargent. It is now only a question of a short time before the great painting will be installed with due solemnity.

The Directors of the New York School of Art have conferred a boon on young men and women of moderate means by placing the tuition fees at the lowest possible rates. There are no fancy prices, although from the start the school has been self-supporting. It is understood that pupils who come to a large city to study art are provided with some means of support, just as the American student in Paris. A few, alas, who drop by the wayside, attempt to



A special illustration scholarship. By W. T. Benda.



A scholarship drawing by Miss I. Deremeux.

burn the candle at both ends. A student's life is irrevocably one of steady application to his art, and not one of self-support. There are a few who have managed to go through the entire course by means of the scholarships, but this, of course, does not eliminate the question of actual support. This is merely a word of warning to the young dreamer who hopes to combine the study of any art with starvation in a garret.

The summer classes in New York City, as well as the out-of-door classes in Long Island, give an opportunity for art study to those who are occupied in other pursuits during the year, and this season Mr. Chase is taking a few advanced pupils for an English tour. This, of course, comprises landscape work and the inestimable privilege of studying the great canvases of the National Gallery under his personal guidance.

A KISS WITHIN THE CLOISTER

By Leon Jouret

SISTER FILOMENA pressed her lips softly on the grated window of the confessional, and in a low and contrite voice said: "Father, I am not quite certain whether I have sinned or not. Sometimes, when I ask my conscience, it says yes, at other times no; and, what is very singular, is that I suffer more when my conscience says no than when it says yes." This was too subtle for the father confessor.

"Express yourself more plainly, my daughter. And be careful to omit nothing. You are so young! At eighteen the conscience should not be heavily burdened. Tell me everything and confide in my judgment. God will give me enlightenment. I am much concerned for you. Speak!"

"I will confess everything, father. On Monday, just before midnight, No. 7 in Ward 5 received the last sacraments. The physician said that there was no hope of recovery. The death agony would be brief, he told me, and death would surely come before morning. 'He will not suffer much,' the physician added, 'but if you think my presence necessary, call me without hesitation. You need not bother about the other patients; they will not need either you or me.' The docor went to bed, and I resumed my seat at the bedside. I had only to give the patient a spoonful of medicine every half hour. During the rest of the time I was praying for the repose of his soul."

"Whose soul?"

"The soul of the poor fellow who was dying."

"It was a man, then?"

"Did I not say so, father?"

"You spoke of No. 7, if I remember rightly, my child, and numbers have no sex. Proceed."

"At three o'clock he began to stammer, with a weak voice and with a rattle in his throat. 'It lasts so long, Sister Filomena!' Since midnight he had lain motionless, as if in deep sleep. 'Courage, brother, courage!' I whispered in his ear. He continued, speaking slowly and trying to articulate distinctly:

"'I am ready. It is hard to have to

die at five and twenty, but I am resigned to my fate. And perhaps it is better so. I am poor and alone in the world. I wished to be a poet; I am nothing. I wished to be loved, but no one would love me. If you were not with me I should be dying in solitude, as in a desert.'

"He paused, and I repeated: 'Courage, brother; God is with you.' A few minutes later I saw that his deep blue eyes were filled with tears. Suddenly he said:

"'Will you do me a favor, Sister Filomena?' 'If it is in my power, brother,' I replied.

"He went on: 'Do you wish me to die in perfect peace, blessing my Creator?'

"'So every good Christian should die,' I answered——"

"Good!" said the father.

"The dying man continued, in pleading tones: 'Help me to be one?'

"'How, brother?' I asked. 'Help me to pass without reluctance over the threshold of the fair house of life which I must leave. Let me take with me into the other life a memory of goodness. Sister Filomena, have pity on a dying man. Give me—a kiss!'"

"A kiss!"

"Again I said, 'Courage, brother! Be ready to receive the kiss of God!'"

"Very good!" said the father.

"But, summoning all his forces, he implored: 'Grant me this favor! Do you not understand, Sister Filomena, that my soul's peace depends upon it? Do you wish to suffer everlasting remorse? Do you desire my destruction, my damnation?'"

"And you? And you? What did you——"

"Father, his words frightened me so! I thought that he might be damned forever if he died without a token of goodness. I thought that I should be consumed by remorse. I thought that death would surely come before daybreak, and that each passing moment was bringing the poor man a step nearer the grave. In the stillness of the night I noted the growing oppression of his breathing. The few other patients in the ward were asleep and motionless. The night lamp gave but a feeble glimmer. In the gloom the white beds looked like tombs. He was awaiting my answer in silence. I felt deep compassion and sorrow. I glanced around hastily, then I bent over him and kissed him. It seemed to me as if he breathed, very softly, 'Thanks!' And with calm once more in my soul I resumed my prayers."

"You kissed him—where?" asked the confessor in intense anxiety, though he strove by the mildness of his tone to conceal his excitement and indecision.

"Father, it was very dark," Sister Filomena answered, without the slightest embarrassment, "but I think I kissed him on the lips."

"That was a great—a great imprudence, to say the least. I understand that you acted from good motives, my daughter. You yielded to the feeling of Christian compassion; a noble feeling, no doubt, but often a misleading—I may say a perilous one. Had it been the forehead instead of the lips the affair would not have been so bad. That would have sufficed to save his soul. Still, the man was near unto death——"

"So I thought, too."

"And now that he is actually dead and buried, *requiescat in pace!* We will think no more about it."

"But you do not understand, father. He is not dead."

"Not dead?"

"No. He lay, apparently in the death agony, until morning, but the first rays of the sun seemed to revive him. The physician was astounded on seeing the patient alive, with a smile on his lips. He made a careful examination, administered a hypodermic, and whispered to me: 'This is wonderful. We may be able to bring him through, after all.'"

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed the confessor.

"Father! what are you saying?"

"Oh, we must not deceive ourselves.

If you have kissed the lips of a living man, of a man who will continue to live, then I do not see how atonement is possible. At the threshold of death it was a very different matter, and all might have been made good in the sight of the Lord. But now—it is enough to throw Divine mercy and grace into perplexity. However, we must not forget one thing. We must have regard to appearances, at least." After a minute of deep thought the confessor inquired:

"Tell me, Sister Filomena, what sort of man is this physician?"

"A very good man."

"As a physician, I mean. Is he a good one?"

"One of the best."

"And how is the patient to-day?"

"Better."

"Then you are lost!"

"Oh, my God!"

"Do you still dare to utter that holy name?"

"Am I so great a sinner, father?"

"You are unworthy to wear that garb."

Sister Filomena burst into a flood of tears, which moved the good father to say, less harshly:

"I cannot see my way clearly. You said that you suffered more when your conscience acquitted you than when it condemned you. That is incomprehensible."

"I cannot explain it, father; I cannot help my feelings, and I told you the simple truth."

"And do you feel remorse for what you have done?"

"If it is a heinous sin I must feel remorse."

"Do not hope that I will grant you absolution at once. Wait a few days. Who knows? Let us see how this young man's illness turns out. Then we will know what to do. Go, I will question you no further to-day. When you approach the patient's bed, blush!"

"I have always done so, father!"

"Ah! That is something in your favor."

* * * * * *

A few days later Sister Filomena came again to the confessional.

"Well, how fares it with No. 7?"

"Very much better, apparently."

"And what do the doctors say?"

"They say that he will recover."

"Ah! Now, you see, no salvation is possible for you."

"So I have told him."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I was lost, for his sake, and that if I had known that he would recover I never would have kissed him."

"And what did this man with the indomitable constitution say to that?"

"He said that he did not desire my destruction and that, this time, he would save my soul."

"He would have done so best by dying!"

"Yes, father; and therefore he has sworn that on the day when he is pronounced well he will kill himself."

This new complication put the confessor in a sad dilemma. He cogitated long and deeply before he replied, in a sharp tone of decision:

"On the whole, it is better that I grant you absolution. I am afraid that if the fellow undergoes a second death agony we shall have to begin all over again!"

THE MAN BEHIND THE TRUST

By George Stillwell

"FATHER of the Trust."

Of all hackneyed expressions which find their way into criticisms of the great financial and industrial combinations commonly called "Trusts," this is the best abused. Who is the "Father" of any specified Trust? In whose fecund brain was born the idea of drawing to a common reservoir the profits of a dozen to fifty independent manufactories straggling across the entire American continent?

Surely he cannot be any ordinary man. Such a gigantic enterprise, involving the transfer of millions of dollars, the persuading of conservative manufacturers to yield to a stranger's control industries which have been their life's pride, the convincing of steely-eyed bankers that they can safely let their potent names be used to induce other capitalists to invest—in a word, the bringing to fruition of a scheme which at the outset suffers from popular distrust—is necessarily the offspring of a man of natural ability. That conclusion is obvious, whatever may be the business or social standing of such a person.

The "Father" of a Trust is not an individuality, but a type. While it is true that some one man, or set of men, must in each case originate the idea, a review of the methods of organization of three or four of these combinations of practically unlimited capitalization and vaulting enterprise reveals an almost painful monotony of detail. It varies hardly at all in the hundreds of Trusts in existence in this year of grace, 1904.

Before seeking to make the acquaintance of the "man behind the Trust," it would be well to decide what a Trust really is.

S. C. T. Dodds, solicitor of the Standard Oil Company, a practical thinker, as well as a student of and an acknowledged authority on the characteristics of the modern Trust movement, said this on the subject of Trusts in 1893: "The term Trust, in its more confined sense, embraces only a peculiar form of business association effected by stockholders of different corporations transferring their stocks to trustees. The Standard Oil Trust was formed in this way, and originated the name 'Trust,' as applied to associations. . . . The term 'Trust,' although derived as stated, has (now) obtained a wider signification, and embraces every act, agreement or combination of persons or capital believed to be done, made, or formed with the intent, power or tendency to monopolize business, to restrain or interfere with competitive trade, or to fix, influence or increase the prices of commodities."

Other authorities on the subject, whose opinions are valuable, agree in effect with this definition by Mr. Dodd, which is as pertinent now as it was when uttered eleven years ago.

James B. Dill, the eminent corporation lawyer, epitomizes a Trust as "a dominant combination of money, property, business or commercial power or energy."

Charles R. Flint, who has arranged the details of more of these industrial alliances than any other man in the world, defines a Trust in this manner: "A combination of labor is a trade union; a combination of intelligence a university; a combination of money a bank; an industrial combination is a combination of labor, intelligence and capital—work, brains and money."

Many other explanations of the composition and purpose of the "Trust" have been made. They all agree that the basic elements are energy, money and an expert knowledge of human nature. Even Mr. Dooley's conception of a Trust, as "somethin' for an honest, ploddin', uncombined manufacturer to sell out to," tacitly admits that a Trust commands the respect we all yield to the majesty of intellect, no matter what form it may take. It is true that dollars, as well as brains, are components of the Trust, but the brains must come first.

Whose brains are they? Who is the "man behind the Trust?"

The average citizen, reading of a new Trust, takes it for granted that the multi-millionaires, whose well known names are brilliantly spangled over the prospectus, are the founders of the great combination, with its fifty millions or billion dollars capital. Are they not saluted everywhere as "captains of industry?" Who has not heard of J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, H. O. Havemeyer, Charles M. Schwab and Andrew Carnegie?

In a hazy way, you suppose these financial Samsons, or some of them, "got together" and decided that it would be profitable to form a combination of all the mills or factories of an important industry, capitalize it at an enormous figure, with the help of their good friend, the public, and make a handsome profit for all concerned. These experts in "high finance," familiar with every path by which dollars may be made to roll in their direction, could, of course, conceive the idea with which their names are associated. But do they? In most instances the answer is a decided negative. Study the history of any great combination, picked out at random, and you will find that the brain in which was germinated the original proposition was that of some bright, but impecunious, young man, whose invention was stimulated by downright necessity.

I asked James B. Dill who was the "man behind the Trust," speaking generally. The answer came in a flash: "Who is he? Why, he is a man who is hard up. He is some smart fellow who, in the vernacular, is 'up against it.' He must have money—or thinks he must—and that sharpens his wits. He looks about him and observes that a particular industry, producing a staple article, is in the hands of a number of manufacturers who are working separately. That is his opportunity. He says to himself, 'This won't do! Those factories must all be operated under one management. I will combine them.' And he does. He gets options on the various plants, agreeing to pay in stock, bonds, and—always—some cash, and the thing is done. He comes to Wall street, shows the bankers what he has, satisfies them that he can make good so far as his options go, and gets a hearing. There are a series of conferences, and the promoter travels a great deal from one to the other of the manufacturers, getting things in shape for his New Jersey charter. The big men take hold then, and in due course the combination, or 'Trust,' is formed. The rest becomes history. It is all very simple. The promoter has made a good thing of it for himself, while nobody on the directorate loses anything.

"There is nothing better calculated to make a man think hard than dire necessity," continued Mr. Dill. "There was ——— (mentioning the name of a multi-millionaire whose name is a household word in Wall street to-day.) Less than four years ago he was on his back, with a weight on his chest which would not allow him to move. He was helpless. He had come to the end of his resources. Never a very rich man, he had managed to plod along comfortably until he struck reverses, which brought him to comparative poverty. Nobody knew him beyond his emmediate circle. Well, he got to the place where he had to do something. He wanted money, and he wanted a large sum. It was not a thousand dollars or so that he coveted. He had had that much—possibly had it then. No, he must close his fingers around a million. This man knew something about steel and iron, and he saw that one branch of that industry had been overlooked by promoters of combinations. He was, and is, a man of quick movement. In less than six months he had formed his "Trust" on a solid basis, and to-day he has a mansion uptown, and counts his wealth in not one million, but several. Until he began to get options no one ever had thought of the possibility of the combination he formed. If he had not been 'broke,' perhaps it never would have occurred to him, either."

Bearing out Mr. Dill's experience that the "man behind the Trust" is usually some unconsidered individual who modestly works as much out of the public view as the engineer of a steamship in his retreat below decks, it may be illuminative to tell how one particular "Trust" was formed some three years ago. Its official title is the "Pacific Packing and Navigation Company." Colloquially, it is the "Salmon Trust." Its business is the catching of salmon in the waters of Southeastern Alaska and Puget Sound, cleaning and cooking it, and packing it in cans for consumption all over the world.

Originally, the bulk of the canned salmon of commerce was prepared by the Alaska Packers' Association, which had some forty different canneries, and controlled practically all the "Alaska red salmon" factories in the Northwest. "Red salmon" is supposed to be the finest flavored and best appearing salmon in existence. For many years this association had, to all intent and purposes, a monopoly of the business, because no one else could get "red salmon" in paying quantities. There were other canneries along the coast, however. They caught what is known in the trade as "pink salmon" and "sockeyes." The flesh of these fish is declared by some experts to be as fine as that of the "red salmon," but is not so appetizing in appearance. However this may be, there were nearly thirty independent establishments in Alaska and elsewhere in that neighborhood, in which "pink salmon" and "sockeyes" were canned, although the output of the whole number of these factories was not equal to that of the Alaska Packers' Association.

Among these thirty independent canneries was the Pacific Whaling Company. It was operated by a group of hard-headed New Englanders, whose principal business was the catching of whales, and who owned a fleet of ancient vessels, manned by tough old tars and harpooners to whom the slaughter of the elusive "bowhead" was the end and aim of existence. To provision these ships the owners had established salmon packing depots in Alaska, using almost their entire output to feed their crews. Some small surplus there was, and that they sold in the open market. They were not in competition with any other concern, being quite content with a small profit over and above what they derived from provisioning their whalers at first cost.

One day a brisk young man, well dressed and bristling with the assured demeanor of a prosperous city resident, dropped into the office of the whaling company, and, introducing himself as Mr. Ronald Onffroy, of New York and Seattle, startled the manager—who was also one of the owners—by asking him bluntly what he would take for his entire plant, just as it stood.

"Nothing," was the curt reply, as soon as the manager had regained his breath, knocked out of him by the sudden onslaught. "We don't want to sell."

"But——" began the stranger.

"There are no 'buts.' We are entirely satisfied with our business. We are not disposed to go into speculation of any kind. Our packing of salmon is only a detail of our whaling operations. Neither I nor any other members of this company would consider a proposition to part with our property."

The young man listened patiently. He was a promoter, and patience is a cardinal virtue with men of his profession. As the manager emphasized his refusal with an obstinate shake of his iron gray head, the stranger observed, quietly:

"You don't know me, but I mean business. Will you call up the First National Bank of this city and ask about my standing with them?"

The whaler did so, and learned that Ronald Onffroy was credited on the books of the bank with $50,000.

"Now," said Mr. Onffroy, "will you name your own figure for your entire plant?"

The old salt looked at his visitor sharply. He was a New Englander, be it remembered, and he found himself face to face with a business proposition which appealed to his native shrewdness. For a few moments he cogitated, while a half smile played about the lips of the promoter. Then the whaler named a sum of such magnitude that he expected to see the stranger collapse.

"Will you put that in writing?" was all Mr. Onffroy said.

The whaler made a short memorandum, which the other stowed away in his pocket, and saying, "You will hear from me within a few days," bowed himself out, leaving a bewildered, but hopeful "Down Easter" trying to grasp the amazing situation.

Ronald Onffroy was the man behind the future "Salmon Trust." A native of France, he had come to America not many years before to seek his fortune. Drifting to Alaska, he entered the service of the Pacific American Fisheries Company as an ordinary laborer, learned by practical experience all there was to be known about salmon packing, and in due time became superintendent. His salary was $200 a month. A useful man to his employers, he could have gone on drawing his $200 monthly—probably more—for many years.

But Ronald Onffroy was ambitious. He carefully studied the salmon packing industry as a whole, and came to the conclusion that there were possibilities of immense profits for the man who could contrive to combine all the fisheries under one head. Why should not he be the man? He looked over the ground. To begin with, the monopolistic Alaska Packers' Association must be left out, and he would not waste his energies in trying to bring it in. As for the other two dozen or so packing firms, he knew all about them. He could name exactly the volume of their trade and the profits derived therefrom. It took him some time to put all his facts in orderly array, because he did the work carefully and deliberately, but it was all done at last. Then, when thoroughly primed with technical and general information as a solid foundation for the persuasive arguments he must employ to engage the capital he required, he bore down upon Wall street.

It was to one of the most eminent financiers of New York that he went first. His reception was not encouraging, but he did not mind that. The promoter was not the man to be chilled by a cold glance, else had he never formed the "Salmon Trust." With an air of cheerful confidence, he unfolded his scheme to the magnate, telling his story succinctly and in detail, answering promptly the occasional brief questions of his listener, and at last enjoying the elation which thrills a man who has, by simple determination to succeed, brought another to his point of view. The young Frenchman knew he had gained a valuable ally even before the financier agreed to place to his credit $50,000 to be used in negotiating with the owners of salmon canneries in the Northwest.

It was at this stage that Mr. Onffroy took into partnership Thomas B. McGovern, head of the commission firm of McGovern, Delafield & Co., of San Francisco. Mr. McGovern knew the salmon packing business pretty well, because he handled a great deal of the product through his commission house. His selection by Onffroy was a wise one. It was desirable to corral the various plants without loss of time, and McGovern took half of this work from the shoulders of Onffry. The deal went through with a rush. Many packing concerns which had been in troubled waters for years—for with the Alaska Packers' Association controlling practically the entire run of "red salmon," there were only inferior grades left for other canneries—found themselves suddenly importuned by a genial stranger to name their own figure for their entire holdings. There was no difficulty in arranging the price. The urbane promoter was willing to pay heavily for everything—packed products on hand, nets, boats, supplies, etc., at their own valuation. Every fathom of ancient hawser, every case of moldy hard-tack, stacks of antiquated harpoons and hundreds of kegs of rusty nails were purchased at orignal cost prices, plus transportation charges, with legal interest added since date of purchase. Everybody selling out named the stiffest sum his conscience would allow.

Within a few weeks the two promoters were in New York to complete their work. They had obtained options to purchase twenty-one canneries and two fishing stations, with their "equipage," for $2,500,000 cash and an unknown, but certain, amount of stock. Some experts declared that two million dollars would have been ample, both in stock and cash, but a discrepancy between real and appraised value is only a detail in the forming of a Trust.

The "man behind the Trust" had managed the most difficult part of the enterprise, and he left the financiering mainly to the bankers and lawyers of Wall street, whom he had interested in his "combine." Having the options, the company raised $3,000,000 on debentures secured by these same properties, and issued $6,100,000 of preferred stock, with $6,150,000 of common stock. Some of this stock was parceled out among the vendors as a bonus, to the underwriters as premiums, and to the promoters as commissions.

The Pacific Packing and Navigation Company was formed in 1901. It went into the hands of a receiver within two years, and is no longer quoted on the market.

Going back to those years in the eighties when Trusts were not so numerous as they are now, and when the word "Trust" itself had hardly developed its commonly accepted meaning of to-day from that which it held originally when it described a strictly fiduciary institution, we find that an English syndicate was primarily at the back of the "Leather Trust." That was when a certain number of tanneries were first drawn into a combination, paving the way for the forming of the United States Leather Company, four years later, with a list of well-known names on the directorate. This is how it came about:

Ferdinand A. Wyman, a Boston lawyer, and Walter Potter, of the banking house of Potter, Lovell & Co., of Boston, sailed for England from New York one bright day in August, 1889, carrying in their pockets all the tanneries in New York and New England. They had been quietly at work for six weeks, and they had with them all the plans and figures for surrendering the control of the leather industry to the English syndicate. Already $10,000,000 had been pledged by the British capitalists to obtain control of the sole leather tanneries in Maine, Massachusetts and New York. They were perpared to raise $50,000,000 more, if required.

The scheme was first broached to Mr. Potter by an emissary of the Englishmen. He had been prime mover for them in several investment enterprises, and when the "Leather Trust" came up he was asked to set the machinery going. Mr. Wyman, the lawyer, was turned loose, and with his legal acumen and analytical habit of thought, it did not take him long to get the feeling of all the owners of plants desired, following that up with regular options. In this leather deal it was essential that the promoter should understand the *minutiae* of the industry, and it is fair to assume that by the time Mr. Wyman had examined all the plants on his list he was competent to direct all the processes which convert a fresh hide into a wholesome smelling sheet of leather.

The methods pursued in leather were about the same as those we have followed step by step in salmon. There is never much variation in the way the work is done. The "man behind the trust" to-day had the path blazed for him twenty years ago.

It is interesting to note that many of the great corporations which have come into existence even so lately as in this Twentieth Century are the outcome of projects conceivd by insignificant persons fifteen or twenty years since. The International Salt Company ("The Salt Trust") is a striking example. This corporation was formed under New Jersey laws in August, 1901, "for the purpose of acquiring control of the National Salt Company, the Retsof Mining Company and other corporations, with a view to consolidating under one head the entire salt production of this country and, perhaps, of Europe." Yet this Retsof Mining Company, which in turn had absorbed several smaller corporations, was organized in 1885. Some two years later came the North American Salt Company, Limited, taking in all the plants in the United States and Canada. The "man behind the trust" in this case was Mr. Burger, who disappeared from it as soon as it had taken definite form. He it was who first approached salt producers to learn whether they would sell their plants, Burger having the backing of a triple-headed commission, composed of A. P. Mitchell, of New York City; Dr. Coleman, of Seaforth, N. Y., and James McClure, of Warsaw, N. Y., architect of salt plants. Mr. Burger was successful, and the ultimate result of his modest efforts is seen to-day in one of the most powerful combinations in the world controlling an article of daily necessity in every household.

Long before Thomas W. Lawson became the acknowledged dictator of the present "Copper Trust," a clique of Boston capitalists started a corner in copper by buying all of it in sight early in the summer of 1887. It was not a difficult achievement, for some companies had actually stopped mining on account of the low prices. By the fall the Boston men had succeeded in lifting the price of copper to a point which attracted the attention of the *"Societe des Metaux"* of Paris, a mammoth brass and copper manufacturing concern. The *"Societe,"* through its president, M. Secretan, joined with the Boston speculators in their operations to corner the world's supply of copper. They had plenty of money. It was a common boast that "the Bank of France is behind the Copper Syndicate." The "man behind the Trust" here was so obscure that his name has been forgotten. He was merely one of the "clique" whom the records tell us came from Boston—the city where lives to-day the multi-millionaire who pays a king's ransom for a carnation and the value of a principality for a 90-foot racing yacht, while balancing upon his finger tips the copper production of the universe.

While it would be obviously impossible, in the space of a short magazine article, to trace to their source more than one or two of the hundreds of "Trusts," with their combined capitalization exceeding twenty billion dollars ($20,379,162,511 is the estimate of one authority), it is safe to say that four out of every five owe their being in the first place to a man as insignificant in the world of finance as Ronald Onffroy, who originated the "Salmon Trust," or Burger, of the salt combine.

This is as indisputable as the truth that a "Trust" is not necessarily a conglomeration of watered capitalization and "undigested securities." There are honest Trusts, just as many a "man behind the Trust" is an individual of impeccable integrity.

IMPORTANT

TWO important changes have taken place in connection with the BROADWAY MAGAZINE this month. Its ownership and editorial management are new and its price has been reduced to 10 cents a copy, or $1.00 a year. We believe we can give you a good magazine at this price, and we shall work sixteen hours daily for thirty days a month in trying to do it. That means Sundays, as well as what are ordinarily known as working days. When one is deeply interested in a task, as we are in improving the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, it is impossible to prevent the absorption of ideas of more or less value even on Sunday. Those high thoughts engendered by grand devotional music, by a pensive stroll by the whispering sea, by a drive along leafy lanes, cannot but improve the work of an editor the next day seated at his desk in a Broadway skyscraper. Hard work is essential to all worthy achievements. It will be our aim to make each issue of such compelling interest that, once opened, it cannot be laid aside until read and examined from cover to cover. The benefit of the reduced price will be enjoyed promptly by everyone. All unexpired subscriptions will be extended one-third. Thus for each two issues paid for under the old scale the subscriber will get the BROADWAY MAGAZINE for three months. Subscriptions received before the change in price, to begin with the August number, will be extended for a period of one year and six months, hence will not expire until January, 1906.

While we have tried to keep the August issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE up to the standard set by previous numbers, we feel it due to ourselves to say something about the difficult circumstances under which we did our work.

The magazine came into our hands suddenly and unexpectedly. As soon as we knew so valuable a property was on the market we entered into negotiation and in a few hours it was ours. This was satisfactory as far as it went, but unfortunately the date had arrived when the August number should have been in the hands of the printer, with practically nothing done to that end. What small amount of literary and pictorial material we found on hand we decided not to use.

The BROADWAY is a large magazine, and requires a great deal of reading matter, with scores of pictures, to fill it acceptably. Happily, New York is the metropolis of literature and art, as well

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII SEPTEMBER, 1904 No. 6

CONTENTS

Cover Design, by A. L. Scherzer. Page
Frontispiece, by Corinne Boyd-Dillon 2
"Garden Architecture in America," Summarized by Prof. J. L. Greenleaf, Daniel W. Langton, Charles A. Platt and Charles W. Leavitt, Jr. (Illustrated with special photographs) . . 3
"The Girl Art Student in New York," by Corinne Boyd-Dillon . 11
Illustrated with special drawings.
"A Peep Into the Opium Dens of Chinatown," by Mrs. E. M. Whittemore. (Special photographs.) 16
"Russell Sage as a Philanthropist," by George L. Howard . 22
Special photographs
"Hetty Green as She Is," by Adelaide Louise Samson . . 27
Special photographs
"The Sense of the Ridiculous," by Carl E. Schultze ("Bunny") . 33
Illustrated
"Masonic Degrees at Cut-Rates," by Frederick W. Webber . 37
"The Subway Tavern," by John T. Gardner . . . 40
Illustrated
"The Funny Man," by David Warfield 45
"How to Perform Some Simple Tricks in Magic," by William Manley 47
Special Illustrations
"In the Quintet" (Poetry), by Florence Waterton . . 51
"From the Horse Show to the Stage;" by Mrs. Jane Woodend . 53
"The Rich Girl on the Stage," by Jane Oaker . . . 55
"The Stage and Its People," by George C. Jenks . . 58
Illustrated
"Miss Janet Waldorf," by Gertrude Spellan Vivian . . 72
Illustrated
"Sister Genevieve and Her Girls," an Interview with Clara Morris 77
"On the Side," by the Editor (Editorial) . . . 85
"Willie Hays' Difficulties," by C. W. Williams . . . 81

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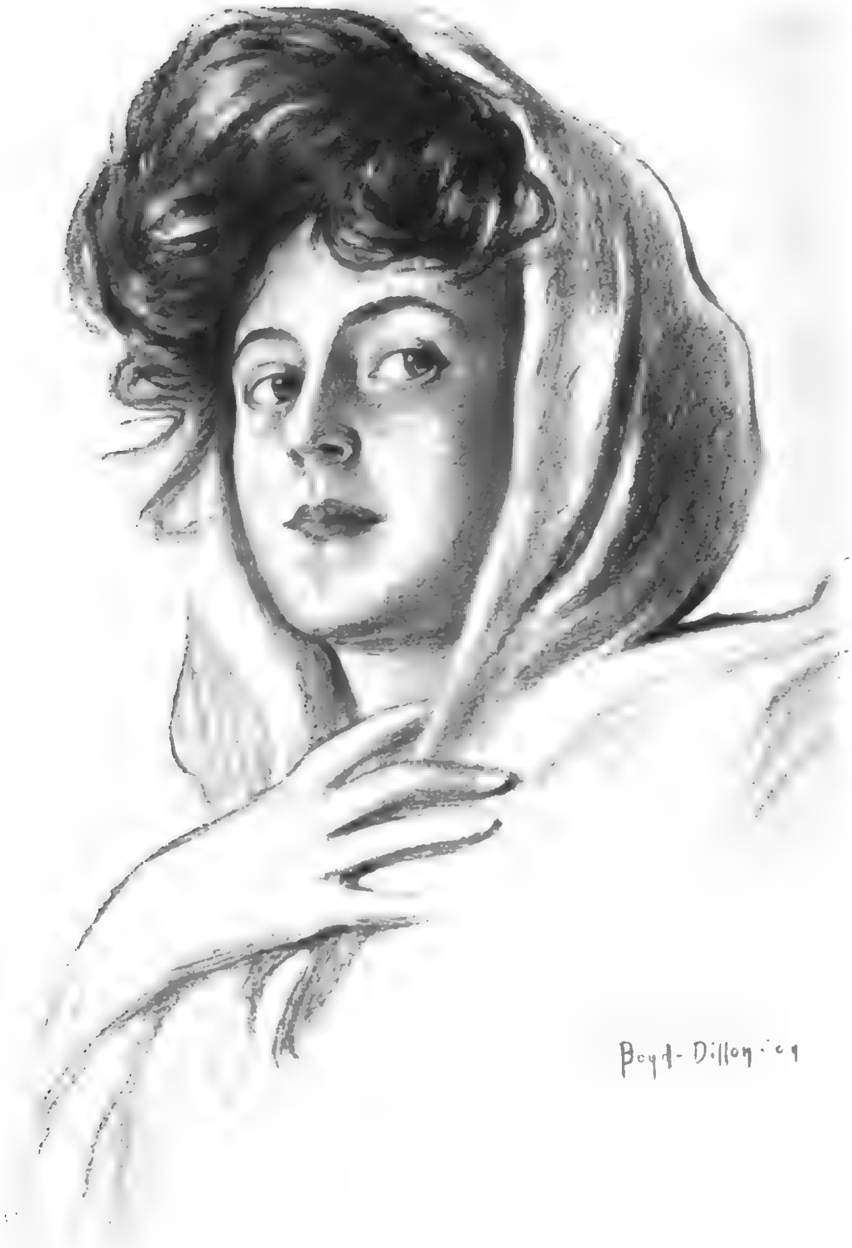

Boyd-Dillon ·09

MISS CORINNE BOYD-DILLON (Drawn by herself)

Winner of Silver Medal in Christy Illustration Class, Cooper Institute

(See page 11.)

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII SEPTEMBER, 1904. No. 6

The Garden Steps.

Designed by G. A. Platt, Landscape Architect.

GARDEN ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA

SUMMARIZED BY

PROF. J. L. GREENLEAF, DANIEL W. LANGTON, CHARLES A. PLATT AND CHARLES W. LEAVITT, JR.

PROF. J. L. GREENLEAF attributes the initial awakening in this country to the possibilities of landscape architecture as a profession apart—a specialty, so to speak—to the impetus in all things artistic, aroused and revealed by the Centennial Exposition.

For the first time perhaps in his busy life the American millionaire with unlimited ambition to spend "big money" upon a palatial pile of bricks and mortar was brought to a knowledge of the close relationship of the building to its environment. He also realized, which was of more importance, that this har-

A water effect. Country estate of S. Guggenheimer, Esq.
Designed by Chas. W. Leavitt, Jr., Landscape Architect.

monious result was brought about, not by accident, but through the concerted work of the builder in stone and the builder in Nature's animate materials—in other words, the architect and his intimate co-worker, the landscape architect.

This sense of harmonious combination was conveyed as well to the man of moderate means. As he wandered through the Exposition grounds he had innumerable opportunities of noting the wedding of the small building to the small plot. He saw that as much serious consideration was given to the artistic handling of an approach to a garden of fifty feet as to the laying out of as many acres.

Dating, therefore, from the Centennial year, the landscape artist began to have a *raison d'etre* in this country. But not until ten years ago have his services been recognized as an actual necessity. At the present time the great country residences of our multi-millionaires are planned and carried out with the collaboration of the landscape architect. Indeed, as it has already been remarked, the possessor of a few acres, or even of the average building lot, is as eager to obtain the best results from his modest domain as the landed proprietor.

A trellised rosary.
Designed by Chas. W. Leavitt, Jr., Landscape Architect.

A picturesque entrance.

Designed by G. A. Platt.

To both, haphazard experiments are equally disastrous and proportionately costly.

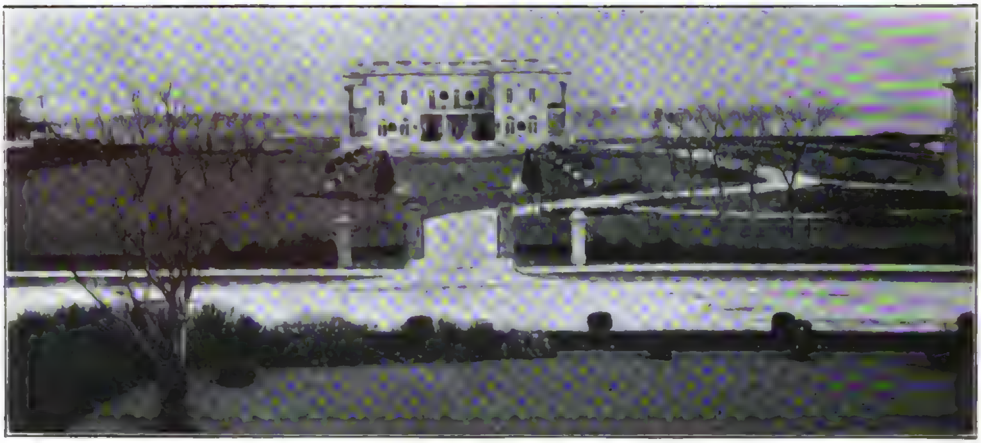
Prof. Greenleaf recalls an interesting example as to the possibilities of a restricted area, resulting through good management, in a maximum of comfort and artistic enjoyment. The case in question was a country house with a front lot of limited dimensions facing the main thoroughfare of the village. Behind, overlooked by the dining-room windows, was an expanse of about 200 feet. The proximity of the dwelling to the street excluded all idea of creating a garden retreat from that quarter, and the master of the house, with something of despair, introduced the landscape architect to the waste in the rear. It was a discouraging enough outlook—an old well, an ash heap, two half-wilted trees that served as supports for the clothes-lines—the whole hedged in by a tangle of wild berry bushes and unkempt vines. The owner confessed to but one idea on the subject of beautifying his small estate. That of clearing out the wild growth, sowing a grass plot and enclosing it all in a neat picket fence.

The landscape architect at once saw the possibilities of the barren waste. He suggested a tea garden. He planned a terrace and shallow steps to lead from the French windows of the dining-room to the garden. The berry bushes and wild ivy hedge were retained as a bit of natural growth that art could not improve upon. The sickly trees were doctored into luxuriant leafage, under whose shadows the tea table was laid. Walks, grass plots and flower beds were designed, an arbor was constructed where a charming view of the surrounding country could be enjoyed, and before the close of the summer the spot had truly blossomed into a miniature paradise.

As a matter of fact, the landscape architect deals with a material that to reach the ideal created by his imagination must attain maturity. He does not

A Pergola in garden at Windsor, Vt.

Designed by G. A. Platt.



Approach and driveway.
Designed by Chas. W. Leavitt, Jr., Landscape Architect.

aim to achieve results in a season, but in the course of many seasons. The row of small trees that is quite ineffective in the early planting is destined to become a stately avenue.

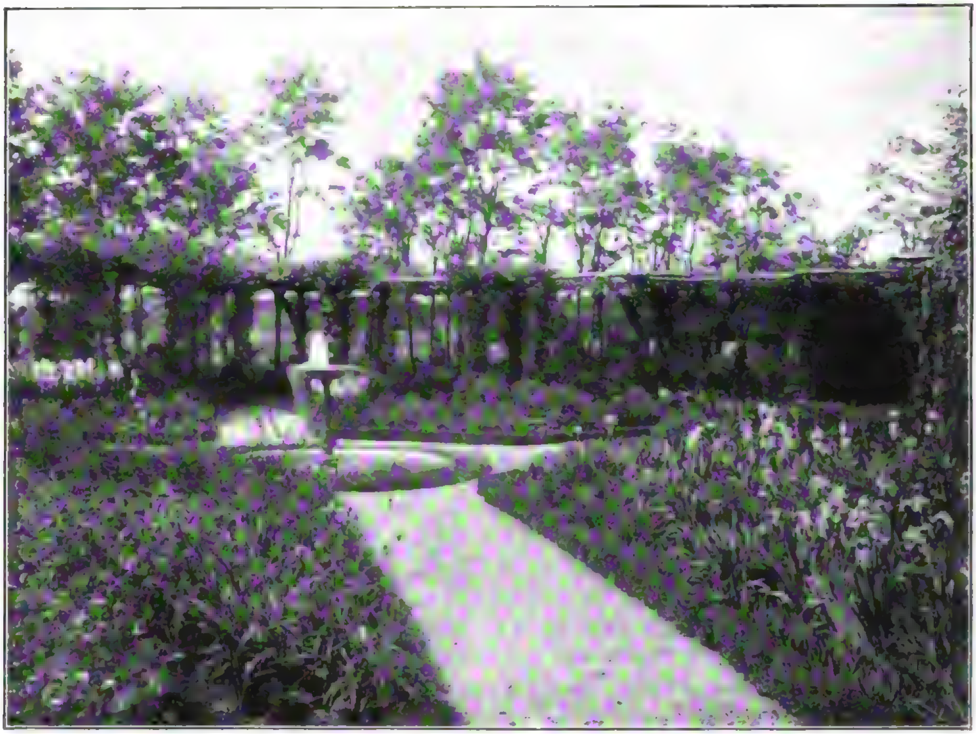
In visiting the great gardens of Continental Europe and England one sees them in the full beauty of their maturity, as the architect saw them in his mind's eye when he created them on his drawing-board. In fact, the Italian gardens as we see them to-day, romantic, mysterious retreats, are without doubt far more picturesque than the original designs. The formal, horizontal lines of the old plans have been transformed into the vertical through freedom of growth. The avenue of stripling cypresses laid out a century ago now towers to the sky.

Each country is bound by the inevitable laws of individual foliage and natural environment to evolve a landscape architecture of its own. The landscape architect is forced to deal with and make use of the natural material at hand. It is not his province to destroy, but to prune, eliminate, develop and add. Just as there is a tendency to-day for the wealthy American to model his country life on that of the English, with whom he has been brought into intimate rela-

Original condition of a garden in March, 1900.

Garden a year later.
Designed by Dan. W. Langton.

tions through the frequency of international marriage, so there is also a tendency to model the American estate after that of the old histrionic English Park Gardens. But it must be remembered that the old original types have lost all trace of their early formal lines. The American landscape architect begins his work by using for his inspiration, designs that through the course of centuries have reached the highest standard of ideal beauty and romantic picturesqueness.



Same garden, country home of Robert L. Stevens, Westbery, L. I., after three years' growth, June, 1903.
Designed by Daniel W. Langton, Landscape Architect.

He endeavors to strike a happy balance between the formal and the informal, and to this he adds the French penchant toward decorative effects. From time immemorial there has been a continual friction between the two schools of the formal and the informal in landscape art. At one period the formal so dominated—in Italy, especially—that the garden evolved into a sort of mathematical labyrinth of paths, where the solution of the problem lay in finding one's way out again once the unwary visitor had entered into the trap. Trees were distorted from their natural freedom of growth into fantastic shapes, representing birds, ogres and even funeral urns. Flower beds were arranged with a cunning so subtle that they deluded the eye with the seeming of intricate woven tapestries.

Then came a reactionary period, brought about mainly by the English landowner, who was unwilling that his vast acres should be tortured into a semblance of geometrical problems. The informal for a period held complete sway, and instead of the detail of intricate lines, and carefully calculated schemes of color stretching out like yards of gayly tinted ribbons, we find the old manor house hidden away in dense forest growths, hardly a visible

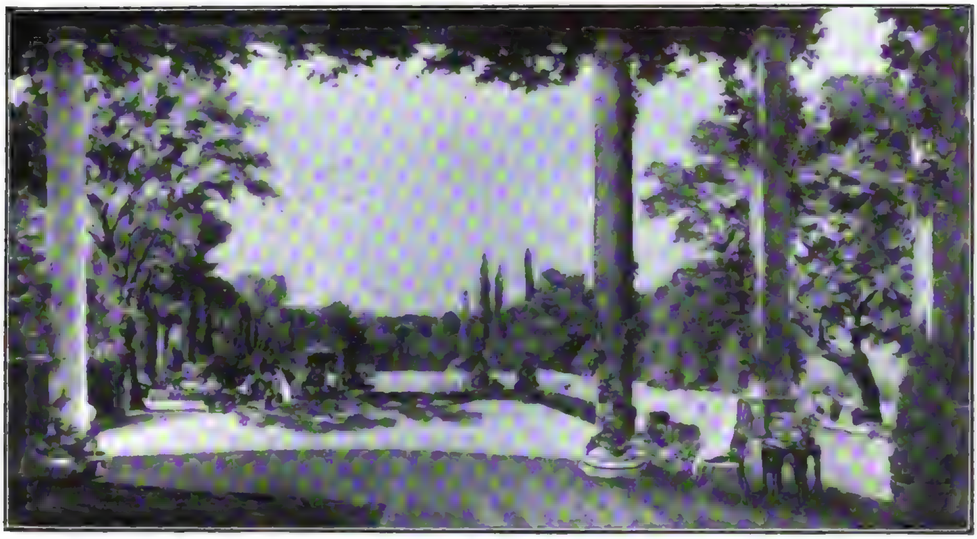
Italian loggia at Platt country estate.
Designed by G. A. Platt, Landscape Architect.

attempt being given to prune or guide the savage luxuriance of Nature.

In the course of years a proper balance was brought about between the two contending schools, and allowing for differences of climatic conditions and natural growth, the great American estates have been designed in the wake of the English garden and park at its best period.

As far back as 1850 Andrew Jackson Downing, the father of American landscape gardening, endeavored through the publication of an able volume to bring our worthy Dutch ancestors to a sense of the beautiful in the laying out of their vast acres. But the American early settler was a farmer, pure and simple. A gentleman farmer at his best, but by no means a man of leisure. The one concession he made to the earnest efforts of Downing—for in those days the author of a book was taken seriously—was to permit his good wife a bit of ground around the dwelling place, which she laid out, either as an Italian rose garden or in an attempt at French decoration or in quaint flower-filled squares and triangles bordered by box, in imitation of her ancestral home in Holland.

It must be remembered that the landscape architect is an evolution, not strictly speaking, of the wealthy, but of the cultured and leisure class. The class that recognizes the necessity of the beautiful and the artistic quality of selection. The pioneer does not lay out a garden; he works his farm, fells his trees and lives out his little day a busy and strenuous man. The self-made millionaire too often lacks the capacity of enjoying his hard-earned gains. His wealth is a burden that lies fallow on his hands. He builds palaces, purchases counties, and yet feels more at home in his little counting-room. His sons and daughters come into their estate fully equipped by birth and education to enjoy the advantages of their heritage. It is this young and emancipated generation with whom the landscape architect has to deal.



A teagarden carried out on small plot of ground in Hamilton, N. Y.
Designed by Dan. W. Langton, Landscape Architect.

Mr. Daniel W. Langton remarks with humor that the landscape architect is generally called in a generation too late. He is oftentimes expected to carry out ideas that are hardly feasible under existing conditions. He should be consulted before the residence is designed in order to obtain the best results from the site, and a dignified and harmonious interrelationship between the scenic environment, the building proper and the outside buildings. Mr. Langton recal's in his experience a palatial uptown mansion, where a twenty-five-foot lot valued at about $40,000 had to be sacrificed for the convenience of the coal cellar. In another case a large country house had been erected on the summit of a hill so difficult of approach that to devise any sort of an artistic design in the way of a terrace and drives would have cost an enormous fortune.

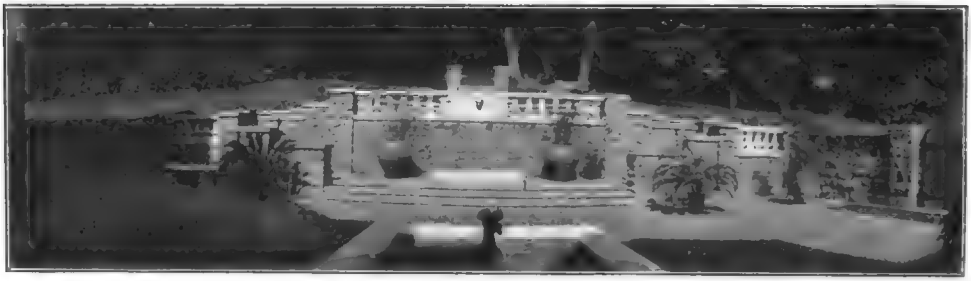
The landscape architect deals with all sorts and conditions of estates, from the park of several thousand acres to the modest but no less important 100-foot lot. He divides them into four general classes, viz.: The estate of a thousand or more acres, which includes park, farm, breeding grounds and garden proper. II. The estate of perhaps a few hundred acres, which eliminates the park and includes in its area the farm, the breeding grounds and the garden. III. The country place of perhaps twenty acres, which includes the kennels, a small vegetable farm for home consumption and the garden. Lastly, there is the mere garden surrounding the house.

A garden of a few acres possesses every possibility of decorative and picturesque effect. Terraces, lawns, porticos, pergalos and trellised arcades. Beyond that, one enters into the broader domains of the park, where the artist deals with big masses of foliage, handles large spaces, and lays out vistas of sunlit lawn. There must be beyond all else a thorough knowledge of the resources of Nature. She must not be thwarted into formality, neither must she be permitted to degenerate into a suggestion of unkempt wildness of aspect.

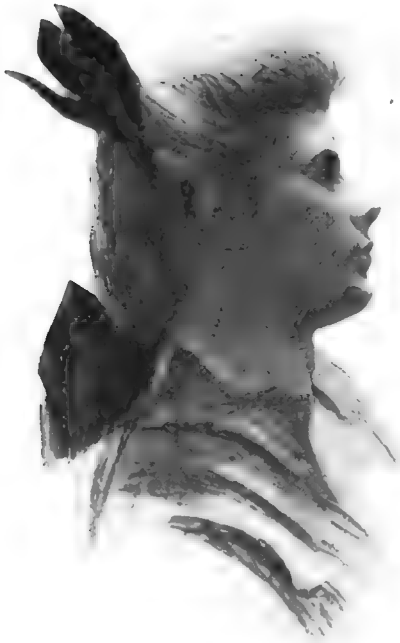
The small garden offers the most difficult problem, for in these cases the artist must be a master of detail, and must calculate every desired effect to a nicety. Tropical plants in a restricted space would be incongruous. Fine and delicate shrubbery must be selected. Wonderful examples of what is possible in artistic results in a few feet of ground can be seen in the Japanese quarter of New York, where the ordinary city lot blossoms forth a fairyland of delicate foliage. The Japanese are pastmasters in the art of the tiny.

As a matter of fact, the training of the landscape architect in this country is a question more of actual experience than of curriculum. He must be a civil engineer, and he must have a practical knowledge of architecture. A tour of the great English and Continental gardens is *de rigueur,* which tour must be followed by some years of humble apprenticeship in an architect's office, after which he may be deemed fit to absorb what he is able to assimilate from the volume of Mother Nature herself.

Then only does he consider himself worthy to use the resources of Nature to beautify either the estate of countless acres or the modest garden of a few hundred feet.



Rear Court at Hurstmont, Morristown, N. J. Estate James T. Pyle, Esq.
Daniel W. Langton, Landscape Architect.



Preliminary drawing of prize illustration at Cooper Institute by Corinne Boyd-Dillon.

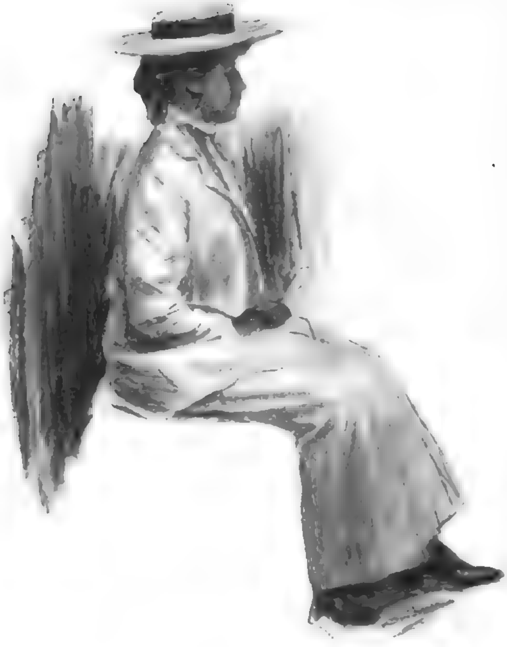
THE GIRL ART STUDENT IN NEW YORK

By Corinne Boyd-Dillon.

GIRL art students in all parts of the country, from the big cities to the tiniest village, look upon New York as the Mecca of their dreams. These ambitious girls, especially those of the smaller towns, struggle against terrible odds; they teach, they do needlework, they save their pennies and dollars, they live in a condition of semi-starvation, mentally and physically, to lay aside the necessary sum to reach and abide in this big centre of art classes and studios. Occasionally their good parents, carried away by their enthusiasm, put a mortgage on the little home—this is fact, not fancy—in order that their talented offspring may receive the advantages that in their rose-tinted dreams will bring her fame and fortune.

A year or so in the art studios of New York and these same girls grow restless and dissatisfied; they long with the same eagerness of purpose to pull up their tents and cast them in the more congenial atmosphere of Paris or Berlin. A foreign studio under the auspices of some distinguished foreign artist alone seems "worth while." More efforts are made, and the girl finds herself one of several thousand stranded in a strange city—further away than ever before from the elusive beckoning hand of fame and fortune.

Of course, I can only speak from my



An art student.
Drawn by Corinne Boyd-Dillon.

own experience, and my experience has been that of a girl barely emancipated from the routine of class work, but it seems to me that in any large city, be it East or West, where there is a good life class and an earnest, competent teacher, there are some years of hard study before the art student ere she aspires to reach a foreign atmosphere.

As far as my own individual experience reaches, I think the foreign studio method—where the teacher criticises the work only once or twice a week—is hardly calculated to bring about solid and intelligent progress, especially in the case of beginners. It is too much a case of hit and miss progress—the pupil one day does well and receives praise without fully knowing the why or where of it. The next day his work is far below the standard. This time he has missed what? He hardly knows. Perhaps that is the reason why so many promising pupils are never heard of again after they leave the tutelage and influence of the "master."

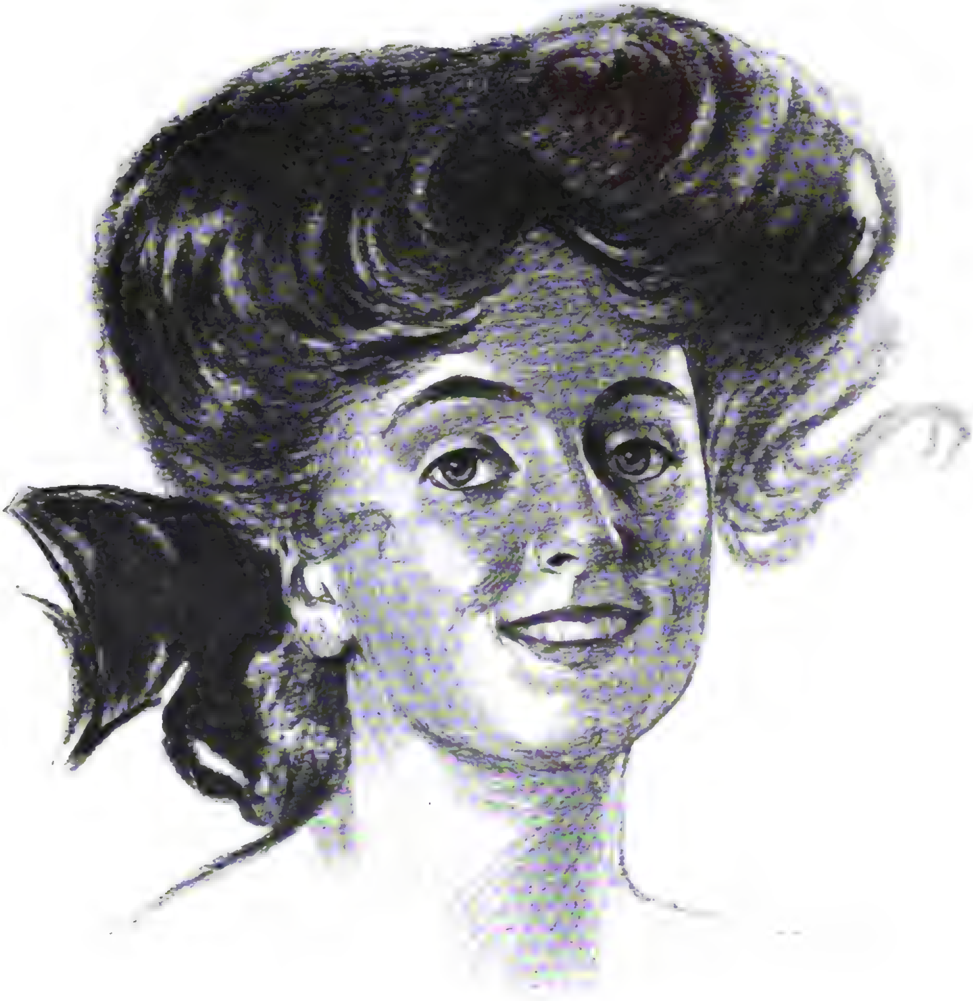
I would not decry the benefits of European study. It is my ambition, when I earn enough and learn enough, to go abroad and study the masterpieces of portraiture especially, in the great European galleries. But I cannot but realize that there are years upon years of technical knowledge to be acquired right here, and that there are opportunities upon opportunities to satisfy one's love for the beautiful in art, in our own national galleries and exhibitions. I wonder how many of us art students realize that some of the best examples of Sargent's work is to be seen in the mural paintings of the Boston Library? I am sure I am not over-enthusiastic when I declare that the portrait show of last winter in this city was well worth a trip from the other side to see and enjoy.

Then, too, I think it is just as well for the girl art student to test her market value before she makes further sacrifices in the cause of her tuition. There is a constant demand for good illustrative work, and portraiture, too, even though the artist be young and unknown.

Ever since my second year of study in New York I have been able to support myself in a modest way by illustrative contributions to different magazines.

Whatever success I have so far achieved I owe to the fact that I have studied constantly from life, and life only. I was one of those Southern girls in a little Kentucky town who aspired toward the art life of New York. My dear mother declares I began to draw horses and dogs that looked "something like horses and dogs" when I was in my nurse's arms. I believe I first determined upon an art career when I discovered I could make portraits that resembled the originals of my little schoolmates. That was somewhere out in Pennsylvania—and then and there it was decided that at the first opportunity we should make our home in New York in order to give me the advantage of the best teachers.

I was a young girl of about fourteen, and at school, when I began the search for a teacher. I selected better than I wot when I entered the class of my dear and faithful instructor, Mrs. C. V. San-



Drawn by Corinne-Boyd Dillon.

A PORTRAIT STUDY

born. The fundamental principle of her method is study from life, and not from the cast. This, it seems to me, is the alpha and omega of correct and vigorous drawing. I was saved those years of dreary routine work from the plaster cast. Mrs. Sanborn had been a prize pupil in the cast class of the Cooper Institute. Her copy of the Venus de Milo was looked upon as so remarkable a piece of work that it not only received the money prize, but was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, and was afterward sent to the Salon, Paris.

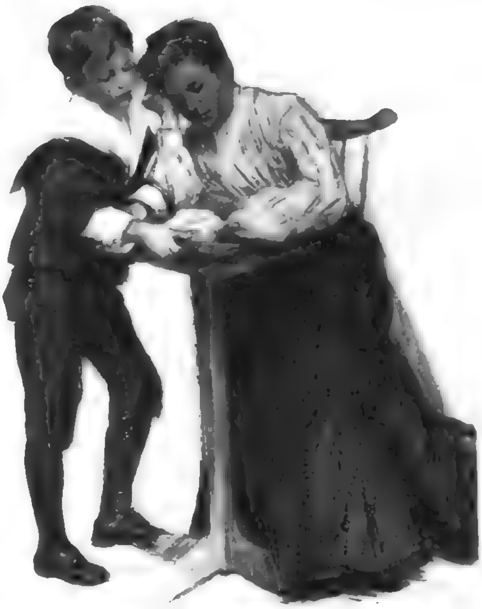
But a time came when certain masters and pupils seceded from the institute in a condition of rebellion against the plaster-of-cast model. Mr. Charles Eaton was among the former, and Mrs. Sanborn became a pupil in his life class, and after his death carried on his ideas and methods in a class of her own.

So much that is pleasant has been written and said about my winning the prize for illustration in the Howard Chandler Christy class of the Cooper Institute that I cannot desist relating just how it came about.

About three months before the competition I joined Mr. Christy's illustration class in order to gain points on illustrative work. I hardly felt I had a right to consider myself a pupil when I sent my drawing in for competition at the close of the term. The dear little girl perched upon the high office stool with her hands behind her back appealed to me, so I sketched her *con amore.* I thought nothing more of the matter after I had sent in my sketch. I was almost stunned when I found that I was the winner of the silver medal. It seemed almost too good to be true. Indeed, it seemed hardly fair to realize I had won so quickly and easily.

Not easily won, though, when I look back over the past five years, and the days upon days of hard labor, discouraging at times, but always, always interesting, during which I delved into the technique of my chosen art. I do not think that any success is hard at the moment of fulfillment, it is only hard in the effort, in the detail of the winning—and that, of course, one forgets in the beautiful moment of even a modest achievement.

And then, you see, I was nervous about the other girls. I imagined they looked upon me as an intruder. I had come so late into the class and was a stranger to them all. I shouldn't have blamed them in the least if they had resented my success, instead of greeting it with genuine enthusiastic class comradeship. Mother tells me now that she was terribly upset on the evening of the public exercises at Cooper Institute, when the different prizes were awarded. As each pupil came forward his or her friends in the audience started a round of applause, which was echoed by the classes on the platform. "Who is going to applaud my little Corinne?" (mother can't realize I am grown up), poor mother kept asking herself. "She has no friends in this big audience. I am going to do my best, but I am afraid a single pair of hands won't be heard. And as for the class—I don't believe it knows she is in it." These were moth-

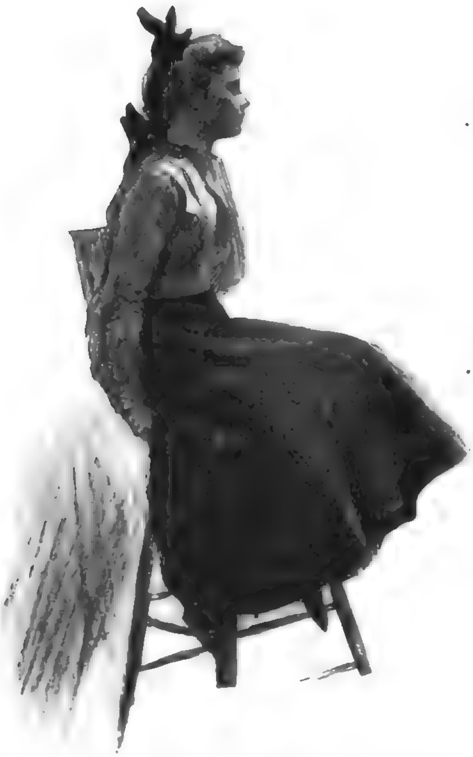

A study in composition.
Drawn by Corinne Boyd-Dillon.

er's thoughts as she repeated them to me afterward. But it turned out quite different. When my name was called there wasn't a boy or girl in the Institute that didn't try to let me know how glad they were. Poor, dear mother just burst into tears.

In the audience I had many well-wishers, too—all my classmates, with whom I had studied so many years, and foremost among them all was my devoted teacher, Mrs. Sanborn, to whom I owe more than I can ever repay.

Mrs. Sanborn is so very modest, being a "Friend," that it is with difficulty that one can make her talk of herself or the honors that she has won. It is due to this unbroken reticence of years that she is practically unknown to the public. But among those of her own profession she has gathered around her a very interesting colony of notables, who delight in running down to her country house and discussing art matters with her delightfully intellectual husband and herself.

Yes, I have two great ambitions for which I am working hard. One is to take a trip abroad, and the other is, I hope, to be my life work, to paint portraits.



Sketch that won the silver medal in illustration competition, Cooper Institute.

Drawn by Corinne Boyd-Dillon.

Chinamen "hitting the pipe."

A PEEP INTO THE OPIUM DENS OF CHINATOWN

By Mrs. E. M. Whittemore

(FOUNDER OF THE DOOR OF HOPE)

ONE of the saddest and most harrowing features of my rescue work in behalf of fallen women has been carried on in those cesspools of iniquity, the opium dens of the so-called Chinese quarters of New York. Chinatown is in reality confined to a few miserable, gaudy alleyways, reeking with the odor of stale opium, within the boundaries of Doyer, Pell and Mott streets.

In the rear of gayly decked shops are filthy rear tenements, with cellars and sub-cellars—labyrinths of vice filled to the very mouth with degraded humanity, the refuse of opium dens, among whom may be found numbers of young white girls. Many of them are still pretty and fresh, ranging from the age of fifteen to twenty. Some, alas, are horrible to look upon. Their faces are coarse and bloated, their eyes bleared; they are insensible to every womanly instinct, asking only to finish their miserable lives in the fumes of the drug for which they have sunk little by little into the lowest depths of degradation.

I cannot speak with any measure of calmness of the sights that I have witnessed, nor repeat without horror the tales that have been told to me in moments of, alas, too often fleeting repentance.

A few of these girls are legally married, but the large majority are living lives of prostitution with Chinamen, who, as a rule, treat them with kindness as far as providing for their needs is concerned, and dress them in the finest as long as they are in favor, which may last from three to five years; then they are considered as castaways, and a new crowd appears, to meet sooner or later with a similar fate.

Various methods are continually adopted to secure innocent girls for these opium dens from all parts of the country—not always necessarily by the Chinamen, but indirectly through their procurers.

Under the hallucination of opium, numbers soon forget their downfall and shame. They sink into moral degenerates, and even in their best moods are not to be relied upon. Their pipe dreams become realities to them. As a matter of fact, they live in a condition that is only half awake. Personally I do not believe that more than four or five of these unfortunate girls have ever been interviewed when not under a subtle and terrible influence. The craving for the drug is as difficult to deal with as the drug itself.

I recall, for instance, a beautiful young girl, who interested me deeply. "He would not marry me," she told me sadly, referring to the wretch who had lured her to his hovel. More than once as she bewailed the horror of her condition, I offered to take her from the wretched cellar, where she lay on a pallet of straw, to a comfortable shelter in the country. "But I can't go away," she would answer. "I must have opium—I must, I *must.*"

Although only sixteen years of age, she was regarded as the queen of opium fiends in the "Eel pot." One day, as

The "Great Throne of Joss" in the Joss House, Mott street, New York.

I sat by her side pleading with her, she was stricken down and passed away.

She was a minister's daughter, but through gross deception had been led down to Mott Street, and possibly, out of curiosity, took her first smoke, like hundreds of others before her and since have done. Rarely, alas, is it necessary to take more than that *first* smoke before a fearful craving is created (even far worse than that of liquor), a craving that *nothing* but opium will satisfy.

Another, whose name was Martha, was upon her sick-bed when, with loving words, she was dealt with. She cried in agony, under the bands that bound her worse than any prisoner's chains in a prison cell, and said: "I'd *die* to be free, but I *never* can give it up; *no one knows its power.* I *must* have it; just wait, don't go—I'll have a smoke. Now I can talk better to you—I'm so, so weak." And there, though almost choking with the cough that had made rapid progress during the month, the poor victim took several deep inhalations from her pipe. We found it was useless to tarry, as her sorrows assumed another form under its poisonous influence.

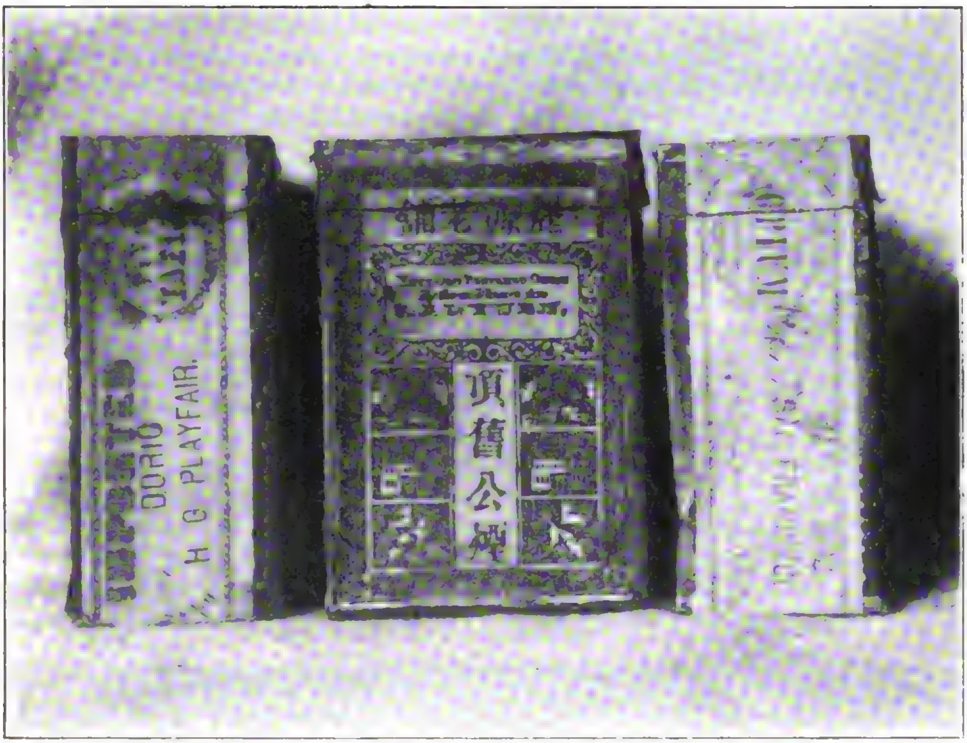
Very rarely are any fully rescued. A few isolated cases in my experience have come out from this awful thraldom before it was too late. Some of these are now married and living lives desirous of pleasing the God they sought and who so wondrously delivered them.

One little girl of fifteen, through a wicked woman, was over-influenced into visiting a notorious opium den in Doyer Street. For nearly a year she had been accustomed to the drug. After what seemed almost fruitless attempts on the part of the worker, she was all of a sudden so convicted of her degraded position that she determined to "seek salvation," as she expressed it.

It was indeed a sad case—a physical wreck in every particular, though a mere child. She had not only been addicted to opium, but upon one occasion when ill, was compelled by her Chinese keeper to drink a concoction made by ashes accumulated through the burning of incense before the *Great Joss* (the Chinese god), in one of their temples or Joss houses. When she finally came to us her very complexion denoted the poisoned condition of her frail little body. We kept her with us for some months. She returned home in due time completely cured, and is now a happy, normal girl.

Chinese fortune-teller.

Molly was another desperate case, though far different in temperament and education. At first nothing seemed to touch her, not even the money, flowers, books or clothing that were received. She was in terrible destitution when found, having even been imprisoned at times, and going with the lowest order



Showing how opium is imported. Three cans of "prepared opium" (for smoking) as it comes to New York.

of Chinese. One day, while unusually wild and in a most demonical manner expressing herself when alone in a little room with me, God somehow used her, to my mind, as an illustration of a truly lost soul. With a shudder I for a moment recoiled as I looked at that face; then such a divine and compassionate love was breathed into my heart for this loathsome-looking creature that I burst into tears. This only seemingly incensed her all the more, and, shaking her fist at me, she commanded I should stop; then, with a vigorous shake on both my wrists, repeating her words, she looked steadily at me for a minute, and to my great surprise, suddenly flinging her arms round my neck, began to weep, saying between her sobs: "Oh, mother, if you will *only, only* stop your crying, I'll do *anything, anything* for you." It all ended by her giving her heart to God, and to this day she claims, that as no one had ever shed a tear for her before, my weeping broke her heart and it was impossible to hold out any longer, etc. She was saved and conquered. She later became a nurse, afterward married and for several years now has been endeavoring to live a Christian life.

More than one beautiful young girl ends her life during the year in these slum districts; some of them, before being consigned to Potter's field, through the kind heart of the undertaker in the Chinese district, are kept a few days in his chapel, which is such a striking contrast to all other surroundings with its elegant paintings, etc., etc., and upon such occasions sometimes girls come to gaze upon their faces. Here often services are held over the lifeless bodies of these once pure, innocent girls, apparently scarcely old enough, one would think, to know the ways of the world.

Much tact and love in the heart of the worker are required as visits are paid them, for they are in some cases rather suspicious of the motive of a stranger, and unless the confidence is won nothing, even temporarily, can be accomplished.

Although so little appears to be accomplished, still a continuous effort should be kept up, as no one can tell but some day the seed sown may spring forth, even at the last moment, when the life is about going out.

Their rooms, by the way, are oftentimes quite different from what one would expect from the dingy and uninviting entrances. The Chinaman is generously inclined toward his white girl companion, and while she is in his favor he showers costly gifts upon her. The opium boudoir is generously, luxuriously fitted up, but even heavy Oriental draperies and silk divans cannot disguise the disorder and dirt which are the inevitable environment of the drug fiend.

The Chinese white wife is allowed, as a rule, some freedom, as the opium habit so controls them that their tyrannical masters know it is perfectly safe to give them a fictitious freedom. This is a tragical feature of our work, for these girls while at large do not hesitate to tempt innocent country girls to try the experience of a puff "just for fun," or "just for a lark." A case came under my observation of a young girl attending a church picnic being drawn into Chinatown by a handsomely dressed, plausible young woman, who represented herself as a rescue worker.

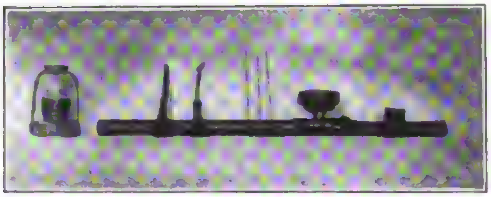
The habit is an expensive one, and often by the time the poor victim requires large doses she has lost her girlish freshness, and is thrust out like a dog to wander where she will. I have found many in low sub-cellars trying to subsist on the awful fire-water given out

Chinamen playing fan-tan.

in such places for a few cents a glass—and then the end! But who dare to say that the end has come for any one of these unfortunates. Even as the last breath is drawn there may come a moment of repentance that may blot out every sin they may have committed.

I recall one evening entering into one of the lowest haunts of iniquity in a Pell street sub-cellar. It was a sort of dancing hall, with an opium den combination. I came suddenly face to face with one of the most repulsive and loathsome objects it has ever been my sad fate to encounter. She was a woman, and young in point of years. A girl of good family and education, distorted by dissipation of every description into a bloated, hideous creature, leering in my face when I began to plead with her—she had lost even the power of laughter—she simply leered and mumbled inarticulate curses. I realized that words were useless. I happened to hold in my hand an exquisite pink rose that a young friend had given me in the earlier part of the evening, saying, "Give it to the most wretched woman you meet." As I gazed pityingly and indeed helplessly at this erring creature, who had only curses for my prayers, I recalled these words, and, unfastening the paper fastenings, I placed in her hands—such filthy, misshapen hands—the pink rose, fresh, fragrant and pure. I left her gazing at it with startled eyes. That girl was the notorious "Blue Bell." The rose was the means of changing her entire life. She became my helper—a wonderful power for good in the few years of life that were left to her. She went into dens, pleading and praying, where no one else could gain admittance. I wrote her story under the title of "The Pink Rose," and it has been translated into a dozen languages, including the Japanese.

I repeat, therefore, that no effort on behalf of these unfortunates is wasted. Out of their sinful past may spring a future as sweet and beautiful as a fragrant flower.



Opium smoking implements. Pipe and bowl, lamp, opium box, needles, knives.

Russell Sage at his desk in a characteristic attitude

RUSSELL SAGE AS A PHILANTHROPIST

By George L. Howard

"I MADE a granite determination years ago never to get excited about anything—to preserve a serene disposition and a cool, clear brain." Russell Sage, in giving utterance to this philosophy of life, proves himself a thoroughly consistent man. With a self-made fortune reputed to reach at least a hundred million dollars, he has attained the mature age of eighty-eight years, his faculties unimpaired, his health vigorous, his enjoyment of life keen, and not once during those long years of speculation in Wall Street has he swerved from the "granite determination" he made as a young man.

Russell Sage's methods as a financier in the Wall Street markets are well known. His farsightedness, his marvelous perspicacity, his unerring judgment and his calm demeanor under success or failure are what might be considered "history" in the money centers of the world. But there is another side to this man's character that is less familiar to the public.

It is not generally recognized that Russell Sage, during his long life, has been a "doer of good deeds." A philanthropist who has contributed lavishly and continually to the cause of women's charities and women's educational institutions.

Curious to note, his charities have been oftentimes inspired by a betrayal of those finer sentiments which indicate a heart susceptible to influences of the highest and sweetest quality. "The happiest day of my life," he once remarked, "was when the building I gave to the Emma Willard Seminary was dedicated." This building cost $150,000 and is named after the donor, the "Russell Sage Hall." Mr. Sage related the history of the donation to the assembled pupils. It is characteristic. "Years and years ago," he said, "as alderman of Troy and trustee of your seminary, then in its early youth, I had helped it as I could because it appealed to me as the right kind of thing. In 1854 the people of Troy honored me by electing me their Representative. The day before I left for Washington Emma Willard called upon me and said she would be glad to place the services of her acquaintances in Washington at my disposal in return for my friendship to the seminary. In return for that gracious act forty years later I considered it a pleasure to present her noble work $150,000. Be like her and influence other Russell Sages."

It is not generally known that the young Assemblyman was the first person to advocate on the floor of Congress the purchase of Mount Vernon by the Government. This patriotic act is one for which he has never received due credit.

When Emma Willard made that memorable call on the young and diffident Russell Sage, she had among her pupils a promising young girl training to become a teacher, Miss Olive Slocum, who was destined to become the future wife of the future financier—his right hand and helpmate in the carrying out of his quiet charities. Olive Slocum's father failed in the panic of 1837, when she was but nine years old. From that time she realized that she had her living to earn, and, child though she was, she at once began to consider life as a serious responsibility. After her graduation she taught for some years in the Orgontz School, Philadelphia, and in spite of her many duties she was prominent as an active member of the Woman's National War Relief Association and was a daily visitor at the hospital.

In 1869 this sensible and brilliantly gifted young woman became the wife of Russell Sage, and began her married life with her husband in New York City. Her allegiance to her *alma mater* was characteristic of her own and her hus-

A HEAD STUDY.
He bears a wonderful resemblance to the old pictures of Julius Caesar.

band's continuity of purpose in any work once undertaken. The Russell Sage Memorial Hall and the Troy Female Seminary are the direct results of their harmonious blending of interest in a common cause. A few years ago Mrs. Sage published at her own expense a beautiful book bound in cloth and mo-

A three-quarter length pose, showing Mr. Sage seated in a revolving office chair which has seen constant service for over forty years.

rocco, giving the history of the school and its ideals.

Upon settling in New York the young couple at once became identified with the West Presbyterian Church, where they rented the half of a pew. Later on, when the church found itself in difficulties, the young man did not hesitate to lend a sum of $45,000 on a mortgage, which has been standing for the past half century without drawing interest.

It was at this period that Mrs. Sage, with her husband's coöperation became actively interested in the welfare of the Woman's Hospital. The hospital at that time was struggling almost hopelessly to obtain suitable quarters for its work. Mrs. Sage was elected Chairman of the Building Committee. Mr. Sage headed a list of contributors with $50,000. In that same summer Mrs. Sage obtained contributions of $170,000. Her husband uniting his efforts with her, they raised finally a total of $400,000. A remarkable record for a man who has been called "parsimonious!"

As their fortune increased so did the charitable deeds of both husband and wife. At one time, it is said, Mrs. Sage had one hundred poor widows, who looked to her for support, on her visiting list.

One of the least ostentatious of their good works is the yearly outing which is given every summer to two thousand poor children of Poughkeepsie. The youngsters are given a free ride over Mr. Sage's railroad to Upton Lake, and all the perquisites of the pleasure ground, swings, merry-go-rounds and refreshment booths are at their disposition for the day.

An example of fine sentiment which is somewhat rare in a hard-headed man of business was notable in a generous sum of money which Mr. Sage contributed to preserve the old family burial place in Cromwell, Conn., where lay the remains of his ancestor, David Sage, who died in 1703.

Mr. Sage has never given indiscriminately to charities. He refuses to donate even a small sum without satisfying himself by personal examination of the worthiness of the object. His "Rules for Giving" are a summing of the venerable financier's philosophy of life and are well worthy of record:

"Charity should be wise as well as kind. It should look far into the future. Charity should never be hysterical. A man should know the institution he is helping. He should favor all well-managed charities for women. Charity should be as far as possible exercised in privacy; the right hand should not know what the left hand doeth."

A full-length photograph of the great financier.

He concludes: "These are my rules for giving. I have followed them all my life. Whatever may be said of me, I know that I am doing right with the help of God."

In this manner does Russell Sage, as the doer of good deeds, declare himself.

HETTY GREEN.
The working woman in her office at the Chemical National Bank.

HETTY GREEN AS SHE IS

By Adelaide Louise Samson

A MAN'S brain in a woman's body. A woman's impressionable temperament with a man's insatiable ambition. A woman's nerves with a man's restless activity and directness of action. This dual personality explains Hetty Green's success and shrewdness in one direction, just as it accounts for her vagaries and eccentricities in another. She would be impossible if it were not for a sense of humor that gives her the capacity of sizing up human nature in general and herself in particular in a genial, shrewd fashion all her own.

"If I had not been Hetty Green, I should have been a splendid trained nurse," she is in the habit of declaring, but I imagine she would have succeeded as an actress. She speaks and gesticulates with a keen intuition of dramatic effect.

"My talent for nursing," she remarked one day in conversation, "introduced me to the aristocracy of England. It came about this way: My daughter Sylvia and I were taking a stroll along Belgravia, I think, when I saw a crowd collected around a poor man who had met with an accident. He was slowly bleeding to death while waiting for an ambulance. Well, I didn't hesitate. I just dropped off my nice, clean, white petticoat and bound up his wounds. When the ambulance surgeon arrived on the scene he congratulated me and said I had saved his life. A sweet, gentle-looking woman came out from a big mansion on the corner of the square. She called me to her and shook hands. 'I am Lady So-and-So,' she said. I knew she was at the head of any number of charitable societies and a very grand lady of title. 'I've been watching you help that man—and I'm glad to meet you. Who are you?'

" 'I am just Hetty Green,' I answered. 'an American woman, and I am very glad to meet you, too.' We chatted a long time and after that we became great friends. She introduced Sylvia and me to any number of fine folk. I found them very genial and neighborly, and I have always maintained that if my daughter should happen to fix her affections on a foreigner—an Englishman of title—if he were a decent, manly, young man I should never hold his title against him."

This proved to Mrs. Green's satisfaction her adaptability as a nurse, and she proved to my satisfaction that she would make an equally good actress.

It was at the time of my first meeting with her—a blizzardy night in December or January. At any rate, it was nine o'clock sharp, for I had been warned against arousing her ire by being behind time in keeping an appointment, so I calculated my arrival to a nicety and rapped at her door as the clock in her room was striking nine. She was pleased.

"I like that," she said, pointing to the minute hand. "If you had come five minutes late—even on a stormy night like this——"

"You would have sent down word that you were out," I interrupted.

"No, no, not that," she replied quickly. "I should have said, 'I do not care to receive you,' but I should not have told an untruth. I have never told an untruth in my whole life," she continued, her eyes beginning to twinkle shrewdly, "but I have looked mightily as though I could. I won a lawsuit once by looking at the opposing lawyer as though I were just waiting for a chance to give important information. I looked mighty mysterious and important and made notes and smiled wisely, which so disconcerted him that he stopped short in his argument and sat down. I really didn't intend to do a thing. It was a desperate move—and just acting."

As Mrs. Green chatted quite at her ease, with quick, expressive gestures, her eyes sparkling, her fair skin flushed. I took note that she was what might be termed a handsome woman of the large, florid type. She seemed to guess my thoughts.

"I've lost my looks, my dear. Hard work and the business life. I am a working woman, and we haven't time for fixings. But I was a pretty girl, if I say it myself, when I made my *debut* in society forty odd years ago. I had a nice fresh complexion, pretty manners and good principles, as well as a fine education. I was Hetty Robinson in those days, and the head of my father's big house in Twenty-sixth Street. Some officious persons suggested that I needed a chaperon. I recall my father's indignation, as he drew himself to his full height: 'My daughter has principles,' he answered. And then he turned to me with a look I shall never forget: 'Hetty, remember you are the daughter of Edward Mott Robinson.'

"I consider that I owe all I am in life to the principles instilled into me by my father. 'Daughter,' he repeated again and again, 'cultivate common sense and judgment. Learn how to manage your

Mrs. Hetty Green as she is

brains and you will know how to manage your fortune. Intelligence is better than Greek and Latin, and good morals will stand by you better than a fine education.' I was just fourteen years old when I went to the bank and deposited twenty-five dollars, my first savings. My father went with me and was very proud of my thrift, for it had cost me some sacrifices. I am proud to say that I have added to that first twenty-five dollars, and haven't yet drawn it out.

"The trouble with most persons," she continued, "is that they want to spend, but they don't want to work. No man or woman in my employ stays awake until two o'clock in the morning thinking out investments. Well, that's how hard I work.

"Not long ago," she continued in her quick, humorous fashion, "I was superintending the cleaning of a big warehouse I had bought in Chicago. A well-dressed woman came to me saying: 'I am a lady born and bred. I am in desperate straits. I want to earn enough to return to my people in St. Louis. I am willing to do any kind of work. If you do not help me, I shall throw myself into the lake.'

"I said to her: 'Madam, I do not want you to throw yourself into the lake. If you are willing to do any kind of work, I can give you a day's scrubbing here at the factory. I don't expect you'll do it as well as these other women, but I'll make allowances, and lend you one of my old calico skirts so you won't spoil your nice black dress.'

" 'You horrid woman!' she screamed at me, and bounced out of the room before I had time to catch my breath. Perhaps she threw herself in the lake. Now if she had taken that day's scrubbing I would have seen that she got to St. Louis, but she lacked common sense and principle. This fine lady wanted charity; she didn't want work.

"I have endeavored to bring up my boy and girl," she continued, "on common-sense principles, and I spared no expense either. I recall a time, when we were stopping at some hotel, my young son Edward became very restless one evening and wanted to go in the street with his boy friends. Now, it is against my principles for a boy to seek amusement in the streets, it leads to no good, and after a number of fruitless suggestions I at last induced him to have an old-fashioned pillow fight with a young schoolmate who was at the hotel. The idea pleased him, and I rested secure that for the next few hours he would be well amused and out of mischief.

"In a short time the housekeeper came into my room all out of breath. 'Oh, ma'am!' she exclaimed, 'those boys have *bust* the pillows and the feathers are flying all over, and they are ruining everything.'

" 'Never mind the ruin,' I answered quietly. 'When they have finished their game count up the damage and send me in the bill.'

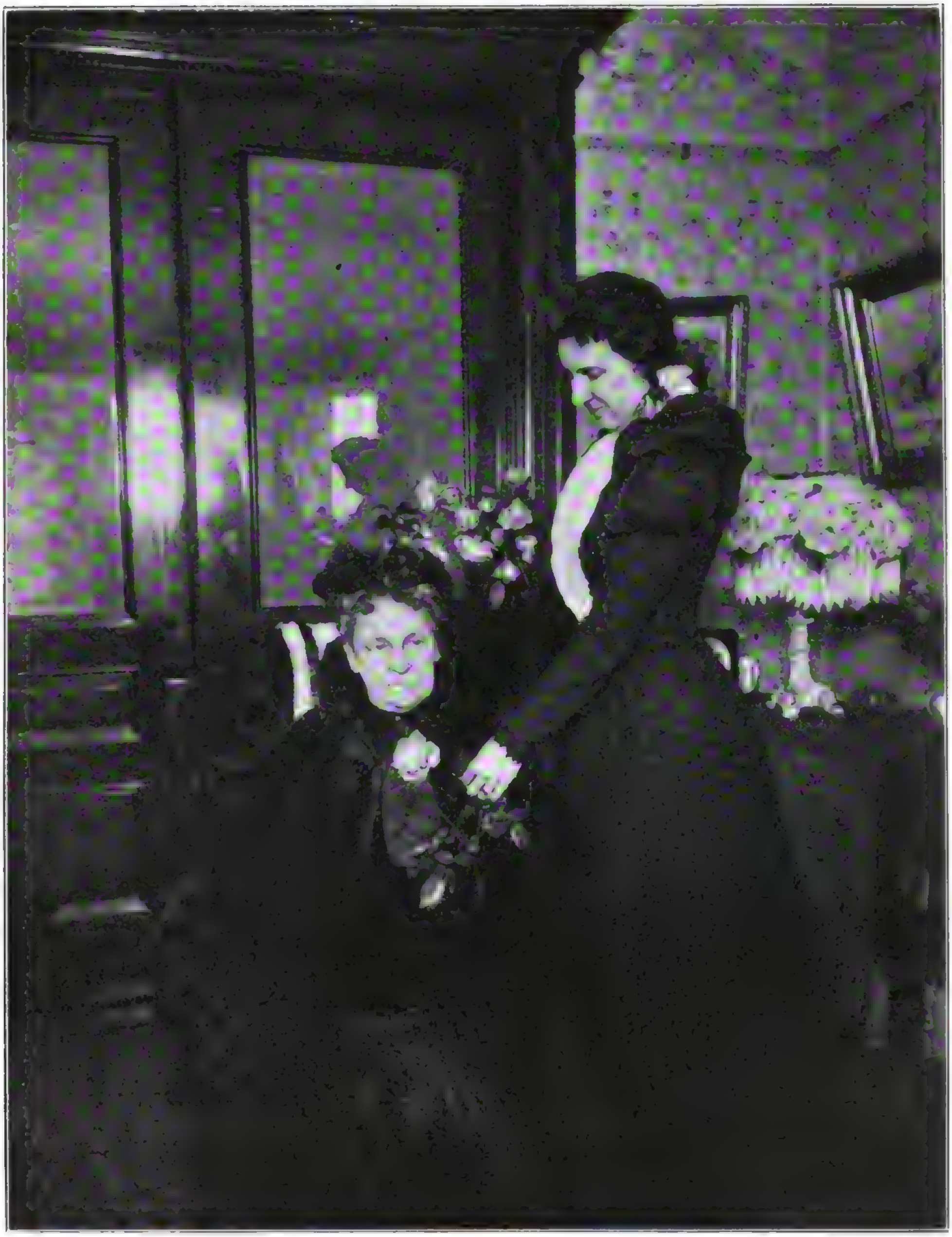
"The bill came in the next day," added Mrs. Green. "It was fourteen dollars—cheap for the sake of keeping my boy off the street."

Mrs. Green was born in the old Robinson homestead, now St. Joseph's Hospital, at New Bedford, Mass. She was a pupil, as a young girl, at the Quaker Seminary, on the Cape, and went later on to a finishing seminary in Lowell, Mass. She is highly educated. As she herself puts it: "I speak four languages, I have a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek, but don't find any of them are of much use in defeating a lawyer in an argument."

She remembers her mother only as an invalid, "her long, slender hands resting like white lilies on her grey dress."

She was a very charitable woman, and with her sister, Sylvia Ann Howland, was deeply interested in the charitable institutions of New Bedford, a number of which they had endowed and founded.

Hetty Robinson's marriage to Edward W. Green, of Bellows Falls, Vt., is tinged with a bit of romance. The young man was a business friend of the father's, as well as a suitor for the hand of the young daughter. A financial



Miss Sylvia Green and her mother in the parlor of the Hoboken flat panic reduced the young millionaire to comparative poverty. He renounced all thoughts of love and courtship, went to the West Indies, began life over again, and in a few years returned wealthy, making it his first duty to pay every creditor dollar for dollar. Edward Mott Robinson was one of these creditors, and was so impressed by the rare integrity of the young man that when he sued a second time for the hand of Miss Hetty the father replied: "Take her; you are the one man to whom I would give her."

Mrs. Green never recovered from the blow of her father's sudden death, followed as it was by those bitter legal combats that changed the young and merry girl into the shrewd, scheming, combatitive business woman. Circumstances have distorted many of the gentle, womanly qualities that once made her charming and attractive.

She cares little for the niceties of dress, and yet she is enough of a woman to resent most vigorously any suggestion that she is parsimonious in the matter. She likes to be taken for a hard-working woman, and, as a matter of fact, few women working by the day would dress as Hetty Green, as she manages her vast business schemes in her private office at the Chemical Bank.

"I have plenty of fine clothes at home," she is in the habit of declaring. "I know it. I don't care whether others know it or not. A working woman can't afford to wear an imported bonnet every day."

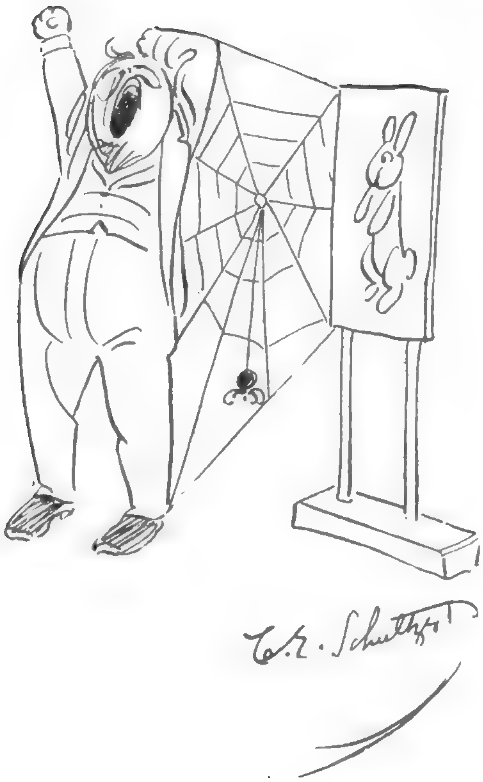
Her advice to her favorite class, the self-supporting girl, is to "cultivate common sense and judgment, to sleep sound, to eat light, to work hard and to start a bank account." One of her most pithy sayings is to declare that "any wage-earner who does not save a portion of his wages is a spendthrift, and will come to want sooner or later."

Carl E. Schultze ("Bunny").

THE SENSE OF THE RIDICULOUS

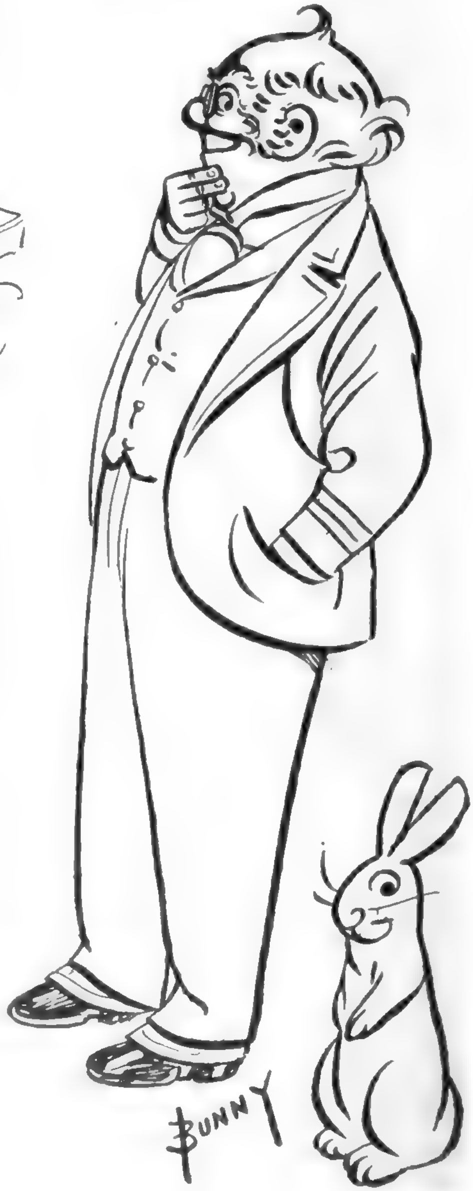
By Carl E. Schultze ("Bunny")

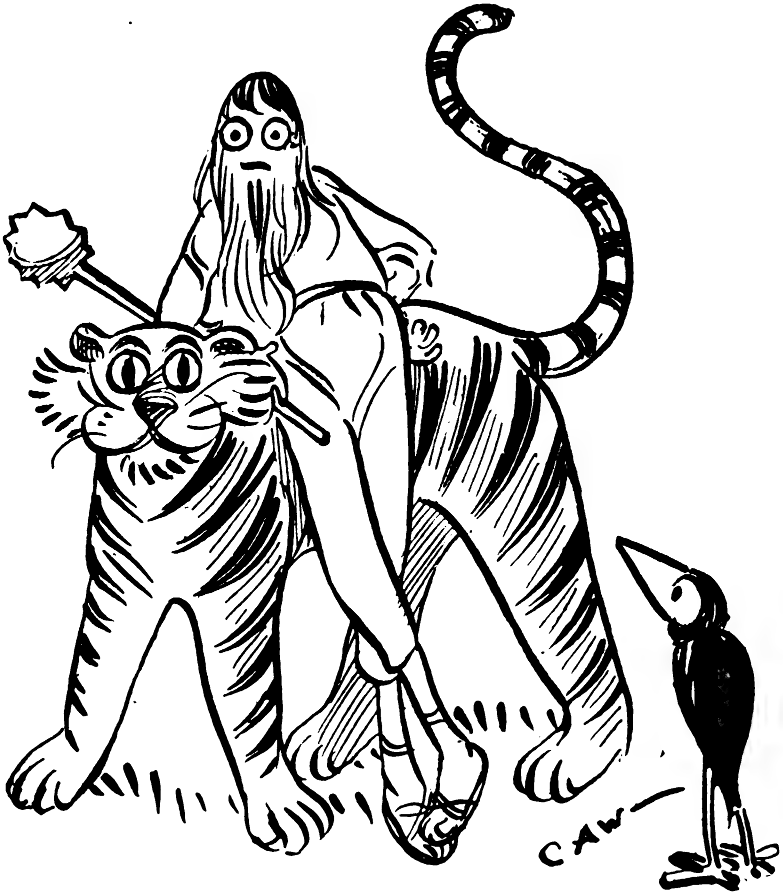
EVERY man to his own sense of fun. Each type of human nature has its own peculiar sense of humor, has its own idea of the ridiculous. We are told by scientists that man is the only animal that laughs. For no other reason than that alone he is certainly privileged to select his own time and cause of laughter. One man's merriment is another man's poison, and no one individual, whatever his capacity for creating fun, is considered a big enough



staff to run a comic supplement. Personally and speaking quite frankly, I don't find the offsprings of my pencil the least bit hilarious. I follow the calling of a comic artist, not from a sense of duty, but from a series of accidents over which I have no control. My humor is of the meekest and gentlest sort. I rarely laugh, and when I smile it is in a deprecating fashion behind my hand—"in my beard," my friends tell me.

When a mere stripling my sense of the ridiculous received a severe shock. It happened this way: It was in old Kentucky and I was one of a merry party in a country house. I was in low spirits, for I was in love, deeply in love. I was fourteen; the lady I loved was thirty. But she was very young for her age, while I had already attained my present growth of six feet and some odd inches. Needless to say, I concealed my age with scrupulous care, and so did the fair lady, so there was no reason why I should feel needlessly hampered by my youth. One morning I arrived a little belated at the breakfast table. I was arrayed in a stunning white suit. Perhaps my late *entree* had been judiciously timed. At any rate, I realized I was creating a favorable impression, not only upon the assembled guests,





but upon the beautiful and haughty object of my affections. As I was about to seat myself some cruel trickster pulled my chair away—the joke is old, was very old, even then—but as I sprawled upon the floor and heard the wild chaos of merriment, above which I distinguished the tinkling laughter of the girl I loved, I soured on the horse-play. I rose with outraged dignity, turned my back upon that giddy throng, mounted my horse and drove home, an embryo comic artist of a meek and gentle turn of mind.

My boys never kick or "biff" each other. "Foxy Grandpa" is a gentleman of the old school, and even my wild men and tigers wouldn't scare a baby.

As a matter of fact, I never expected nor intended to take to the comic supplement for a living. When the time came to earn my living I drifted like many another Kentucky boy to Chicago, and fell into the way of dropping into different newspaper offices. While there I heard of a duel between two Kentucky politicians. The papers were full of the details of the meeting, and as I happened to know the two men I drew a comic picture of the duel. I have a good memory for faces and the sketch made a hit. It was a bit of luck that gave me an opening, and I was kept busy on newspaper illustrating.

I happend to make another hit away out in " 'Frisco," when I drew a picture of a bald man using a hair restorer, which so changed his appearance that his wife and friends repudiated him. Then I began to believe I had a turn for humor, and when I came to New

York to try my luck on "Newspaper Row" my mind was on the alert to seize the funny side of life. When *Judge* accepted a full-page cartoon depicting the seizing of a fortress in Cuba I thought my fortune was made. I indulged in extravagances galore, and before long was at pan-bottom and head over ears in debt.

I was in pretty low spirits when I dropped into the editorial den of Ed Marshall, then managing editor of the *Herald.* "I want you to think something funny in the way of a sketch," he said to me.

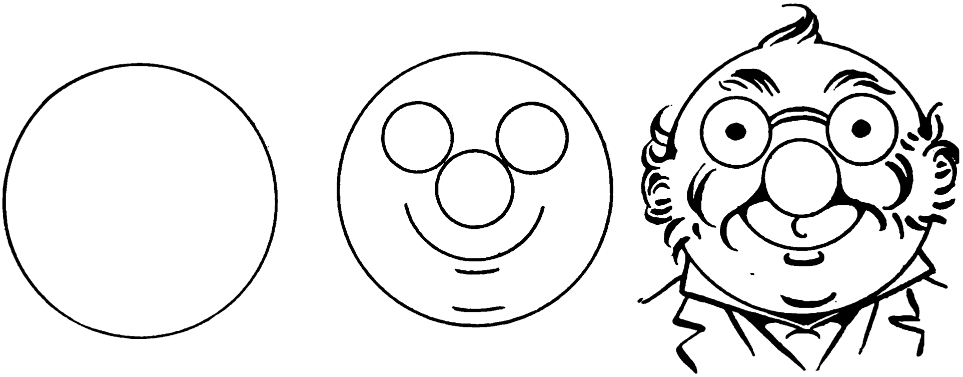
"I can't. I'm too low-spirited," was my reply.

"Make an effort," insisted Mr. Marshall.

I took a pencil and made a rough sketch of "Foxy Grandpa." I was in a contrary mood and just turned around the usual conditions of the situation. The old grandfather, I decided, should outwit his precocious grandchildren. "This is the best I can do, Ed," I said dejectedly enough.

The idea took his fancy and we decided to run a series of about half a dozen. When it came to the signature I thought of all my debts and how impossible it would be to satisfy my little army of creditors with the proceeds of my modest assignment. Discretion being the better part of valor, I drew a rabbit and signed the sketches "Bunny"—bunnies tell no tales.

Neither Mr. Marshall nor I had any idea that "Foxy Grandpa" would prove so great a favorite. Those first sketches were submitted years ago, and I've been drawing "Foxy Grandpa's" adventures ever since—until last week, in fact, when I made a desperate effort to replace him by the gentle wild man and his inseparable companion, the tame tiger.



The evolution of "Foxy Grandpa."

MASONIC DEGREES AT CUT RATES

By Frederick W. Webber

THERE is something remarkable in the fascination which is exercised by secret societies; and there is something even more remarkable in the glamour attending the oldest of them all—the order of Free Masons, whose mysteries are supposed by many people to be particularly awe-inspiring. To possess the Masonic secrets, and with them the right to wear those mysterious emblems which are affected by the members of this ancient fraternity, is the ambition of such a large number of men that there has long existed a market for spurious Free Masonry; and the alleged degrees of the order are offered at cut-rate prices calculated to attract a goodly proportion of those men whose chief reason for not being Masons is the well-known expense of joining the order.

Under Masonic law it is not proper that a person eligible for admission to the order should be influenced in any manner to seek initiation. This is made evident in the fact that every applicant for the degrees must declare himself unbiased by the solicitation of friends and uninfluenced by mercenary or other unworthy motives. It follows that the degrees cannot be lawfully offered for sale. Therefore there is a palpable violation of Masonic law in the publication of such advertisements as the following, which appear from time to time in some of the newspapers:

> 2,000 members for lodge of Free Masons; entrance fee $5; after October $10. CRUGER, 95 Nassau street.

Only slight acquaintance with any of the organizations composing the great body of men whose fraternity is world-wide is required to suggest the deceptive character of such an advertisement. It offers for sale something which is never sold. The honor of being a Free Mason is something to be sought after, and not a thing to be displayed upon a bargain counter, to tempt those who cannot appreciate its actual meaning and value. To the true Mason it is priceless, and he would not consent to, nor countenance in any manner, the cheapening of that distinction which he esteems greater than any which even a prince or potentate is able to bestow.

Kortright Cruger, who claims to be a Grand Master of Free Masons, did not append his name and address to the advertisements which first aroused my interest in his peculiar work. He chose various names of Masonic significance, and it was necessary to send letters of inquiry to a certain post office box. My communication, addressed to "Hiram," brought promptly a reply in the shape of a printed circular which excelled the advertisement in cheapening the Masonic degrees, inasmuch as it offers them for nothing to persons joining a certain beneficiary society wherein Mr. Cruger claims to hold a high and responsible position. Thus these degrees are virtually placed upon a level with trading stamps and the coupons found in packages of cigarettes. An important feature of the circular is the text of a certificate, signed by the chairman and members of a committee, not one of whom appears to represent any specified Masonic organization, which declares "that at a general convention, duly summoned and assembled in the large hall at 117 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on the 30th day of June, 1903, Mr. Kortright Cruger, of New York City, was duly nominated and unanimously elected as Grand Master of the Masonic jurisdiction previously presided over by him as Grand Proxy of the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the New Grand Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of the State of Ohio." A very significant point in the foregoing certificate is that which relates to the place where the alleged general convention was held. "The large hall at 117 West Twenty-third Street, New York City," was evidently selected because of its proximity to the Masonic Temple at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, and for an obvious purpose. The building wherein this hall is located, however, is not and has never been identified with Masonic gatherings, while, on the other hand, there are halls in the Masonic Temple which are always available for large gatherings, especially such as are of a legitimate Masonic character. That this general convention was not of such a character justifies the conclusion that its place of meeting was shrewdly chosen in order to associate it in some way with the well-known Masonic headquarters near by; or, in other words, to lead the aspirant for Masonic light to believe that the advertised source thereof is the genuine fountain. In its several aspects the scheme suggests both the gold-brick deception and the green-goods game. If its victims imagine that Mr. Cruger has actually made them Free Masons they are fooled. There is no recognized body of Free Masons known as the Loyal Legion, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, of which Mr. Cruger claims to be Grand Master. That body is the creation of this one man himself, and not of the grand fraternity whose charters and ritual bear an authority reaching back through many generations. In proof of this declaration Mr. Cruger himself shall be the witness, through an interview secured by a visit made to him in the character of a possible applicant for the degrees.

The offices of the Loyal Legion, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, are in the Bennett Building, but their location is indicated upon the directory of the building by Mr. Cruger's name only. Nor does the name of the organization appear upon any of the doors opening into the suite of office apartments which Mr. Cruger occupies in common with a firm of business men. His own sign, painted on one of the glass doors, indicates that he is a notary public and is connected with the real estate interest, but it affords no hint of his Masonic business. Within the offices there is a similar lack of such suggestion; and yet it is within these apartments that on each Sunday Mr. Cruger goes through the process which he calls conferring the degrees.

The call which resulted in this interview was made, fortunately, at an hour when Mr. Cruger was alone and at leisure. He is a man of somewhat advanced years, but tall, straight and vigorous in both body and mind. He was very affable and answered questions freely. One of them was:

"Do you confer the regular Masonic degrees, Mr. Cruger?"

This question was answered in the affirmative, other queries leading Mr. Cruger to declare that he has the same power to make Free Masons and to institute lodges as any Grand Master of Masons in the world. He claimed that he had already instituted ten lodges. During the summer season, when lodge work is usually suspended, he "confers" the degrees upon such applicants as do not care to wait until the lodges resume their meetings. This led to the question:

"By what authority, Mr. Cruger, do you claim to admit men to the Masonic fraternity?"

"By my authority as a Grand Master," was the reply. "Having been elected Grand Master by a general convention, duly summoned and assembled, I became possessed, by reason of such election, of all the powers and privileges belonging to any Grand Master. My Grand Lodge is an outcome of a secession from the Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio, which was provoked in 1886 by the arbitrary and un-Masonic action of that body in its relations with certain other bodies. The seceders, who had organized a new Grand Lodge, were expelled from the old body, but this expulsion amounted to nothing, as one of the landmarks of Ancient Free and Accepted Masonry is "once a Mason, always a Mason." The seceders, therefore, could not be deprived of their Masonic character, nor of their power to organize themselves into new jurisdictions, nor have taken from them their power to initiate others in the rites of Free Masonry. The Grand Lodge of the State of New York, having manifested an un-Masonic spirit in its treatment of the New Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio, I undertook, in the spring of 1902, acting as Grand Proxy for Grand Master Justin Pinney, to extend the work of the New Grand Lodge in this State. During the ensuing years I succeeded in organizing five lodges, with a membership of 750 men. I then called a general convention of all the members, and was duly elected Grand Master of the jurisdiction on June 30, 1903. After that period matters of difference arose between Grand Master Justin Pinney and myself, mostly concerning his persistent demands for money, which I considered unreasonable. He insisted that I should pay him $100 for each of the lodges which I organized. Having borne all the labor myself, it appeared to me unreasonable that so much should be demanded. My refusal to accede to the demand resulted in the revocation of my proxy, and had it not been for my previous election as Grand Master his action would have rendered all the members of my lodges, at that time ten in number, with a membership of 1,000, clandestine and without proper Masonic authority. I therefore severed my connection with the Ohio jurisdiction, and am now organizing Masonic lodges under the authority and power conferred upon me when elected Grand Master, which election placed me on the same Masonic footing as Grand Master Justin Pinney, or any other Grand Master in the world. I have participated in all work of the old-line lodges, and I have it all at my command in its purity, as handed down from generation to generation of Free Masons."

Several times Mr. Cruger was asked whether those persons whom he made Free Masons were recognized as such in Masonic circles. He claimed that they could secure recognition on the part of individual Masons, but admitted that they are not recognized by the regular lodges. Another admission which he was led to make was that of the ten lodges which he has organized three have seceded from him. The plain fact of the whole matter, as clearly shown by his own story, is that he has no standing whatever in the Masonic world, and possesses neither the right nor the ability to make Free Masons. He began his present enterprise as the agent of a man who had been expelled from the regular Masonic organization. Notwithstanding his reliance upon the ancient landmark, "Once a Mason, always a Mason," it is a fact that any man can be deprived of his Masonic character for un-Masonic conduct, which was the case with the Grand Master of the New Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio. That person violated his Masonic oath when he undertook to make Free Masons on his own account, and thus severed his connection with the fraternity, even without action being taken by the Grand Lodge. Mr. Cruger, if he was ever a regular Mason, as he claims to be, is equally guilty of un-Masonic conduct; and whether he has ever been expelled or not, he is no longer a Mason in the view of regular Masons of the order. In fact, he is really in a worse position than Mr. Pinney, of Ohio, for the reason that his so-called Grand Lodge is an off-shoot from Pinney's Grand Lodge, which is stigmatized as clandestine by the regular fraternity, and which, in its turn, would have stigmatized Cruger's organization as clandestine had not Mr. Cruger taken the shrewd move which, as he claims, placed him on a level with Pinney. His claim to the rights and powers of a Grand Master is certainly as good as that of Pinney, but the truth of the matter is that neither of these men is either a Grand Master or a Mason. The degrees which they offer at cut rates are as worthless as the gold brick or the package of green goods foisted upon the victims of a sharper.

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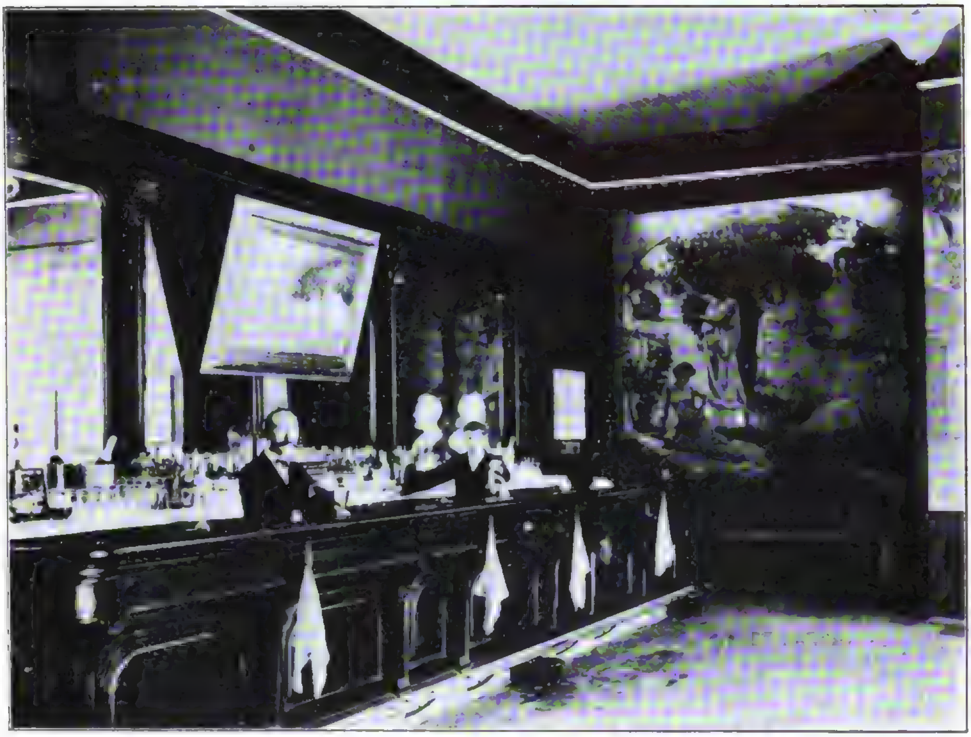
THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY C. POTTER, D.D.
Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York



The bar at the Subway Tavern, with picture of Joseph Johnson, the manager.

THE SUBWAY TAVERN

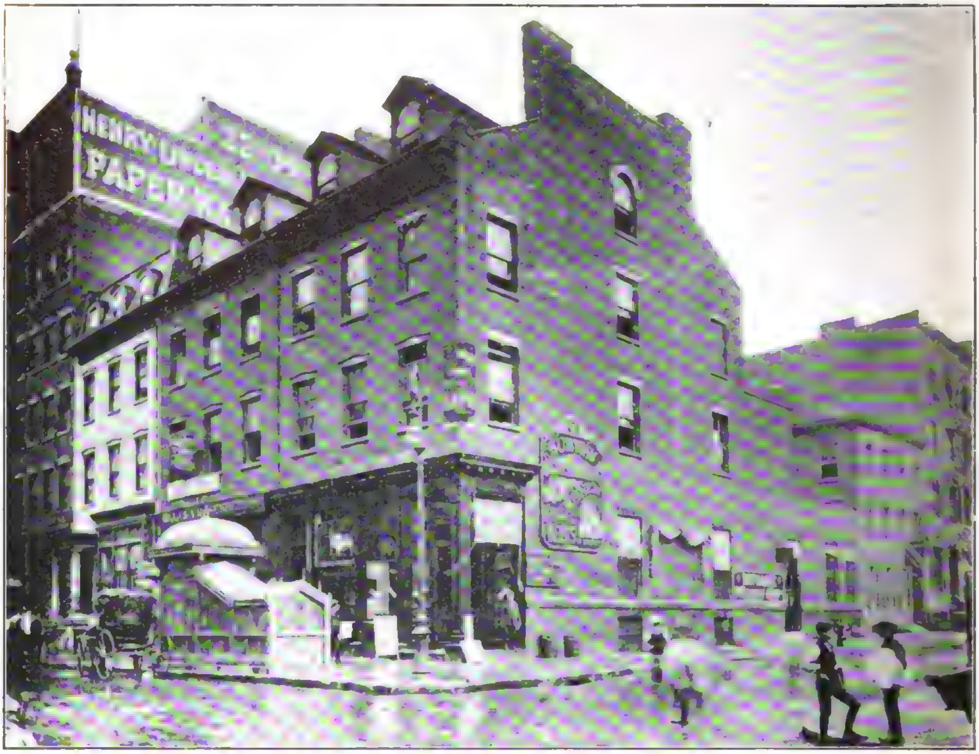
(A SALOON CLUB FOR THE WORKING MAN DEDICATED BY THE RT. REV. HENRY CODMAN POTTER, BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.)

By John T. Gardner

THERE is no lack of saloons in New York — statistics prove that there are about eight to every square block — but the opening of the Subway Tavern as a Christian saloon by the foremost Episcopalian Bishop in America, with religious services, is an innovation at once startling and interesting as an indication of the trend of the once uncompromising temperance movement.

The main purpose of the Subway Tavern, which is backed and upheld by prominent and wealthy members of the "City Club," is to furnish the poor man with a club where he may drink with his wife and children "without hypocracy," and where the young factory girl may order her glass of beer with the same ease as a glass of ice cream soda. In other words, it is a saloon without a family entrance, a barroom without a ban or a back door.

"When the day is done," remarked Bishop Potter at the dedication services, "what is to become of those persons



Exterior view of the Subway Tavern at the junction of Bleecker and Mulberry streets.

whose lives are given over to laborious toil? I belong to the Century and the Union League and other clubs, and can go to them. But where can they go? The business man gets his luncheon at the Hardware Club or the Lawyers' Club, and it is very nice and dignified. But where are these other people going? By inevitable necessity to the saloon, and if you place the saloon under the ban you make it one of the most tragic or comic failures in history. To such a place as this I can take my wife, my mother or my sister."

The Subway Tavern is a comfortable red brick building (one of the old New York mansions), situated in a sort of triangle at the corner of Bleeker and Mulberry streets. But it differs from the ordinary saloon, although the entrance bears the brand of a well-known, highly relished beer.

The Bleeker Street entrance, which is the mouth of the triangle, leads into the the soda water barroom, or the "Water Wagon," as it is called, where beer is served at the fountain, as well as ice cream soda, hot coffee and chocolate. This innovation is for the benefit of the factory girls in the neighborhood, who evince a desire to enjoy a glass of beer with their frugal repasts. On the left-hand side is the cigar stand and a large blackboard on which is inscribed, "Yes, this is the tavern dedicated by Bishop Potter. You are welcome." At the side of the soda-beer fountain is another series of announcements as follows:

"Beer served at the fountain."

"Good soda and good beer are equally harmless if taken temperately."

"We serve the purest beer and sanitary soda."

The barroom can be entered either from the swinging doors of the "Water Wagon" or from the outside, in Mulberry Street. It is in every respect a

THIS WAY TO THE
WATER WAGON.

Bishop Potter opening the Subway Tavern with religious services.

well-fitted tavern, with a free-lunch counter and the usual variety of drinks, straight and mixed. The walls are tinted a delicate green and are hung with a number of cartoons by famous artists. Tables are scattered throughout the room filled with the latest magazines and weeklies.

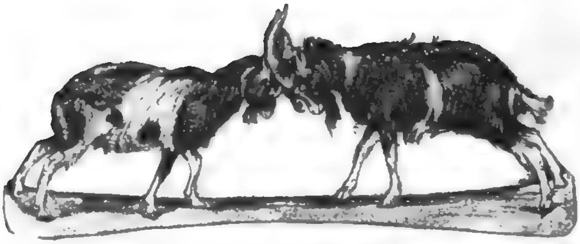
Treating is not encouraged, although not positively forbidden. Women are not permitted in the tavern, although men are allowed free access to the "Water Wagon."

It is the intention of the Subway Tavern to open later on a Rathskeller in the basement, where there will be music and where family parties will be encouraged to spend the evening in innocent and rational enjoyment, and where, of course, the serving of beer and other drinks will not be ignored.

Bishop Potter considers that the best remedy for the evil of overdrinking is to deal with it honestly. He remarked recently on this subject: "Most of our methods of dealing with the drink evil in our day are tainted with falsehood, dishonored by essential unrealities and discredited by widespread and consistent failure. The saloon or gin palace, whether it exists here or in Liverpool or Manchester, has for its most determined enemies those who never use it and as a rule know nothing about it. I doubt whether their assaults upon it or their pictures of what its influence has been and is to have ever had the slightest effect upon those whom they have aimed to reach."

The Subway Tavern is not altogether an original idea. It is modeled after the Earl Grey Inns, in England, with the difference that the Earl Grey Inns allow their managers a percentage on the tea, coffee and chocolate only that they sell. All intoxicating drinks are sold without profit. This shifts a certain portion of responsibility, as far as financial success is concerned, on the shoulders of the saloonkeeper.

The Subway Tavern of New York is at present an experiment. Whether it succeeds or fails, it at least shows the generous attitude which is now held toward the solution of that difficult social problem, the betterment of the masses.



DAVID WARFIELD.
A Belasco star who is appearing in a new play, "The Music Master."

THE FUNNY MAN

By David Warfield

I MET the funniest man in New York a few days ago. I mean a professional funny man. He has a country house, an automobile and talks of dabbling in a yacht. "Dave, old boy," he said to me, "you are making a big mistake going into the legitimate. It doesn't pay to be too serious. Why, look at me—I am drawing more salary than the President of the United States!"

"You ought to," I replied. "You are ever so much more amusing than the President, but, all the same, you'll never be President of the United States. There is something more in that job than just the salary."

Now, it's a fact the funny man doesn't

live in history. He doesn't succeed in a big way. I like to remember that Abe Lincoln was a man of exquisite humor, but I never heard of his sending the Republic or the emancipated slave into guffaws of laughter. Our great exponents of humor are pretty serious fellows when you get to know them. Somehow or other a smile isn't so far away from a tear, and whether one laughs loudly or laughs quietly, the enjoyment is to be measured not by the noise of it, but by the character and temperament of the individual.

I am glad that my new self, "The Music Master," isn't a funny man. To tell the truth, I am in the process of creating his personality, and as yet he has no nationality. He is not a Hebrew; he is not an Italian. His environment is the downtown Bohemian quarter of New York, and his life is a simple, plain home comedy—quiet and tender, nothing hilarious, nothing tragical—yet I think the story he tells is beautiful, pathetic and appealing.

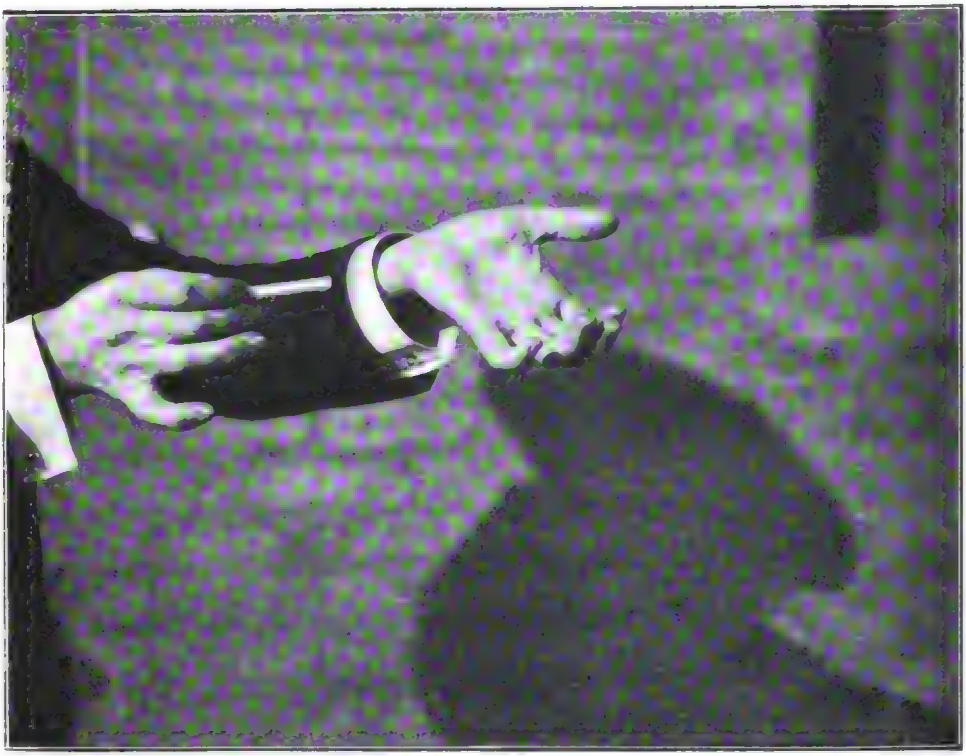
Of course, I am glad to get away from the "one play" routine. It is a great strain on the art of an actor—in fact, if he is not very careful he is apt to lose something of his artistic quality by the constant repetition of the same emotional *rôle*. I want to keep "The Auctioneer" in my repertoire. It has proven a good, loyal friend to me. But I am not sorry we are to part for this season.

In my new play it has been Mr. Belasco's idea to get away as far as possible from the broad comedy—from the laugh. The other kind—the comedy of the tear and smile—is so fine, so subtle, so delicately poised that I approach my new impersonation in fear and trembling. It will be a sort of test of my mettle. It will mean retrogression or progression in my career. If I succeed it will be a clarion call to go forward into stronger and better work with faith and courage. If I fail—yes, I will face that possibility, too. Well, if I fail, I shall say to myself, "Dave Warfield, you are a one-play man; return to your type and stay there."

The setting of my new play is perfect in every detail. It is not showy, but it is absolutely convincing and correct. In fact, it can hardly be called "stagey," in the old sense of the word, for everything is real, nothing is painted canvas. As an example of what I mean, the little work room of "The Music Master" is not built of ordinary painted cloth, but is constructed solidly of boards. It could be used for an actual home. One can hardly realize what an assistance a thing of this kind is to the actor. It carries a sense of conviction right over the footlights into the hearts and minds of the audience. Mr. Belasco is a master in the art of conveying realistic effects. Realism pure and simple is not art, but to convey the effect of realism is the highest kind of art, for one must calculate the exact moment of recognition on the part of the audience of a desired impression. Indeed, this knowledge has more the quality of intuition—of "sensing"—than of acquired experience.

Fortunate is the actor who is managed by a man ready and willing to take costly chances, for every new play put on in Mr. Belasco's way is an immense expenditure, not only of money, but of vitality; but he is just as eager for the artistic development of the actors he manages as he is for the financial success of the play he produces. He looks upon an ill-fitting play as being as incongruous as an ill-fitting suit of clothes, and to tell him that one of his artist's *rôles* is peculiarly adapted to his or her personality is to his mind the highest of compliments.

Is not this achievement the ideal of the true actor, to merge his personality into his interpretation? Assuredly it is. For a time a new *rôle* is not unlike a stranger with whom one hopes to become an intimate and beloved friend. The wooing is long and arduous. I know whereof I am speaking, for even now, at this time of writing, my new friend, "The Music Master," has not yet confided to me his nationality, but he is not a funny man—on that point we have come to an agreement.



(Figure 1)—The cigarette trick.

HOW TO PERFORM SOME SIMPLE TRICKS IN MAGIC

By William Manley

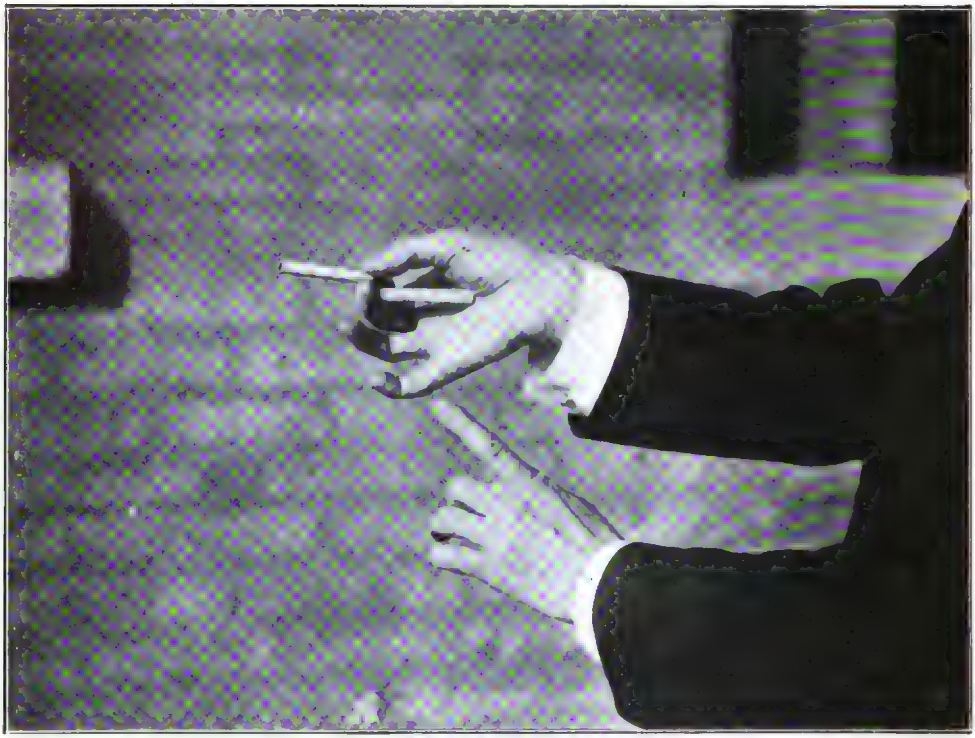
PROFESSOR HERRMANN, the world-famous magician, says that almost every trick he performs is simple, absurdly simple, and that only a very few of the marvelous feats he shows requires any apparatus at all. He maintains that any person of intelligence can perform the tricks with which he has mystified the whole world.

"But, of course, you have to know how to do them," he adds, with a sly wink.

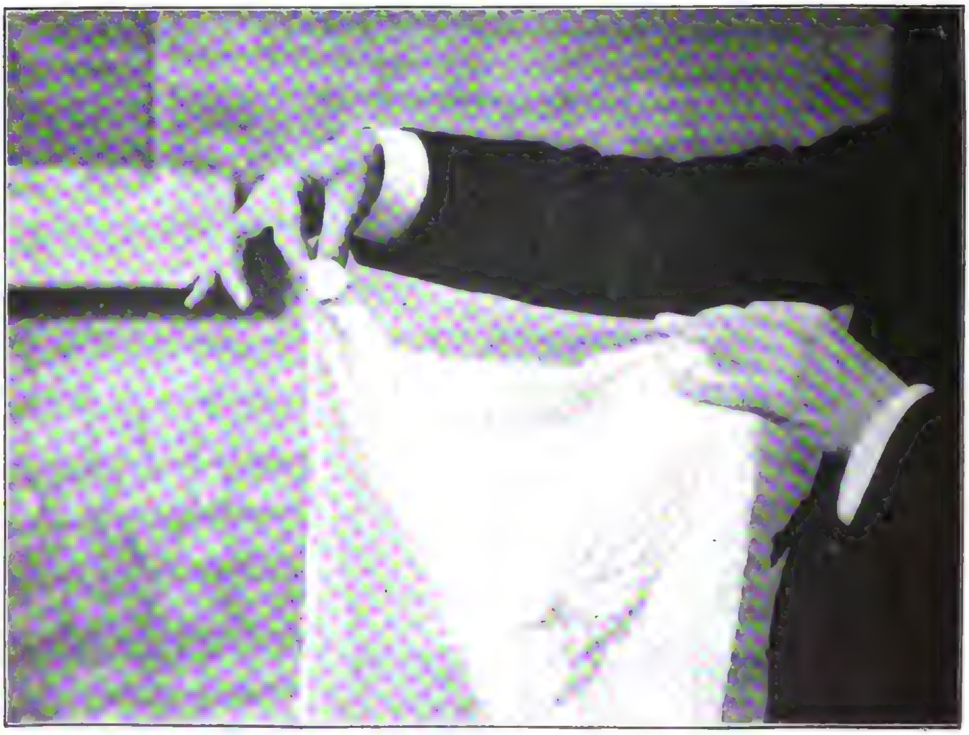
For the benefit of readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE he was recently induced to not only tell just how a couple of his tricks were performed, but to pose for photographs showing exactly how they should be done.

Professor Herrmann selected for his exposition the two simplest tricks he performs. They are both very mystifying "until you know how." Anybody studying the accompanying photographs carefully can perform them quite as well as Professor Herrmann himself. The genial professor of black art says so.

The first trick is the production of two cigarettes from a hand holding only one. This is the most simple of tricks. One cigarette is "palmed" in the hand while another is held extended in the fingers. Your audience, of course, sees only the



(Figure 2).



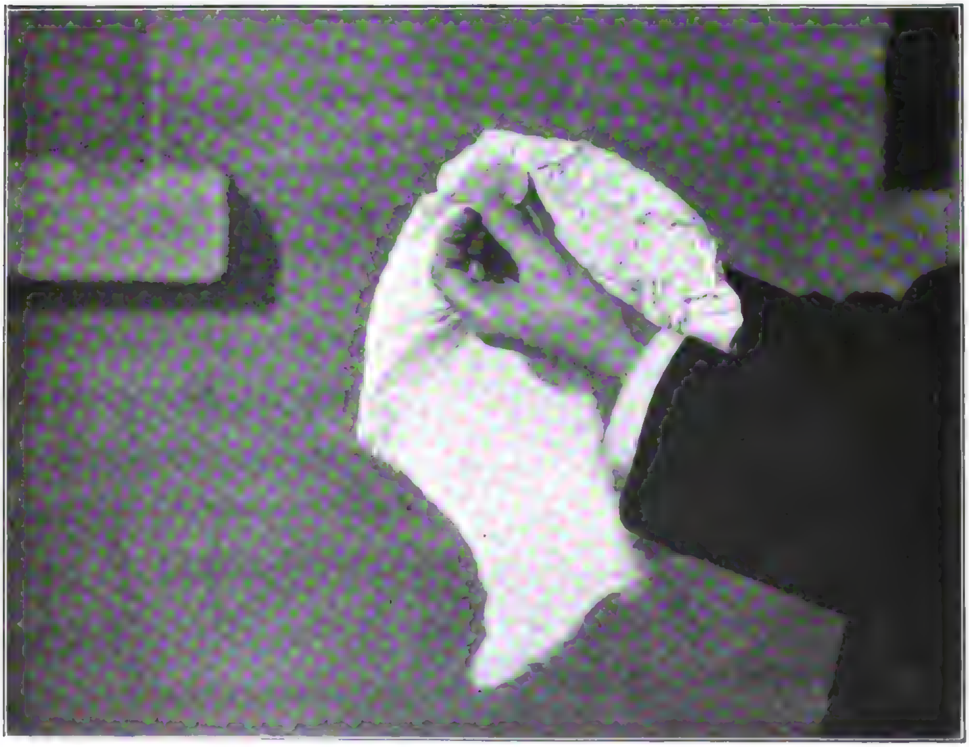
(Figure 3).

one cigarette (see figure 1). You offer this cigarette to a friend and tell him it is the only one you have at the moment, but that you have sometimes found yourself able, when you greatly desired a smoke, to obtain another "from nowhere." Figure 2 shows the other side of the hand and the second cigarette may be seen concealed in the palm. As your friend takes the cigarette held in your finger tips you let the palmed cigarette slip through your fingers and occupy the place formerly taken by the first cigarette. This must, of course, be done quickly and certainly not clumsily. A little practice will make you perfect in the performance and you can greatly mystify your friends.

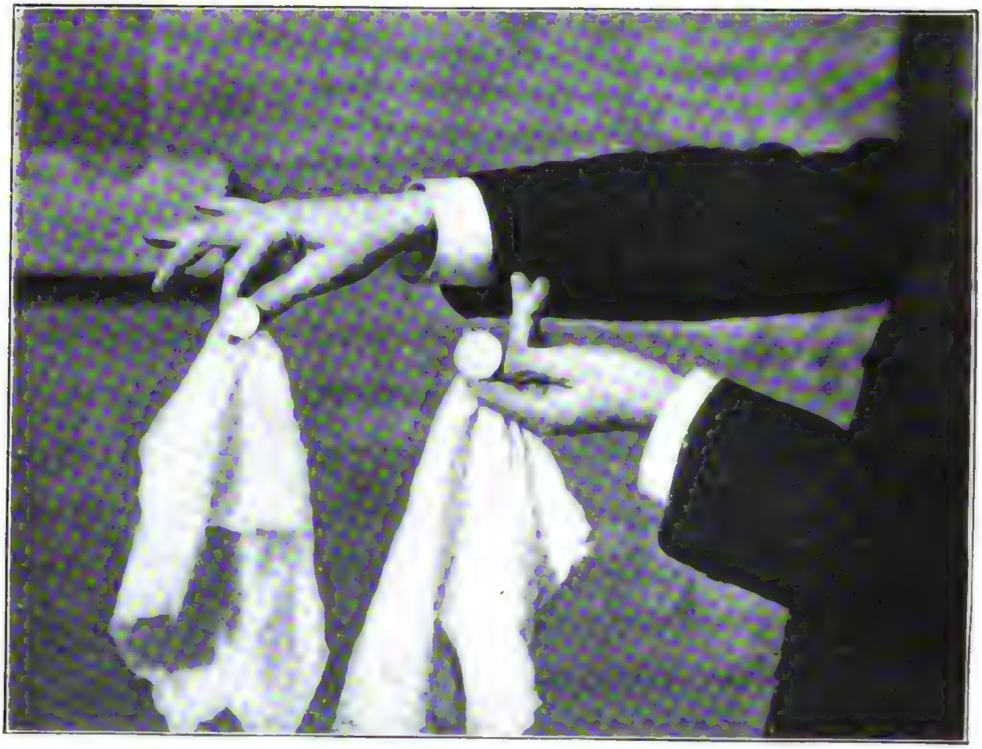
The second trick (explained in figures 3, 4 and 5) shows how a coin is passed from one handkerchief to another. For this trick you prepare yourself by sewing a quarter dollar (or smaller coin) in the hem of a handkerchief at one of the corners. The coin will, of course, not show and the handkerchief will look like any ordinary hemmed handkerchief. (Figure 3 shows the quarter in one corner of the handkerchief, held in such a way that it shows.)

To perform the trick you explain that you purpose making a coin from one handkerchief pass into another handkerchief. You hold up, plainly in view, the two handkerchiefs (one a plain one and the other the one with a quarter in the hem).

You hold up the plain handkerchief and exhibit a half dollar which you explain you are about to place in the center of it. You do so, but at the same time you place together with the half dollar a quarter dollar. You then twist the handkerchief around the two coins and again hold it up for view, telling your audience at the same time that they can plainly "observe the half dollar wrapped in this handkerchief." (Figure 4 shows



(Figure 4).



(Figure 5).

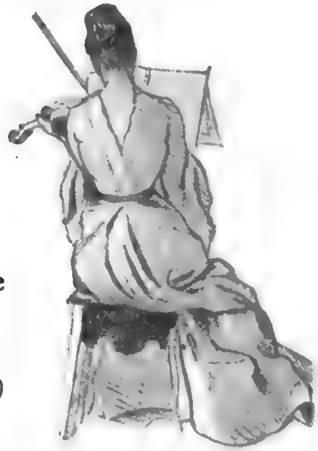
how you really place the quarter with the half dollar in the handkerchief.) Then you fold the corner of the handkerchief No. 2 (the corner containing the quarter) in the middle of the handkerchief and twist that around. You hold them both up so that they may be plainly seen. (See figure 5.)

"Now," you say, "I will with one magic word make the quarter in one handkerchief disappear and I will show you that it has gone into the other handkerchief. Ladies and gentlemen, you will find the two coins in the one handkerchief!"

You shake out the quarter handkerchief and (the quarter being sewn in the corner) it appears to be nothing but an empty handkerchief.

Then you untwist the other handkerchief and extract from it the half dollar and quarter. Everyone will be mystified. This is one of the best tricks in magic, yet it is extremely simple—"when you know how!"

Professor Herrmann says a very little practice of these tricks will make you a master of both and you can entertain and mystify all your friends with them.



IN THE QUINTET

By Florence Waterton

WHISPER me softly, my own violin;
Tell me now, while your strings are athrill.
Is love for a man an unmaidenly sin?
(Young woman, you bungled that trill.)

You know what he murmured, my own violin,
That eve, 'mid the fern and the thyme.
The poor, foolish boy swore our souls were akin.
(That chromatic was simply a crime.)

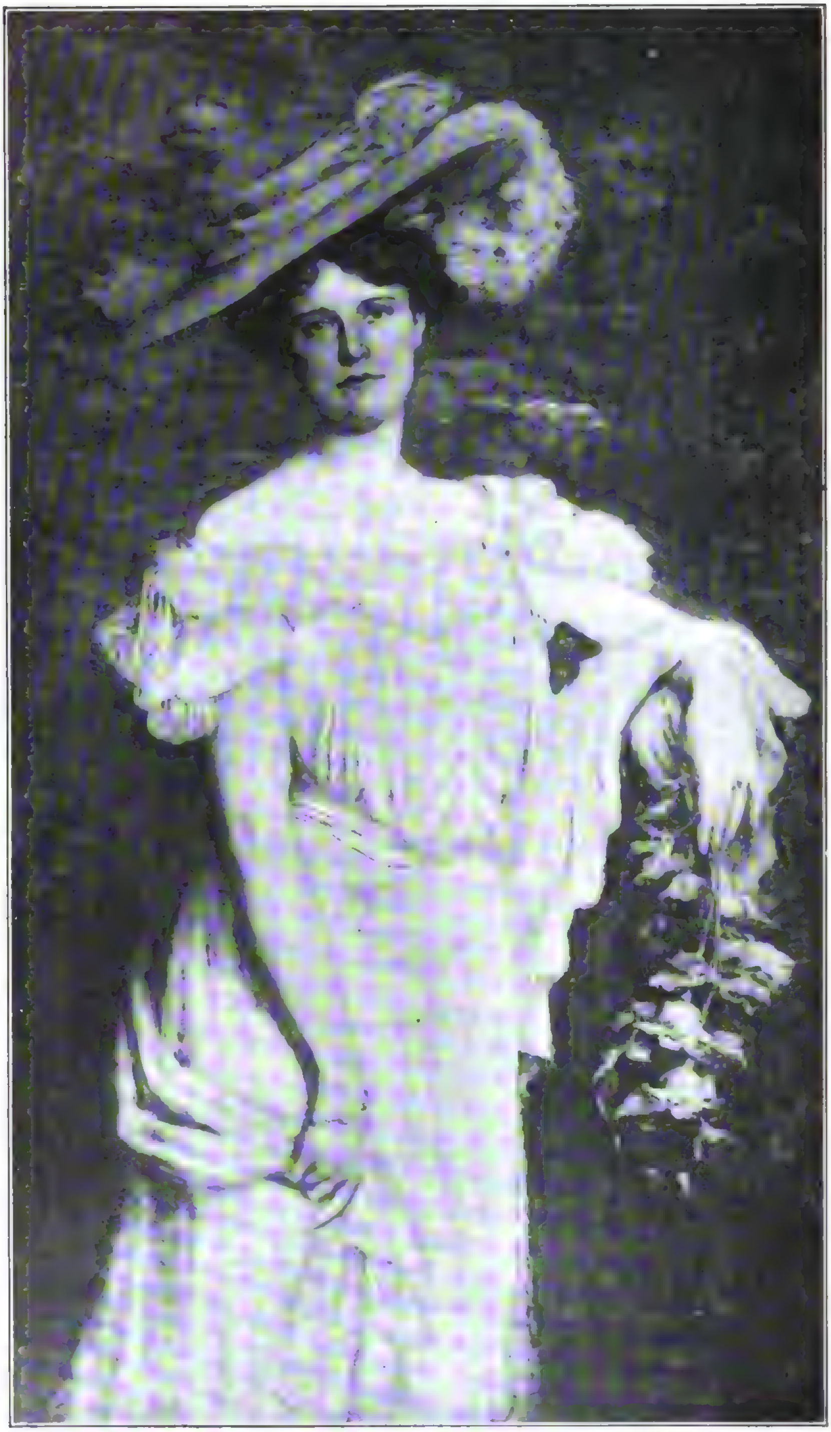
Ah, why did I laugh, my own violin?
My heart sank as he left me alone.
I suppose now he thinks that I don't care a pin.
(You flatted at least half a tone.)

If he would but come back, my own violin!
Ah, me! But my heart is so sore!
I doubt if 'twas worth a man's trouble to win.
(Ach! Himmel! Do look at your score.)

There's a tap at the door, my own violin!
It is he! He is coming, I know!
Oh, I can't see the notes! Why *don't* he come in?
(Oh, Hades! Quit playing and go.)

L'ENVOI

The secret is out that she could not keep in.
But this time 'twas confessed
On a young man's breast,
And not to her violin.



Mrs. Jane Woodend, a former society woman, the wife of
Dr. W. E. Woodend, who has gone upon the stage

FROM THE HORSE SHOW TO THE STAGE

By Mrs. Jane Woodend

IT is a big leap from the prestige of the Horse Show—the pastime of a woman of fashion and wealth—to the routine and discipline of stage life; that is, as much of it as can be seen from the setting of a small *rôle,* a salary in proportion, some little unfortunate notoriety and no prestige whatsoever.

Yet I am happy, quite happy, in my new work. I haven't lost a pound of flesh. I haven't lost my appetite, and, best of all, I haven't lost my love of and my interest in life. Not that I consider I am particularly fortunate in having a beautiful house uptown without sufficient money to run it. It gives me a tight feeling at the heart when I think of those empty stalls in our stables once filled with those beloved and beautiful horses—the pride of my husband and myself—animals that we had selected, reared and watched over as though they were children. Neither do I think it a sinecure to be due at rehearsals every morning at half past ten, and to wait hours upon hours for my few lines in a certain act, and then to waste more hours upon hours after the few lines are spoken just for the sake of that insatiable stage ogre—stage discipline.

No, none of this is any pleasanter than it reads, yet it is possible to meet all with a gallant bearing, with unruffled spirits, with plenty of real enjoyment of what there is and of the better things that are coming.

I am fortunate within myself. I am blessed with a superabundance of health. Dealing so much with the horse has developed in me that certain something known as horse-sense—the horse is the prince of philosophers among his kind—and I have always had a curious insight into the real value of things in general. In other words, I have the faculty of "sizing up."

I sized up society long ago. I knew its powers and its limitations. I had no delusions on the subject. Strictly speaking, I was never a society woman. I had neither time nor inclination for the social whirlpool—of going to functions and giving functions, although some of my dearest and most loyal friends are society people. I was altogether occupied with our horses. I have worked more arduously for our stables and our bookings than I ever expect to work on the stage.

As for wealth, I sized it up. I am happy to say I never placed an inordinate value upon it. With no special reason for doing it, I oftentimes contemplated the possible loss of our fortune as a thing that might come to pass—just as a horse which I had entered for a sure winner might come out a loser at the close of a day.

A good sportsman hopes for the best, works to obtain the best results, takes no chances, and then is game no matter what the outcome may be. I think I am something better than merely "game"—I am by nature a philosopher. Whatever happens, I am always quite convinced that it has happened for the best.

I recall that some years after our married life, when my husband was a physician of the Third Avenue road, he came home and announced that the road had been bought out or sold out—I can't remember which. In any case, he had lost his position. For awhile it seemed a terrible catastrophe, but it turned out for the best. My husband went into Wall Street and made hundreds of thousands of dollars against his former paltry salary of five or six thousand a year.

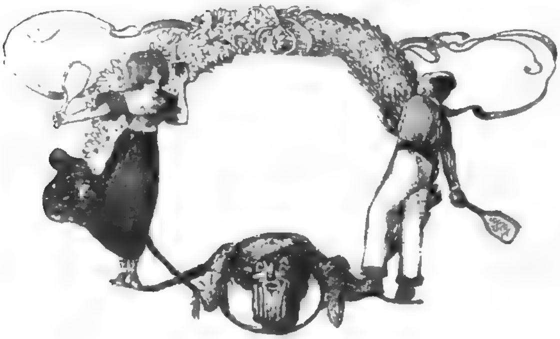
I believe all this present tribulation of mine—if tribulation it can be called—is for the best, too. I believe every new experience gives a broader view of life, and I am glad to get into close relations with this side of it. I always had a hankering for stage life. I have sat through rehearsals many a time just for the pleasure of it. I have two dear and admirable friends upon the stage—Miss Amelia Bingham and little Miss Bijou Fernandez. Well, I am afraid I'll have to admit I was just a little bit blue as I sat alone in my big house with time hanging heavy on my hands. I was not much given to housewifely duties, and at any rate my two old faithful servants managed to keep the house in order. I wasn't wanted, even to dust the *bric-à-brac*. I missed my horses, and nothing seemed to be able to fill their place. I did not think of the stage until the doctor told me one evening of our good friend, Mr. Kirke La Shelle's offer.

I acepted on the instant. Of course, I needed the money, but I needed something more than money just then—occupation.

Of course, I shouldn't be "game" if I didn't have every confidence in my husband as a "sure winner." We are going to be wealthy again. We are going to have our stables and our blue ribbons. But I am not going to give up the stage. I am not sure of my talent, but I am sure of my horse-sense, and I am making all sorts of plans about owning my own company some day and launching new plays and reaping big harvests.

I am not the star of this company, but I hope to be a worthy and modest member of it. I shall model it after the Amelia Bingham company—the best possible man or woman for each *rôle*.

This is my ambition, but long before this comes to pass I hope to speak my little part in "Checkers" without having "stage fright" and with some show of being heard by my friends in the audience.



Miss Jane Oaker—A millionaire actress.

THE RICH GIRL ON THE STAGE

By Jane Oaker

WITH all due respect to stage managers and to stage ideals as well, I am ready to assert most positively and from personal observation that a big bank account is of the greatest importance in pushing a girl forward in a dramatic career. It is in one way a short cut to fame, if fame is to be one's portion. I don't mean to say that a million, or even ten millions, can put the soul of a Clara Morris into the keeping of an heiress who has only the soul of—an heiress —poor thing!—but I do mean to say that a trunkful of imported toggery will give the rich girl an opportunity to appear in one of those coveted roles that calls for no more talent than a series of handsome gowns, and a "manner," when the same position would be peremptorily refused to a modest genius unless she could borrow the necessary fine plumage. I remember hearing that when Margaret Anglin, in a somewhat shabby black frock, applied for the privilege of "walking on" in a society production at the rate of one dollar a performance, she was curtly advised to "go back home and keep house." The genius was there, but alas, there lacked those fine trappings to be procured only by vulgar lucre. Poor Miss Anglin had a long and weary road to travel before her genius won recognition.

An "extra" is not a big role, but it is the one opportunity of the society girl to gain a footing upon the stage. Then, all things equal—that is to say, if she has intelligence, common sense, industry and ambition — she finds whatever wealth she may have at her disposal of infinite advantage. It can buy her the best coaching, the finest methods of exploiting herself. Self-advertisement is almost a part of the profession nowadays—it won't be ignored.

It gives her the best managers. It may be, and why should it not be so, that a society girl and a rich girl may prove of sufficient talent to guarantee the experiment of starring. In that case she is in a position to purchase a play suited to her temperament and talent. Why, then, should wealth be despised? I have seen many a pretty girl grow haggard and unattractive through sheer anxiety and lack of proper nourishment, and that while she was looking for a position, when it was of vital importance to appear at her best. There is a cruel irony in the blows of poverty. To the poor girl who has nothing, her one chance will be taken away; to the rich girl who has much, much will be given because of her plenty.

Nevertheless, I think the stage-struck society girl is misunderstood. I know I am one of a representative type—the college girl, who, having acquired too much or too little knowledge, becomes restless and dissatisfied with the standards of the social whirl. Frivolous as it may appear, it is a slavery that binds one body and soul. I and my type live in a condition of rebellion. We seek for some escape. We are beset by a fever of unrest; college education unfits the serious-minded girl for society; sooner or later it will pall upon her.

I am afraid I was greatly spoiled by my parents. My mother never questioned her children's wishes. She is a bit old-fashioned, and never quite fathomed her up-to-date offspring. She would only gaze at us disconsolately when we suggested some new scheme and say: "Girls, in my day——"

My father, although apparently a man wrapped up in his business affairs, was intensely temperamental, an artist and bohemian by nature, who had through a sense of duty lived a life of extraordinary self-repression.

I imagine that in his secret heart he was delighted to see me a little unlike other girls of my set. I was always deep in some new "ism" or "osophy." He never encouraged me, he never opposed me.

From my early girlhood I was "stage-struck," and, although I never breathed my intentions to a living soul, I determined that somehow, some way, I would go upon the stage. I had inherited my father's gift for self-repression. After leaving school I began first the study of elocution, then I took lessons in dramatic art. My resolution was ripening, but I still kept silent.

I obtained permission from my

father to spend the winter in New York with friends. I entered a school of drama, and devoted the entire time to study. One day, when my visit was about drawing to a close, I entered the office of a manager and applied for a position. I told my story frankly. I confessed I had decided to take up the career without the knowledge of my parents—that while they were wealthy, I might in view of any opposition, be forced to support myself by what I could earn in the most modest of roles, for once the step was taken, I was determined not to draw back.

To my amazement, the manager made me an offer at once. That evening, in fear and trembling, I broke the news to my father. I expected to be repudiated forever. It was a terrible alternative, but I felt that my life was my own, to work out as best I could—even my father had not the right to doom me to soul annihilation. In a few days my father's answer came. I wept with the wonder and joy of it. Then, for the first time, I knew my father! It was wonderful how we missed each other all those years!

He expressed his exquisite joy on what he called my "emancipation from the frivolous." He urged me in the strongest terms to work seriously and steadily at my chosen career. He told me to prove myself worthy, and that his fortune was at my disposal. All he dreaded was a "frivolous failure." In closing he promised that on the day I should be selected to fill the position of leading woman, through my own merits, he would settle a certain large sum of money upon me.

To make a long story short, this wonderful father of mine was as delighted with my resolution as at the success of some big business venture. It was a curious revelation of human nature.

As a matter of fact, two years later my dear father came on expressly to New York to assist at my debut as "leading lady," and at the close of the performance he placed the cheque he had promised me in my hand, saying, with tears in his eyes, "Jane, I am happy and proud."

I don't think any girl could have had a sweeter success. I wonder, at times, whether the stage will ever give me anything more beautiful than that moment, when I stood in the scenes with my father's arm around me. I wonder if any success is as sweet as it promises? It seems to me that a career of any kind is only a sort of stepping stone to deeper knowledge of a kind quite apart from the career itself.

As I look forward—and I look forward very far, I think—I see myself walking away—away from this present of mine, into the sunshine of a future quite, quite different, but which would not have been possible without this experience. But, even while I dream, I work very hard, and no one guesses that some day I may open the door and walk far, far, away.

MRS. FISKE

She will appear this season in "Becky Sharp," "Hedda Gabler" and a new play by Hugh Morton

Bringing the lovers together, in "The County Chairman."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

ALL indications are that the theatrical season is coming in with a riot of music. Say what you will, amusement is the main purpose of the stage, and in all ages a concourse of sweet sounds has been recognized as the most powerful factor in giving joy to the senses when they are in a mood receptive to mere pleasure, untrammeled by thoughts of stern duty. When you go to a theatre it is to be entertained. There may be exceptions to this, but only enough to prove the rule. Even when a play of avowed educational purpose is put on, there must be appeals to the fancy which compel one to overlook the grave *motif* at least half the time. You may recognize the powerful lessons in human frailty and strength in an Ibsen drama, but unless there are moving incidents, musical dialogue and that indefinable quality called "atmosphere" furnished by a shrewd stage technician, all the intense thought and constructive skill of the dramatist counts for little or nothing. You may read Ibsen in the retirement of your library and comprehend him thoroughly. When you see him on the stage you expect to find him doing his part as an entertainer as well as a mentor.

Conceding that entertainment is the principal end of the theatre, then what more natural than that there shall be music in as large proportion as other specific forms of stage amusement? It is safe to say that seventy-five per cent. of the productions already made in the cities of this country this fall depend to some degree on their melodious features. It is an axiom that when humanity is jaded by warm weather it finds nothing more recreating than music. It means much in the *ensemble*. With the contribution of the orchestra come singing, dancing, the grouping of graceful young women, the display of brilliant costumes, and the other usual elements of a modern "girly" extravaganza. Hence, musical comedies, extravaganzas, comic operas, burlesques and spectacular plays, in each of which a hundred or more performers exert themselves to please the audience, are already in full swing in all the principal cities, and there will be many more before the month of September is half spent.

Edwin Brandt, as Robert Clay, in "Soldiers of Fortune," regarded as the handsomest young leading man on the stage.

Miss Florence Thornton, in the new comedy, "Military Mad."

Time was when the regular season of theatricals did not open until about the beginning of October. It was argued that people did not care to sit in a theatre until the counter-attractions of seashore, mountain and forest had lost their

Al. Leach and the Three Rosebuds, in "Girls Will Be Girls."

potency. That was when playhouses generally were hot and inadequately ventilated. In these happy days, when every theatre is constructed with special thought to its being comfortable in the summer solstice as well as in midwinter, the weather has little influence on the size of the audience. Indeed, many of the present day theatres are cooler in summer than seashore hotels. It is refreshing to step from the heated sidewalk of a big city into the cool quiet of a shadowy auditorium, where harmonies from unseen musicians shed a soothing peacefulness over the soul, and the subdued hum of conversation allays the irritation induced by the super-heated conditions outside. So, even before September, we find many theatres attracting immense audiences, all of whom are delighted to be once more in the enchanted realm that has nothing in common with the workaday world outside.

Setting aside the old favorites, like "Piff, Paff, Pouf," "The Maid and the Mummy," and "The Girl from Kay's," all running in New York as if they never would stop, the first new musical production in the metropolis is William A. Brady's musical farce, "Girls Will Be Girls." It is at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Al. Leach, one of those really funny comedians, has the leading role, that of a serious pedagogue, whose lot is cast in the midst of handsome young women. Al. Leach is an old-timer. Years ago he used to be known as the best stage Chinaman in the country, while his stair-climbing specialty is so distinctively his own that the author of "Girls Will Be Girls" has provided him with a long spiral staircase out of which he can get all the humor that is in him. There are sixty people in Mr. Leach's support, and fifty-five of them are show girls. Leach ought to be happy, and I dare say he is.

It is characteristic of most successful stage folk nowadays that they can do many things well which are not usually regarded as their specialties. Take my old friend, Joseph Hart, for instance. At

A bunch of demure beauties with the Dominie, in "Girls Will Be Girls."

one time, in the dim and misty past, "Joe Hart" was famous as a banjoist—one of those pickers who tell a joke between their thrums, and then pretend to be busy tuning up while the audience is laughing. The jokes were of the usual brand, as I remember them, but the music Joe extracted from his "plantation Cremona" was something that very few men could get from a banjo—at least few of them did. He uses his talent nowadays in composing catchy melodies for his own and other productions, and has provided no less than thirty musical numbers for "Girls Will Be Girls." The songs are all dainty and fetching, and, as they are well sung, the stage creator of "Foxy Grandpa" has to dodge bouquets whenever he meets a friend in the open.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that Mr. Brady spent $30,000 on his production of "Girls Will Be Girls."

At the Garrick Theatre Leo Ditrichstein has his new comedy, "Military Mad." He has a good company and the piece should be a success, all things considered. Ditrichstein is one of the men who have come to the front at a rapid gait in the last few years. It is not so long since he was one of Heinrich Conreid's useful actors at the Irving Place Theatre, where they do things in the German tongue. Leo (that surname of his is too long to repeat every few minutes) showed that he was a stage director of original ideas as well as a capable actor, and your Uncle Heinie liked him.

Unfortunately the salaries for German actors are not so large, as a rule, as those paid on the English-speaking stage, and it did not take Leo long to perfect his English until it was acceptable over the footlights. He got a part in an English piece and made good. Soon he was cast as *Zu Zu* in "Trilby," and the talented young man got all out of the character that was in it in the book, with some new stage effects that Paul Potter had in-

MISS IRENE BENTLEY.
The promising young prima donna who has recently refused enormous offers from vaudeville managers to remain in light musical productions.

jected. Then he put in some of his own. That infectious laugh of the careless student of the Quartier Latin was one of the features of the A. M. Palmer production, ranking with Glendenning's dry humor as the *Laird*, and Burr McIntosh's wholesomeness as *Taffy*.

In due course Leo began writing plays—adapting them from the German in most instances, as was natural in the light of his antecedents—and he gave some of the older playwrights a series of

Photo by Armstrong, Boston.
Emma Carus, as My Lady Peacock, in "Woodland."

shocks by turning out success after success. "Vivian's Papas" and "Are You a Mason" both made hits, and are still running, while half a dozen others of more or less note have caught the approval of the public. If "Military Mad" turns out to be as long-lived as the two I have mentioned, Leo will have no cause to complain.

One of the musical comedies which has been tried already and found good is the Pixley-Luders extravaganza, "Woodland." It will be in New York in the fall, but not until it has been seen in some other big cities. It is one of Henry W. Savage's productions. Harry Bulger has the leading comedy part. Other musical offerings by this energetic impresario which have all been seen in Manhattan and all of which open the season in Brooklyn, are "Peggy from Paris," "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Sultan of Sulu."

Another Savage spectacle which will be made known at Wallack's in October is George Ade's newest musical

George Ade's latest photo, by Burr McIntosh.

achievement, "The Sho-Gun." Charles E. Evans, famous as the impudent book-agent in "A Parlor Match," has the principal part—a shrewd, pushing, enterprising American of the Twentieth Century, who finds himself in Corea unexpectedly. He makes things so lively for the quiet-mannered Coreans that there is fun from beginning to end. At least that is the report from Chicago, where the piece has enjoyed something of a run.

An interesting item in connection with Mr. Savage's production of "Peggy from Paris" is that he has engaged for a prominent part a young girl named Grace Orr Myers. The name does not suggest anything particular to you, eh? Well, do you remember the old McCaull Opera Company, in which DeWolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Mathilde Cottrelly and other famous entertainers used to sing "Read the Answer in the Stars" and similar ditties that are only a memory to-day? In the company was a plump young woman with a pretty face who was always in a good part, and who could be depended on to contribute her full share toward the general pleasure. Her name was Annie Myers. She was one of the best soubrettes of her time, because not only could she speak her lines with sparkle and meaning, but she could dance, and, above all, she could sing. Well, Grace Orr Myers is her daughter, and it is said she has inherited her mother's talent. If she has there is no question that her stage career will be an enviable one.

Talking about musical novelties, James K. Hackett intends to give us a surprise in the course of the season. He will produce a new comic opera, the title of which has not been announced, although the work itself is all ready for the stage. Mr. Hackett is the only person in this country entitled to be called an actor-manager. He not only puts on

The "Hot Bird and Cold Bottle," in "Woodland."

Mabel Barrison in "Babes in Toyland"

plays in which he sustains the leading roles, but has to his credit several productions for other prominent players which have made decided hits. Among them "The Secret of Polichinelle," with W. H. Thompson in the principal part, suggests itself at once.

Another of Mr. Hackett's productions is a comedy, "Jack's Little Surprise," with Arthur J. Byron and a strong company. It is the opening attraction at the Princess Theatre. The play, by Louis Egan, has an original and pleasing story. The first act takes place in Cairo, and the remainder of the action in New York. That is all I can say about it this month, but I may have something to relate in October.

The piece selected for Mr. Hackett's own use this fall is "The Crossing." It is a dramatization by Winston Churchill and Louis E. Shipman of Mr. Churchill's powerful novel by that name. The principal character is one that should fit the star exactly. His present intention is to open in Washington in November. Besides appearing in his new play, Mr. Hackett will be seen in "The Crisis" for two weeks in October. Nanette Comstock has the leading feminine role in that play. She was with William Collier in "The Dictator" last season. Howard Kyle will be under Mr. Hackett's management this year, playing the part of *John Ermine* in "On the Yellowstone."

"Checkers," the big comedy success of last season, has opened at the Academy of Music in New York with large audiences, and every prospect of running on indefinitely. Several important changes have been made in the cast, but, of course, Thomas W. Ross remains in the title role. It is the happiest assumption he has ever made since first he went upon the stage. Kirke La Shelle and Cornelius Gardiner, managers of "Checkers," do not expect to be looking for another play for Ross for many seasons. It bids fair to become as much of a classic as "The Old Homestead."

Probably there is not a new thing

Bessie Wynne, a talented and pretty member of Hamlin, Mitchell and Fields' forces.

Clare Armstrong, as Gertrude Neville in "Checkers."

coming to New York which is looked forward to with greater interest than the musical comedy, "The School Girl," announced to open at Daly's on September 5. The piece is new, for one thing, but the main charm of it is that it brings beautiful Edna May back to us. Edna is peculiarly a New York possession, notwithstanding that she has spent the best part of seven years in London. We cannot concede her to the British altogether, however, and when she is with us for a while, perhaps she will feel disposed to stay. But, of course, that is a matter in the hands of Charles Frohman, her manager.

It seems as if the dispute between Fred C. Whitney and Charles B. Dillingham over the management of Lulu Glaser has resulted in favor of Mr. Dillingham. At least, the announcement is boldly made that she will appear at the Knickerbocker Theatre on September 5 in the musical version of Major's "When

Miss Margaret Smith, as Mrs. Watson, in the play "Checkers."

May de Sousa, in "Babes in Toyland."

The "Canary Birds," in "Woodland."

Knighthood Was in Flower," under the title of "A Madcap Princess." Grace Cameron, who is with "Piff, Paff, Pouf," will be the new *Dolly Varden* in the opera of that name in which Miss Glaser made such a big success.

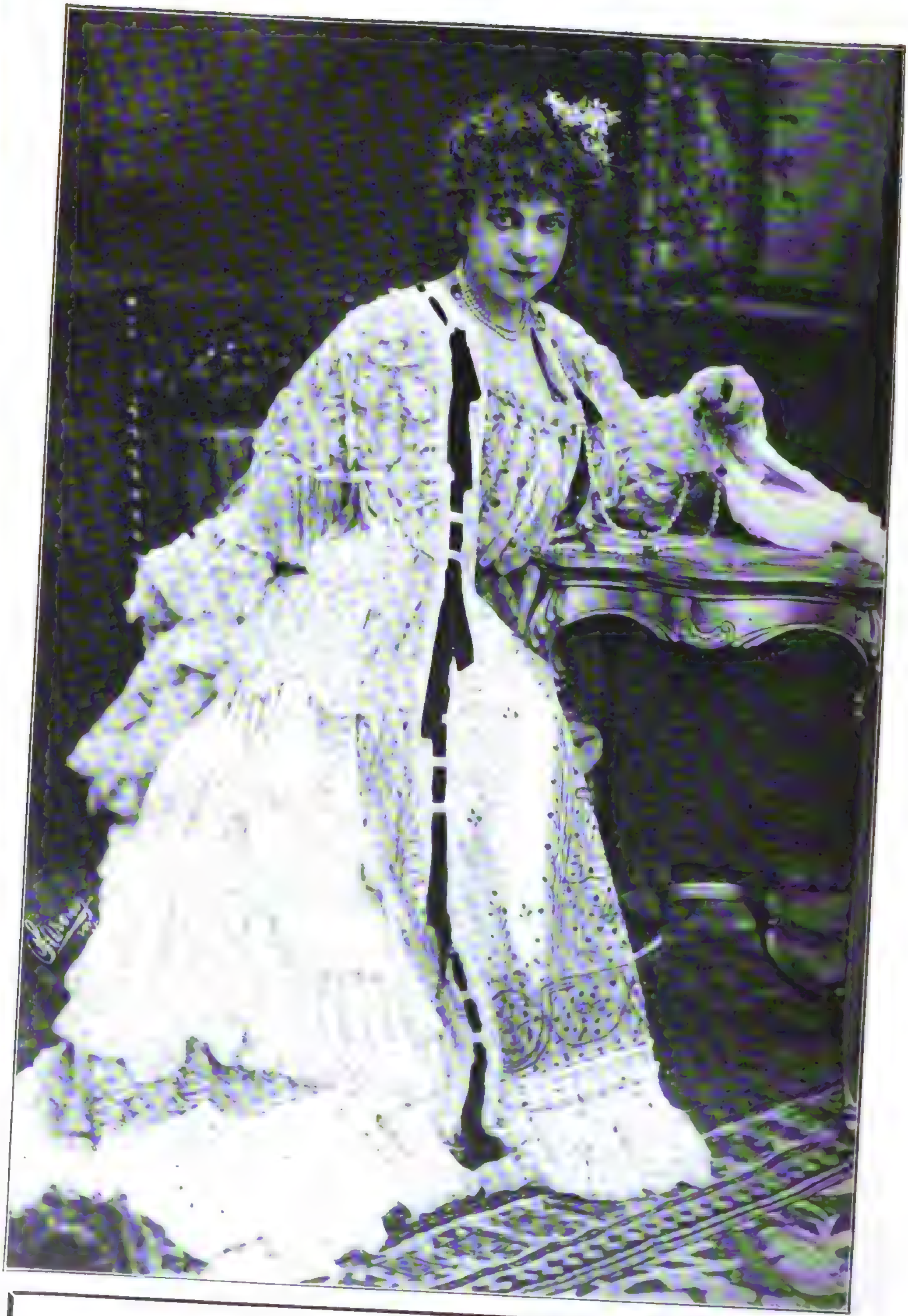
Ezra Kendall, a comedian who believes he knows what he wants in the way of a play better than any professional playwright, will make his own comedy, "Weatherbeaten Benson," after looking over several manuscripts submitted to him. That is the statement by Leibler & Co., his managers. It looks reasonable enough, too. Kendall for years was able to keep a houseful of people laughing every night and the usual matinees, over quaint things he told in his monologue, without the assistance of any stage effects whatever. The only concession he made to tradition, as it applies to a comedian in the way of makeup and costume, was in the wearing of a hideous black plug hat, of abnormal height and width of brim. For the rest, his clothes would not have excited particular remark in the street anywhere. But the bubbling fun he set free as he related those characteristic anecdotes of his proved him to be independent of all meretricious aid. He is a comedian of comedians, and I doubt not his "Weatherbeaten Benson" will be worthy of him. It will be put on for a run in Boston, after a trial in Atlantic City.

Hamlin, Mitchell & Fields will send out those sound successes "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Toyland" as gorgeously as ever. Then they will have their new McCutcheon comedy, "Bird Centre" and "The Enchanted Isle," book by Frank Pixley and music by Victor Herbert (in January), besides the new play for Lew Fields, not yet named, with which he will open his own theatre, with perhaps another new production as the season wears along.

"The Rogers Brothers in Paris," the new McNally comedy, which I mentioned last month, and which Klaw & Erlanger think is the best vehicle the Rogers Brothers have yet had, is all ready for opening at the New Amsterdam Theatre, afterward to be transferred to the new Liberty Theatre, when that structure is completed.

Word comes from San Francisco that "Joseph Entangled," with Henry Miller and Hilda Spong, is a success. It will come to Broadway this fall. John Drew, in "The Duke of Killicrankie," will open at the New Empire on September 7. "The Isle of Spice" opened at the Majestic August 23.

These and many other offerings will be made long before the snow flies. How many of them will live over Christmas? I will answer the question in the January number.



Miss Waldorf's famous beetle wings gown and string of India Pearls

MISS JANET WALDORF

By Gertrude Spellan Vivian

"JANET WALDORF? Janet Waldorf? Who is this Janet Waldorf?"

Thus the editor. I told him what little I knew of the actress who had stolen unheralded and practically unknown into New York, and who had waked next morning "to find herself famous." For though in the West, in India and in China, this little lady has a name of some importance to lovers of Shakespeare, her appearance as *Roma* in "The Eternal City" at the Academy of Music was her very first New York experience.

Some six or seven years ago I had seen Miss Waldorf in California, where she appeared at the head of a little company of her own, under the management of Ada Dow Currier. Now, among those who know, Mrs. Currier has a name for discovering and developing talented girls. Witness the case of the actress we Americans are most proud of, Julia Marlowe. Mrs. Currier's method of training is hard, but in the end we get a Miss Marlowe, and in the present case a Miss Waldorf.

At the time I speak of Miss Waldorf's company was closing its tour of the West and preparing for a long trip through the Orient. When Mrs. Currier announced the "young American actress, Miss Waldorf," in a repertoire of Shakespearian plays, the San Francisco critics sharpened their pencils and hastened to the little Bush street theatre, because in California you "never can tell." Many other things besides gold have been discovered there. While they did not fall down and call the star in question a second Bernhardt, they *did* say: "Wait!" It would now seem that from that moment the firm of Liebler & Co. had the eagle eye of George Tyler fixed on Miss Waldorf.

One sunny morning last week I wended my way to the home of the actress and found her in a quaint little house in Irving Place. None of the splendor that seems to go with the leading lady was apparent. Just simple, old-fashioned furniture, quiet hangings and modest surroundings, the lady herself chiming in beautifuly with it all, looking for all the world like a figure out of one of the pictures on the wall. She seemed a bit surprised when I told her my mission was to find out "who Miss Waldorf was."

"Well, I'll tell you," she said confidentially. "She's a very much surprised girl, just at present. The papers were very kind, weren't they?"

"Yes, but they told very conflicting stories about you. You know you've been represented as an English girl, an Australian, and you've just come from Bombay, and you were cabled to come from China."

"Oh, how funny!" and a low sweet laugh accompanied her words. Miss Waldorf has a very musical laugh. "I'm an American girl," she went on. "Born and bred in Pittsburg. I've spent quite a few years, though, in the countries you have mentioned, but I'm glad to be back home once more, although some of the nicest times I ever had were in the Orient. When I look back on them now it seems like a dream and I realize that the girl who played *Rosalind* and *Beatrice* and all the rest of Shakespeare's lovely heroines was a very different girl from the one who bought her gowns on Broadway the other day. You've no idea how strange it is to be playing a modern part. And I was so afraid of the New York critics!"

Miss Waldorf, in conversation, proved to be a fluent talker and her enunciation is as clear off the stage as it is on, which is saying a great deal, for she is one of the very, very few actresses who have been able to make themselves heard in all parts of the old Academy. Her manner was very quiet and without the slightest trace of affectation.

"It has always been my ambition to appear in New York, and when they offered me the part formerly played by Miss Allen I was afraid I might suffer by comparison. I would rather have been able to create a part, but as they say in India, 'What is—is best.' So I took the part of *Roma* and did my best. That was all there was to it."

"No, not all," I corrected, "just the beginning."

"Well, I suppose it really is, but the four years I put in over there," with a vague sweep of the hand, "seemed very like the beginning to me. If any one had told me when I started that it would be five years before I got a New York opening I would almost have been tempted to give it all up. But the years slipped by so quickly and were such happy ones, in spite of all the hard work, that I find it difficult to realize that I am here at last."

"Tell me the most interesting experience you had abroad."

"Oh, that. Now let me see. I think our appearance before Lord and Lady Curzon was. You see, they all said over there that Lady Curzon might come on account of my being an American, but that His Excellency, the Viceroy, never went to the theatre. They were wrong, however. He did come and so did everybody else of importance in Bombay. We afterwards found that 'Romeo and Juliet' was his favorite play. Lady Curzon sent for me after the performance and personally complimented me on my reading of *Juliet*. She was altogether charming. I can tell you I felt very proud of our American Queen, as they call her over there.

"By the way, another odd thing about Romeo and Juliet. When we were in Hong Kong I received a letter from the

Miss Waldorf in street costume.

son of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who was attached to His Majesty's ship *Gloria*, then stationed at Hong Kong. He wrote that he had not so enjoyed a performance of *Juliet* since he last saw his mother in the part. That was a nice compliment, wasn't it?"

"What sort of theatres did you find in China?" I asked.

"Lovely. You know they are owned by the amateurs, and as the amateurs are all society people and rich, everything is of the best and very up to date. Really, it was a pleasure to play there. There are few theatres in America that can compare with them. It was just the same in Canton as in Hong Kong. We were very well received and had a most pleasant stay. We arrived there just after the Boxer outbreak. Quite a few of the company were a little afraid, for the Canton Chinese particularly hate Europeans, and I don't altogether blame them. The average European is very apt to look down on them and treat them very much as if they were something lower than animals. You know, over there every lady carries a small cane and when she finds the crowd too close for comfort she waves her cane about, so making a pathway for herself. This is all right if she does it properly, but the majority are rough and strike hard. There are times when it takes a great deal of diplomacy, much talking by the guide and a judicious scattering of yen to rectify the mistake. Then, too, if they don't like you they make faces at you; such faces!" and Miss Waldorf shuddered.

"Where in your travels did you find the most appreciative audiences?" I enquired.

"Well, it is rather hard to choose between the English and the American audiences. Perhaps the English audiences are more demonstrative. If they like you they want you to know it, and frequently you will see them standing all over the house waving handkerchiefs and shouting 'Bravo!' In Australia they are particularly fond of Americans and treat them beautifully, and by the way, the loveliest theatre in every way that I have ever played in is Mr. Williamson's theatre, Her Majesty's, in Sydney."

I asked Miss Waldorf to tell me more about herself; how she came to go on the stage and where she made her debut.

"All about myself?" she said. "That's a very large task and besides I've got to play to-night. But I'll do my best, if you are sure you can spare the time. To begin with, I never was 'stage struck' in any sense of the word. I wanted to make a name for myself and my greatest talent seemed to be acting. I thought the best way to succeed was to begin right. Ada Dow Currier was then in Pittsburg and I went to her. She thought that I was talented and made the same arrangements with me as she had previously made with Julia Marlow. I was to work, and work hard. In the end I would be an actress." Here Miss Waldorf stopped and laughed. "I wonder if I have succeeded? I worked hard, all right. After a time Mrs. Currier formed a company in New York. I made my debut—they all do—as *Juliet.* Poor *Juliet!* That was in a town so small I am almost afraid to mention it. Gloversville! Now, don't you laugh. It might have been worse.

"From there we went straight to the West, playing there for a year, and afterwards going on that long trip around the world. Mr. Tyler assures me now that he has followed my career ever since that time. It might have made me nervous if I had known it."

"Speaking of nervousness, did you ever suffer from stage fright?"

"Well, no; not exactly, because in stage fright one entirely forgets everything and I never do that, but I suffer torments before the curtain goes up. After that it is all right. I am started and nothing can stop me."

Just then the door knob rattled in a most staccato manner. "That's Bonbon," said Miss Waldorf. "Are you fond of cats?" and she opened the door, thereby letting in a handsome brown cat. "He's a regular chocolate-covered bonbon, isn't he?" said his mistress. "And the most expensive thing I own, for he has a sweet tooth and is particularly fond of the toothsome sweet he is so like."

Bon-bon curled up in the actress' lap, loudly purring his content. Being a cat lover, I immediately entered into a long discussion on cats in general and her brown cat in particular. I found that Miss Waldorf reads every book she can find on cats, and really takes an interest in studying the graceful little animals.

"I quite agree," she said, "with Jerome K. Jerome in believing that cats are of all animals the most human, and as for acting—they're always acting."

I got back to finding out "all about Miss Waldorf" after awhile, and found out, among other things, that of all actors she most admired Joe Jefferson, while Julia Marlowe, to her, is the first actress in America.

In appearance Miss Waldorf is not unlike Miss Marlowe. In fact, the resemblance has been noted on more than one occasion. Whether or not there is a strong resemblance in the acting and general skill of the two women cannot, of course, be determined until New Yorkers are better acquainted with Miss Waldorf. I have seen them both as *Parthenia* and as *Viola,* and to me there was a resemblance, though Miss Waldorf was not as experienced at that time as she is to-day.

Among the many beautiful things brought by Miss Waldorf from India is a beetle-wing gown, which she wears in the first act of "The Eternal City." This gown is made of a soft net, embroidered in a conventional design, of gold thread, dotted at intervals with little shiny green spangles. These spangles are the wings of green beetles. The wings are taken off the tiny insects, which are then set free. This gown is a very valuable one on account of the intricate hand work and embroidery.

It is very probable that New Yorkers are destined to see a great deal more of Janet Waldorf, for the Lieblers look on her as a great "find."

Clara Morris as Sister Genevieve in "The Two Orphans."

SISTER GENEVIEVE AND HER GIRLS

AN INTERVIEW WITH

Clara Morris

MY new *rôle* of *Sister Genevieve* and my reappearance upon the stage after an absence of six years in that wonderfully human melodrama, "The Two Orphans," has been a unique and touching experience in many ways, but more especially through the affection and devotion of my girls. Who are my girls? Why, they are the young prisoners of the French Reformatory, over which *Sister Genevieve* presides. These girls are as real to me in their sorrows and misfortunes as is the spiritual motherhood of *Sister Gene-*

vieve. "Dear, dear Miss Morris," they said to me on the opening night, when I told them how pleased I was with their acting, "it isn't acting; it's the real thing. We love you just as much now as when the curtain is up and the audience is watching us—it isn't a question of our salary. There!"

I recall an indignation meeting these foolish, affectionate and none too wise children held in my behalf because of a little incident that took place at one of the rehearsals. I was repeating the lines of the climax of the act, and was somewhat carried away by my emotions. "Ah, doctor, my first lie!" I cried impulsively. "Incorrect, Miss Morris," said the stage manager on the instant; "leave out that 'ah.'" "Thank you," I said, according to my habit when "called down," and I repeated the lines without the "ah," and went on with my act. I noticed that the girls were in a terrible state of agitation, but gave it no thought. When we were released they crowded around me in a frenzy of indignation. "The idea—the shame of it. How could you? Why did you say, 'Thank you'?" I was unable to understand it all for a moment, until it came out that "Clara Morris" being called down by a mere stage manager was too awful to be true. I laughed so merrily over their outburst of fury that it shamed them into a quieter frame of mind. I didn't let them see the tears in my eyes. Somehow or other it was a bit of unreasonableness that touched me.

A few evenings later Mr. Morisini, the banker, sent me a basket of exquisite roses from his hothouse. I presented one of the long-stemmed beauties to each of the girls. There were just enough to go around, with an extra large one left over for myself. I had forgotten all about the incident, when, toward the close of the week, they came to my room and showed me, each one, her rose as fresh and beautiful as ever. They had gone to the expense of having it preserved by some process. "It will last forever," said one girl, kissing me softly, and then she added, "When I die mother has promised to lay it in my coffin."

Another evening some kind friend sent me a huge satin box filled with candies. Now, my candy-eating days have long since gone by. On the instant I thought of the treat it would be for my prison children, who were still at the sweet-tooth age. I scribbled a few words, "*Sister Genevieve* sends this box of candy to those of her girls who are good and have obeyed all the rules. Endorsed by Clara Morris."

After the performance that evening some one tapped timidly at my door. It was one of the girls, the one I knew least of all. She was noted for her timidity and silence. She had never addressed a word to me, or to anyone else, and indeed this shyness—almost sulky—was so characteristic that in the scene she was allowed to sit apart moodily as a part of the picture. I was more than a little surprised to discover her standing on the threshold of my door, her cheeks crimson, her eyes sparkling. "Oh, Miss Morris, it's mine, it's mine! It came to me!" she called out breathlessly. "Nothing good ever comes my way," she continued excitedly, "so when the girls decided to draw lots for the satin box I just ran into a dark corner and told God that I loved you just as much as the others, although I can't show it; and I said I'd never, never ask Him for another favor if He'd let me get the box; and I drew the letter 'A,' and its mine—and I'm so happy!"

It was irresistibly pathetic. I took the child in my arms and just sobbed. The audience had called and recalled me that evening, and I was all broken up with the joy and surprise of being still remembered so kindly. So I was ready for a good cry.

After the ovation of the first evening, when I was almost stunned by the enthusiasm of the great crowd in the house, one of the managers came to me with outstretched hands. "Miss Morris, my congratulations. That was just as fine a piece of acting as I've ever seen you do, and I've been your staunch admirer for thirty years!"

"Why, what—what piece of acting?" I asked.

"Your manner of bowing to an audience when you are recalled. Each time it is a little different, and at the last it seems as though you were overcome with emotion. That way you have of throwing out your two arms as though you were drawing the whole houseful of people to your very heart is a good bit of business!"

Then I am afraid I blazed at that worthy manager in a way to terrify him. "Sir, that isn't business," I replied at a white heat. "Clara Morris is a woman as well as an actress. She doesn't play emotions—she feels them. You can't fool an audience, and if my heart didn't go out to every heart in that house you don't suppose that crowd of humanity would rise up and shout? *No, sir-ee!*"

I recall seeing a young and talented actress play *"Camille."* Strange to say, it was the first time I had ever seen "Camille" from the "front." The young woman had unusual cleverness and temperament. I joined in the burst of enthusiastic applause that called her before the curtain, but the girl returned our recognition in so weary, so grudgingly a manner that on the instant my interest in her dropped down to freezing point and my ire to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. After repeated calls she finally bestowed a sad, haughty smile upon her perspiring admirers. Then and there I decided that this very anemic young lady hadn't a big enough soul to rise to the heights of histrionic art. Genius is a consuming fire—not a chunk of ice.

My good friend, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and I had a heated discussion, by the way, over my interpretation of the *rôle* of *Sister Genevieve.* When at the climax the nun cries out hysterically, "I have told my first lie"—it is my idea that this moment is the culmination of a terrible tragedy—she has perjured her soul, she is lost, the nun becomes a woman in the horror of it and loses complete control of herself as she gazes upon the murder of her soul's salvation. She becomes a wretched, shaking, sobbing woman.

"Clara," said Mr. Palmer, "this is all wrong—this is antagonistic to the traditions of the *rôle.* A nun consecrated by years of discipline would never give way as an ordinary woman. Now, Ida Vernon, who created the *rôle,* understood it this way. Her *Sister Genevieve* was repressed to the end—she never forgot the dignity of her consecration."

"A. M. Palmer," I replied, "my *Sister Genevieve* will forget the dignity of her consecration. She is going to forget it, because she is a weak, human woman. If she hadn't been weak she wouldn't have fallen—she wouldn't have perjured herself. It is the picture of this beautiful, touching weakness that I want the audience to feel and appreciate. Ida Vernon is Ida Vernon. Clara Morris is just *Sister Genevieve.*"

After the curtain went down on the opening night Mr. Palmer came to me. "Clara, it's the same old story with you. You are as self-willed—and as right—as ever. This is the first time I've made this sort of an apology to you."

Yes, I hope to remain *Sister Genevieve* just as long as the star company plays "The Two Orphans." I am glad to earn the money. I have one great, big, unreasonable wish. I want to live out the remainder of my life in my dear old home on the Hudson. I know it is much too large and too expensive under my present circumstances. It would be much more sensible to sell it and move into a smaller place. But I love every inch of the ground. I love every tree; I love every wild flower that springs up in the grass. My little dog's burial ground is planted in lilies-of-the-valley; the field at the back of the house is blue with violets in the spring. I planted them. When a tree dies I replace it at once by another. Ah, we have known many, many privations, my husband and I. We have sold our horses and carriages, we have sent away our servants, but our garden has always had the best of care.

I recall the first time I saw the place as vividly as though it were yesterday, although it is a lifetime away. It was a hot, sultry day in summer. Our buggy had broken down, and I remember we went trudging through miles, it seemed to me, of suffocating, dusty road. "Where is the house," I kept inquiring of every passer-by. "You are at the place now," was the invarible answer. "Follow the stone fence until you come to the iron gates." Follow the stone fence! It seemed endless. Finally the iron gates came in sight. I entered. Never shall I forget the sweep of cool, green lawns, the shadows of great trees, the tinkling of water and twittering of song birds that greeted my jaded eyes and ears. It was a vision of Paradise. As I approached the house, leaning upon my husband's arm, the door opened. My mother came out with a smile in a pink lawn dress, and a troop of little dogs ran yelping down the drive to meet me. I fell upon my knees and opened my arms. The dogs rushed into them, covering my face with kisses. Then and there I held the dogs and place close to my heart. It was home, and home it has been ever since. A few short years more and Clara Morris will have passed away—these few years she wants to pass at home. That best explains why now, even though somewhat tired and travel-worn, she is glad to be *Sister Genevieve* of the French Reformatory. She is glad that her dear girls are helping her to end her life in her beloved home. I want my girls to know this. It will bring some joy to their loving hearts.

WILLIE HAY'S DIFFICULTIES

By C. W. Williams

[The following bit of quaint autobiography, **sent by the author with his MS.**, **best** explains our indulgent attitude in giving space to "Willie Hay's Difficulties." Between the lines of the simple tale is revealed the story of the rugged, virile Western lad, who dreams as he follows the plough, and who wrestles for an education with the same pluck and persistency as he wrestles with the barren soil. Of such stuff is the typical American made.—Editor.]

I am twenty-five years old, worked on a farm in my youth, attended district school and graduated in the common branches in 1896. Have been actively engaged in teaching in the public schools ever since. Have took a correspondence course in normal work from the Quincy School of Correspondence. My first impulse to write was several years ago when I was ploughing corn. I composed several pieces of poetry while at work, and have ever since been trying to be a writer. I have now a strong set of books, which helps me out.

CALVIN WALTER WILLIAMS,
Teacher, Writer, Poet.

SOME years ago lived three children in a quiet country home near a small creek, which afforded much pastime, yet some palatial feasts for their parents and themselves as well.

The parents generally took dinner, fished, gathered flowers, roamed the woods and had a very nice time while the children played on the shore and picked up small shells that were by chanch washed upon the edge of the small stream.

The names of these children that played so many times together, and thought so much of each other, as children sometimes do; are, Nannie Bell, the prettiest blue-eyed girl that ever dwelt on Adams Creek, and Hanly Gay, a rich trader's only son, and Willie Hay, a poor farmer's son.

These children enjoyed many happy times together,—for their homes were all in a quarter of a mile of each other—playing various games of out door exercise, and sometimes playing keeping house. Willie was generally the man of the house, though sometimes they quarreled and Hanly would get possession, not because he was the stronger; but because Willie took pity on him, and let him call Nannie his little wife too.

Nannie remained the lady of the house, and was very kind to both, when they quarreled, she often cried and asked then not to quarrel for she loved them both.

As the happy childhood days was blooming into womanhood, and manhood and the lovely happy little times these children had seen together, was now coming to an end; And they were entering into a more serious phrase of life, when one must begin to think, choose, and deside for life upon a pretty little wife and be happy all the rest of life.

Willie loved Nannie, and told her so in words very touching on her tender heart; yet Hanly loved and remained silent, not having the speech to speak his strong love to Nannie.

Nannie loved them both, seeming some times to love Hanly the most, though she loved Willie; she could never think of giving him up, just because he was poor, and knowing that she could never have access to plenty, luxuries as she would if she should take Hanly for a husband.

Notwithstanding all the hardships she would have to undergo, all these thoughts vanished from her mind when she thought of how Willie loved her and she love him. At last one day when they were out walking; Willie had strongly made up his mind to ask her to be his wife; though she knew his intentions for some time. Just as they neared a large log Nannie plucked a bunch of sweet smelling flowers, and they both sit down on the log to rest and talk about love days. Willie couldn't wait any longer, so he 'poped' the question "Will you be my wife"; Nannie being very nervous, yet she answered him with a smile of "I will" then Willie gently pressed a kiss on Nannie's sweet lips and softly said; "I know you love me Nannie."

Hanly by chanch happened along just as Willie was saluting Nannie with a kiss and a lovely embrace, telling of the close ties that bound the two hearts in one, and forever leaving him out.

It was more than he could stand to see his former sweetheart in the arms of an other, and he broke down and said: "My Darling Nannie never more," as he arose erect on his horse, and started on on his journey with his heart so heavy that he could scarce keep control of himself; he was going to a near by town to buy some stock his father had contracted for, quickly executing the business he at wonce mounted his horse and rode away scarcely knowing where he was going.

His thoughts were all of Nannie, and her lovely image played about on his mind, though knowing to him, she was no more.

Willie's mind was full of thoughts about the future, having his wife spoke for, with no home to take her; gave him considerable worry; yet his hopes brightened up when he thought of the great gold fields of the west, that were being discovered; giving a promishing future for the young men with energy.

With a willing mind, and a light heart he went to see Nannie, and tell her of his plans; and get her to rest their engagement for a few years until he could make enough money to take care of her and have plenty, so they might live a happy life.

After listening to his plans, and sobbing now and then on his bosom she felt as if her heart would break, to think that she would have to stay at home and be so lonely, while he was for away, endeavoring to lay up a fortune in the far west; not knowing she would ever see his lovely form again, and have the exquisite pleasure of being entertained by him, for no one on earth was so near and dear to her; For Willie had always been so kind to her all through her girlhood, and now they were to have to be apart was more than she could stand.

Willie was now ready to start on his long and perilous journey; with tears he kissed and embraced his future wife, and they wept for some time, with thousand thoughts gliding over their minds. Willie straightened himself up erect and bid alas farewell to Nannie. saying w'll meet in the near future and have a happy home to dwell in, if not I hope w'll meet on the other shore where homes are not built by hands.

So he now began his trip across uncut out roads, with no sign to follow except a few animal bones, and now and then a scolloped tree that helped him to follow in a nearly western direction. His horse that he had procured to make his journey on was nearly fagged out at the end of three days riding through the swamps and rough mountains; for he had took the necessary provisions for the horse and himself, which made it quite heavy for the horse to carry.

He at last reached California after a long and tiresome journey, incurring many hardships along the route. After resting a few days and looking around for a contract of work, he found employment in the gold mine which had just been discovered; not having an opportunity of getting land on which gold was supposed to be, for hundreds of gold seekers had preceeded him there Willie had been fortunate in securing good wages for his work, as he was strong built and just the kind of hand the operators wonted; but some difficulties beset him, it was almost impossible to get board for every thing in food line was an enormous price; so he atwonce disposed of his horse for he didn't won't any thing that would eat, when it was so high that it took all he earned to keep him and his horse.

After working some two years he began to catch up quite a some of money, by scant living he could soon return and claim Nannie for his dear wife.

He had occasionally corresponded with her telling of his good fortune, and that he would soon come to her side; but a new project had developed in his mind, and that was to buy an interest in a rich gold field. so he might be able to return to Nannie a rich man, and she could be mistress of a fine mansion that he had planned out. But it proved to be an unfortunate investment, for the land which gold supposed to have been proved to be a worthless mass of mountain rocks; and Willie sore with disappointment took new courage and desided not to write to Nannie any more until he could make back the money he had lost in the ill-fated investment.

Yet working with a sore heart he never forgot to think of his love so far away from him; notwithstanding all his difficulties and misfortune he hoped that some day he might return back home again.

Nannie waited and waited to hear from Willie, but never a word came to tell her of his whereabouts or any thing concerning him; after waiting almost four years for his coming she at last reluctantly consented to receive gentlemen company. Yet thinking perhaps he would come on a surprise to her, and bring back enough money to keep them all the rest of their lives; but with a heart rendering thought she almost persuaded herself to think that he had met death in some way unknown to her.

It now being five years since he left to find a fortune in the great west, and three years since she had heard from him. Since five years had elapsed many changes had took place, many people had emigrated and new ones moved in.

Hanly now knowing perhaps that her lover would never return took advantage of the situation once more endeavoring by his entreaties to insist on her thinking no more about Willie for he had been gone so long and that he was certainly dead or he would write; and that he had plenty, well-to-do, and would take her to all she could desire to make her happy, if she would consent and be his wife.

She asked him to wait a little longer for Willie might come back; but he still kept coming to cheer her in her loneliness, and patiently waiting for her to say, that she would be his wife.

It seemed so long for her to wait and be lonely; for it had now been almost six years since she had ever seen him.

Hanly loved and kept coming and atlast she consented and said: How can you be content and live with me as second best. Hanly quickly made reply that he would be content to be loved after first love, Willie, one she had loved more than any one on earth; but he had been took away by some mishap or death had come along for him; and now she was so lonely with no one to cheer her and make her happy as she desired.

Nannie slowly broke down and wept with face covered to think that she could never be with the one she loved, and now she must take second choice.

Although she knew he was well-to-do, had plenty, and would have many nice things which she never hoped to have with Willie; but thoughts kept bearing on her mind that he might some day return, laden with riches that perhaps he had horded up in the rich west.

So they were married and moved to his fine home, where it was surrounded by his beautiful farm lying in either direction, and covered with stock which makes any one feel proud to own such a situation.

Some years passed and many pleasant times were enjoyed, then heaven sent a beautiful little babe to bless their happy home, and help her to relieve herself of the past disappointments.

After many pleasant, yet sometimes very sad years rolled by, and years after years passed and she could never forget the happy times spent with Willie; and yearned to see his face once more.

Willie after many years of labor at last, by close saving attained enough to buy a little home and fixtures, which is necessary to life and living.

But so many years passed that he seemed like a different man; his hair was turning to a silver color, and his strength was becoming impaired; and once more his thoughts were of home and his beautiful intended wife.

But the years had glided into about twenty before he would have reached home. Arriving back to where he had made love with his sweet maiden, things had so changed that he scarce could believe his eyes. Behold a railroad had been built and a village sprung up.

And by the way after some hunting, talking and inquiring he found that his future intended had married; married to his old rival, who had loved Nannie too in her childhood and far into womanhood; and at last claimed her for his bride.

But not till long years of waiting for her dear Willie to come back.

After all these sad disappointments Willie desired very much to see her, but not wishing to disturb her and her happy family, after so many years of absence. His very being was totally wrecked when these thoughts came to bear on him, although at last he concluded that he would see her some night through the window; arriving near the house one night he beheld through the window the lovely form of his once beautiful sweetheart and intended wife. There on the other side sat her husband reading at pleasure, while the children of five were in different positions about the room playing games and looking at picture books.

This was almost unbearable, but fate had placed it such, he slowly staggered out at the front gate and walked slowly with a heavy heart away to a near by boarding house where he was stopping. Morn only broke to find him a lifeless form; on a little book was found these beautiful yet sad words:

"Oh! Nannie, Nannie, Nannie dear
Oh! could I live with you to cheer."

This great soul had passed away, one who loved and feared not the ending of a toilsome life.

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